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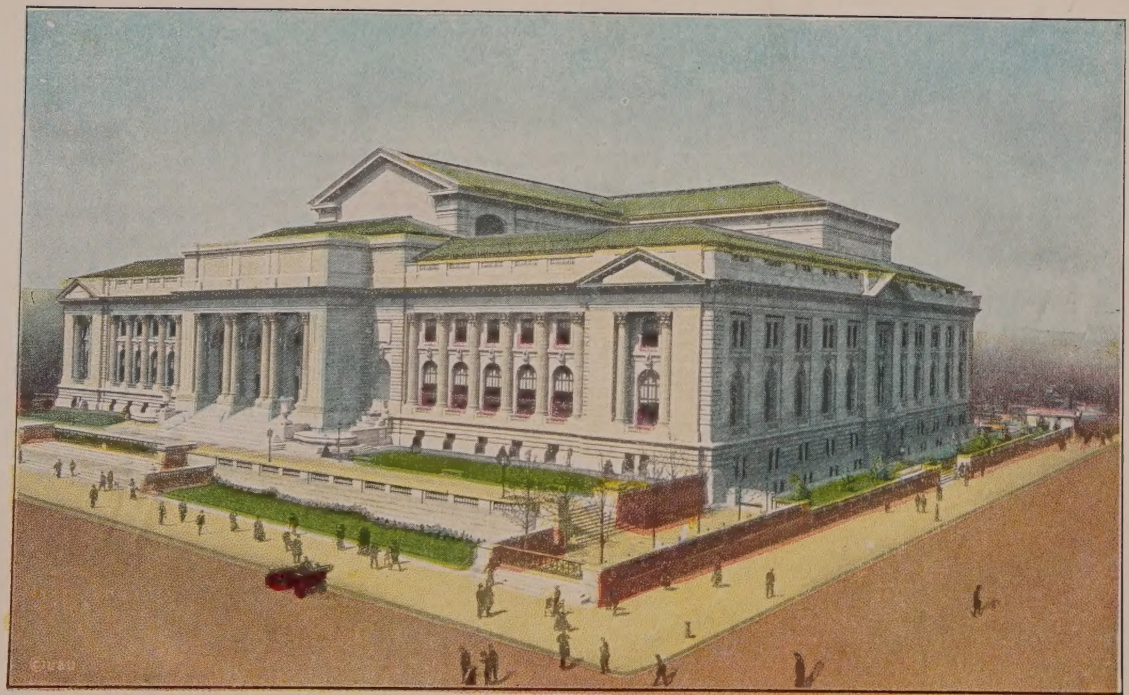

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MODERN READINGS

SILENT AND ORAL

BY

JOHN W. DAVIS

DIRECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF COMPULSORY EDUCATION, SCHOOL CENSUS AND CHILD WELFARE, BOARD OF EDUCATION, NEW YORK CITY

BOOK II

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PREFACE

These are believed to be the first readers to utilize the best of modern and current literature for classroom use. This plan has been followed with a threefold purpose: first, to supply material for silent and oral reading in the vocabulary of writers who are making present-day literature; second, to encourage an interest in good current fiction, essays, orations, and popular verse; third, to make available for study a collection of readings which, because of the story they tell, the masterly use of words employed, or their beauty of rhythm, will give pleasure to the reader and thereby stimulate the desire to read.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION

It is not necessary to point out that reading is the most important of classroom studies. Reading makes the difference between literacy and illiteracy. Reading enriches the vocabulary and provides most of the information by which knowledge is gained.

Nearly all reading is done for one of three purposes:

Reading for Instruction.
Reading for Information.
Reading for Entertainment.

Classroom work is confined almost wholly to reading for instruction or reading for information. Such reading in the study of History, Language, or Mathematics is a means of reproducing ideas.

Most of the reading which adults do is voiceless, as, for example, in the usual reading of newspapers, periodicals, and books. Such reading may be for pleasure or it may be for the purpose of getting information.

Reading to get the meaning or for the reproducing of ideas is termed "Silent Reading."

Silent reading in its true sense is neither a method nor a group of devices; it is a far-reaching scheme of teaching, whose objectives are mental habits of such importance that the pupil's progress through his entire school experience will be measurably affected.

All through the grades and even in college there is displayed a deplorable lack of the ability to read efficiently. Because they have not learned to read properly, students find books "hard," and are unable to make full use of them.

The abilities involved in efficient reading have been classed under four headings: comprehension, speed, organization, and remembrance. Of these, comprehension is the most fundamental. Speed without understanding is a delusion; and proper organization and remembrance necessarily imply adequate comprehension. The most important objective is to fix habits of reading for the thought.

"How to Study and What to Study," by Sandwick (D. C. Heath and Company, Publishers), says:

> "To read fast it is necessary to read sentence groups rather than individual words. You must learn to leap from one sentence to the next, not stopping to dwell upon every word and phrase. You must learn to fill in the thought from two or three salient words in a line; and with no second glance you must press on, trusting to later sentences to clear up meanings that you do not instantly catch. Practice with reviews or with easy narratives where the subject-matter presents no special difficulties. In reading by sentences, give special attention to the beginning and end of each sentence. By purposeful practice in this art you can make great progress in ability to read rapidly.
>
> "The subject of the paragraph is usually stated in a brief sentence known as the topic sentence. The topic sentence usually comes first in the paragraph. The other sentences of the paragraph either repeat

in other words or illustrate the thought contained in the topic sentence. Sometimes, preceding the topic sentence, there is a preparatory sentence which serves to lead up to the new topic of discussion, and which is known as a transitional sentence. It may be passed over quickly. Occasionally the topic sentence is reserved for the end of the paragraph. Nearly always the last sentence of a paragraph is important to the reader; it frequently contains a summary of the thought. To read by paragraphs, glance at the first short sentence or two in a paragraph. If this is sufficient skip the rest of it and go at once to the next paragraph. If the first or second sentence does not develop enough thought to carry you on, glance at the last sentence. Of course, when occasion warrants, you will pause long enough to develop the topic still further by reading whatever intervening sentences are seen to bear vitally upon the subject."

Good Silent Reading in the eighth grade means reading 240 to 250 words per minute with an exact comprehension of the story told. The good silent reader must be trained in the intermediate grades and continue the practice of:

1 Reading by phrases rather than by words.
2 Reading at high speed.
3 Learning to recognize the meaning of words from the context if possible. "Few words have fixed values—they take complexion from the company they are in."
4 Striving to grasp and retain the high point of interest in the paragraph or the selection as a whole.

5 Recognizing (a) the Introduction to the story, (b) Development of the Plot, (c) the Climax and (d) the Outcome.

Helps in Silent Reading or reading to get the thought may come from:

1 Learning to write titles for paragraphs.
2 Asking questions which may be answered from the paragraph.
3 Determining whether or not the story is well named.
4 Describing what you think will happen next in the story.
5 Making an outline of the story by using the topic sentences taken from the paragraphs of the story.
6 Learning to recognize more than one word at a time. Familiar words are set off by "cues" in reading. These cues are dominant parts of the word, of which the consonants are more important than the vowels, especially the parts extending above or below the line. The upper half of the word is more important than the lower; the first half more important than the latter half.
7 Observing that you read more rapidly when you are looking for the answer to some particular question, or looking for a certain passage, or getting quickly at essentials, than you do when you read merely to follow the thread of the narrative. The moving of the lips or the pointing to the words with the fingers retards your speed in reading.

Oral Reading

There is more justification for oral reading for social and recreational purposes in the preadolescent seventh eighth and ninth grade period than at any previous time beyond the mere mastery of mechanics of reading. The group instinct makes possible dramatic and other entertainment reading.

All poetry should be read orally. The fascinating musical qualities of a poem can be enjoyed mainly by oral expression.

The factors in oral reading are:

1 Speed.
2 Enunciation.
3 Pronunciation.
4 Expression.

Learn to Listen

Learning to listen to oral reading is an aid to expression and also in learning to reproduce the idea. The human voice with its great possibilities is an important element in interpretive reading, and most oral reading is interpretive reading. Good oral reading trains the ear of the listener to become sensitive to the good enunciation, correct pronunciation, and pleasing expression.

While listening to the reader, endeavor to bear in mind the leading thought of the story and the events which lead up to it.

Memorizing

Many of the difficulties of memorizing may be avoided by the following plan:

1 Read the selection as a whole several times.
2 Be certain that you understand the meaning of every word and sentence in the story.
3 Select in each reading certain keywords in each paragraph or sentence which will help you to retain the complete expression.
4 Practice memorizing short selections of prose or poetry as memory gems when you find something worth keeping.

(For other study helps see comments, notes and suggestions.)

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BOOK II

THE HONORABLE TIMOTHY CLARE*

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Things went along that way for some time, until one evening as I was turning out the horses a buckboard drew in, and from it descended Tony Briggs and a dapper little fellow dressed all in black and with a plug hat.

"Which I accounts for said hat reaching the ranch, because it's Friday and the boys not in town," Tony whispered to me.

As I happened to be the only man in sight, the stranger addressed me.

"I am looking," said he in a peculiar, sing-song manner I have since learned to be English, "for the Honorable Timothy Clare. Is he here?"

"Oh, you're looking for him, are you?" said I. "And who might you be?"

You see, I liked Tim, and I didn't intend to deliver him over into trouble.

The man picked a pair of eye-glasses off his stomach

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where they dangled at the end of a chain, perched them on his nose, and stared me over. I must have looked uncompromising, for after a few seconds he abruptly wrinkled his nose so that the glasses fell promptly to his stomach again, felt in his waistcoat pocket, and produced a card. I took it, and read:

Jeffries Case, Barrister.

"A lawyer!" said I suspiciously.

"My dear man," he rejoined with a slight impatience, "I am not here to do your young friend a harm. In fact, my firm have been his family solicitors for generations."

"Very well," I agreed, and led the way to the one-room adobe that Tim and I occupied.

If I had expected an enthusiastic greeting for the boyhood friend from the old home, I should have been disappointed. Tim was sitting with his back to the door reading an old magazine. When we entered he glanced over his shoulder.

"Ah, Case," said he, and went on reading. After a moment he said without looking up, "Sit down."

The little man took it calmly, deposited himself in a chair and his bag between his feet, and looked about him daintily at our rough quarters. I made a move to go, whereupon Tim laid down his magazine, yawned, stretched his arms over his head, and sighed.

"Don't go, Harry," he begged. "Well, Case," he addressed the barrister, "what is it this time? Must be something very important to bring you—how many thousand miles is it—into such a country as this."

"It is important, Mr. Clare," stated the lawyer in his dry sing-song tones; "but my journey might have been avoided had you paid some attention to my letters."

"Letters!" repeated Tim, opening his eyes. "My dear chap, I've had no letters."

"Addressed as usual to your New York bankers."

Tim laughed softly. "Where they are, with my last two quarters' allowance. I especially instructed them to send me no mail. One spends no money in this country." He paused, pulling his moustache. "I'm truly sorry you had to come so far," he continued, "and if your business is, as I suspect, the old one of inducing me to return to my dear uncle's arms, I assure you the mission will prove quite fruitless. Uncle Hillary and I could never live in the same county, let alone the same house."

"And yet your uncle, the Viscount Mar, was very fond of you," ventured Case. "Your allowances——"

"Oh, I grant you his generosity in money affairs——"

"He has continued that generosity in the terms of his will, and those terms I am here to communicate to you."

"Uncle Hillary is dead!" exclaimed Tom.

"He passed away the sixteenth of last June."

A slight pause ensued.

"I am ready to hear you," said Tim soberly, at last.

The barrister stooped and began to fumble with his bag.

"No, not that!" cried Tim, with some impatience. "Tell me in your own words."

The lawyer sat back and pressed his finger points together over his stomach.

"The late Viscount," said he, "has been graciously pleased to leave you in fee simple his entire estate of Staghurst, together with its buildings, rentals, and privileges. This, besides the residential rights, amounts to some ten thousand pounds sterling per annum."

"A little less than fifty thousand dollars a year, Harry," Tim shot over his shoulder at me.

"There is one condition," put in the lawyer.

"Oh, there is!" exclaimed Tom, his crest falling. "Well, knowing my Uncle Hillary——"

"The condition is not extravagant," the lawyer hastily interposed. "It merely entails continued residence in England, and a minimum of nine months on the estate. This provision is absolute, and the estate reverts on its discontinuance, but may I be permitted to observe that the majority of men, myself among the number, are content to spend the most of their lives, not merely in the confines of a kingdom, but between the four walls of a room, for much less than ten thousand pounds a year. Also that England is not without its attractions for an Englishman, and that Staghurst is a country place of many possibilities."

The Honorable Timothy had recovered from his first surprise.

"And if the condition is not complied with?" he inquired.

"Then the estate reverts to the heirs at law, and you receive an annuity of one hundred pounds, payable quarterly."

"May I ask further the reason for this extraordinary condition?"

"My distinguished client never informed me," replied the lawyer, "but"—and a twinkle appeared in his eye—"as an occasional disburser of funds—Monte Carlo——"

Tim burst out laughing.

"Oh, but I recognize Uncle Hillary there!" he cried. "Well, Mr. Case, I am sure Mr. Johnson, the owner of this ranch, can put you up, and to-morrow we'll start back."

He returned after a few minutes to find me sitting smoking a moody pipe. I liked Tim, and I was sorry to have him go. Then, too, I was ruffled, in the senseless manner of youth, by the sudden altitude to which his changed fortunes had lifted him. He stood in the middle of the room, surveying me, then came across and laid his arm on my shoulder.

"Well," I growled, without looking up, "you're a very rich man now, Mr. Clare."

At that he jerked me bodily out of my seat and stood me up in the centre of the room, the Irish blazing out of his eyes.

"Here, none of that!" he snapped. "You little fool! don't you 'Mr. Clare' me!"

So in five minutes we were talking it over. Tim was very much excited at the prospect. He knew Staghurst well, and told me all about the big stone house, and the avenue through the trees; and the hedge-row roads, and the lawn with its peacocks, and the round green hills, and the laborers' cottages.

"It's home," said he, "and I didn't realize before how much I wanted to see it. And I'll be a man of weight there, Harry, and it'll be mighty good."

We made all sorts of plans as to how I was going to visit him just as soon as I could get the money together for the passage. He had the delicacy not to offer to let me have it; and that clinched my love and trust in him.

The next day he drove away with Tony and the dapper little lawyer. I am not ashamed to say that I watched the buckboard until it disappeared in the mirage.

I was with Buck Johnson all that summer, and the following winter as well. We had our first round-up, found the natural increase much in excess of the loss by Indians, and extended our holdings up over the Rock Creek country. We witnessed the start of many Indian campaigns, participated in a few little brushes with the Chiricahuas, saw the beginning of the cattle-rustling. A man had not much opportunity to think of anything but what he had right on hand, but I found time for a few speculations on Tim. I wondered how he looked now, and what he was doing, and how he managed to get away with fifty thousand a year.

And then one Sunday in June, while I was lying on my bunk, Tim pushed open the door and walked in. I was young, but I'd seen a lot, and I knew the expression of his face. So I said nothing.

In a minute the door opened again, and Buck Johnson himself came in.

"How do," said he; "I saw you ride up."

"How do you do," replied Tim.

"I know all about you," said Buck, without any preliminaries; "your man, Case, has written me. I don't know your reasons, and I don't want to know—it's none of my business—and I'm not going to tell you just what kind of a fool I think you are—that's none of my business, either. But I want you to understand without question how you stand on the ranch."

"Quite good, sir," said Tim very quietly.

"When you were out here before I was glad to have you here as a sort of guest. Then you were what I've heard called a gentleman of leisure. Now you're nothin' but a remittance man. Your money's nothin' to me, but the principle of the thing is. The country is plumb pestered with remittance men, doing nothing, and I don't aim to run a home for incompetents. I had a son of a duke drivin' wagon for me; and he couldn't drive nails in a snow-bank. So don't you herd up with the idea that you can come on this ranch and loaf."

"I don't want to loaf," put in Tim, "I want a job."

"I'm willing to give you a job," replied Buck, "but it's just an ordinary cow-puncher's job at forty a month. And if you don't fill your saddle, it goes to someone else."

"That is satisfactory," agreed Tim.

"All right," finished Buck, "so that's understood. Your friend Case wanted me to give you a lot of advice. A man generally has about as much use for advice as a cow has for four hind legs."

He went out.

"What's up, Tim?" I cried, leaping from my bunk.

"Hullo, Harry," said he, as though he had seen me the day before, "I've come back."

"How come back?" I asked. "I thought you couldn't leave the estate. Have they broken the will?"

"No," said he.

"Is the money lost?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"The long and short of it is, that I couldn't afford that estate and that money."

"What do you mean?"

"I've given it up."

"Given it up! What for?"

"To come back here."

I took this all in slowly.

"Tim Clare," said I at last, "do you mean to say that you have given up an English estate and fifty thousand dollars a year to be a remittance man at five hundred, and a cow-puncher on as much more?"

"Exactly," said he.

"Tim," I adjured him solemnly, "you are a big fool!"

"Maybe," he agreed.

He walked to the door and looked out across the desert to where the mountains hovered like soap-bubbles on the horizon. For a long time he looked; then whirled on me.

"Harry," said he in a low voice, "do you remember the camp we made on the shoulder of the mountain that night we were caught out? And do you remember how the dawn came up on the big snow peaks across

the way—and all the cañon below us filled with whirling mists—and the steel stars leaving us one by one? Where could I find room for that in English paddocks? And do you recall the day we trailed across the Yuma deserts, and the sun beat into our skulls, and the dry, brittle hills looked like papier-maché, and the grey sage-bush ran off off into the rise of the hills; and then came sunset and the hard, dry mountains grew filmy, like gauze veils of many colours, and melted and glowed and faded to slate blue, and the stars came out? The English hills are rounded and green and curried, and the sky is near, and the stars only a few miles up. And do you recollect that dark night when old Loco and his warriors were camped at the base of Cochise's Stronghold, and we crept down through the velvet dark wondering when we would be discovered, our mouths sticky with excitement, and the little winds blowing?"

He walked up and down a half-dozen times, his breast heaving.

"It's all very well for the man who is brought up to it, and who has seen nothing else. Case can exist in four walls; he has been brought up to it and knows nothing different. But a man like me——"

"They wanted me to canter between hedge-rows—I who had ridden the desert where the sky over me and the plain under me were bigger than the Islander's universe. They wanted me to oversee little farms—I who had watched the sun rising over half a world! Talk of your ten thousand a year, and what it'll buy! You know, Harry, how it feels when a steer takes the

slack of your rope, and your pony sits back! Where in England can I buy that? You know the rising and the falling of days, and the boundless spaces where your heart grows big, and the thirst of the desert and the hunger of the trail, and a sun that shines and fills the sky, and a wind that blows fresh from the wide places! Where in parcelled, snug, green, tight little England could I buy that with ten thou'—aye, or an hundred times ten thousand? No, no, Harry, that fortune would cost me too dear. I have seen and done and been too much. I've come back to the Big Country, where the pay is poor and the work is hard and the comfort small, but where a man and his soul meet their Maker face to face."

The Cattleman had finished his yarn. For a time no one spoke. Outside, the volume of rain was subsiding. Windy Bill reported a few stars shining through rifts in the showers. The chill that precedes the dawn brought us as close to the fire as the smouldering guano would permit.

"I don't know whether he was right or wrong," mused the Cattleman, after a while. "A man can do a heap with that much money. And yet an old 'alkali' is never happy anywhere else. However," he concluded emphatically, "one thing I do know: rain, cold, hunger, discomfort, curses, kicks, and violent deaths included, there isn't one of you grumblers who would hold that gardening job you spoke of three days!"

THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE*

DENNIS A. MCCARTHY

This is the land where hate should die—
No feud of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
Its son to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die—
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
Respect the creeds that are not mine.
He little loves the land who'd cast
Upon his neighbour's word a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die—
This is the land where strife should cease,
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
Before the light of love and peace.
Then let us purge from poisoned thought
That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
Of this great land in which we live!

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TYPHOON*

JOSEPH CONRAD

"A gale is a gale, Mr. Jukes," resumed the Captain, "and a full-powered steamship has got to face it. There's just so much dirty weather knocking about the world, and the proper thing is to go through it with none of what old Captain Wilson of the *Melita* calls storm-strategy. The other day ashore I heard him hold forth about it to a lot of shipmasters who came in and sat at a table next to mine. It seemed to me the greatest nonsense. He was telling them how he—outmanœuvred, I think he said—a terrific gale, so that it never came nearer than fifty miles to him. A neat piece of headwork, he called it. How he knew there was a gale fifty miles off beats me altogether. It was like listening to a crazy man. I would have thought Captain Wilson was old enough to know better than to relate such an incident."

Captain MacWhirr ceased for a moment, then said: "It's your watch below, Mr. Jukes?" Jukes came to himself with a start.

"Yes, sir."

"Leave orders to call me at the slightest change," said the Captain. He reached up to put the book away and tucked his legs upon the couch. "Shut the door so that it don't fly open—will you? I can't stand a

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door banging. They've put a lot of rubbishy locks in this ship—I must say." . . . .

Captain MacWhirr opened his eyes with a great suddenness.

He thought he must have been asleep. What was that loud noise? Wind? Why had he not been called? The lamp wriggled in its gimbals, the barometer swung in circles, the table altered its slant every moment: a pair of limp sea-boots with collapsed long tops went sliding past the couch. He put out his hand instantly and captured one.

Jukes's face appeared in a crack of the door,—only his face, very red, with staring eyes. The flame of the lamp leaped; a piece of paper flew up; a rush of air struck and enveloped Captain MacWhirr. Beginning to draw on the boot he directed an expectant gaze at Jukes's swollen, excited features.

"Came on like this," shouted Jukes. "Five minutes ago . . . all of a sudden."

The head disappeared with a bang, and a heavy splash and patter of drops swept past the closed door as if a pailful of melted lead had been flung against the house. A whistling could be heard now upon the deep, vibrating noise outside.

The stuffy chart-room seemed as full of draughts as a shed. Captain MacWhirr collared the other sea-boot on its violent passage along the floor. He was not flustered, but he could not find at once the opening for inserting his foot. The shoes he had flung off were scurrying from end to end of the cabin, gambolling playfully over each other like puppies. As soon as

he stood up he kicked at them viciously, but without effect.

He threw himself into the attitude of a lunging fencer to reach after his oilskin coat; and afterwards he staggered all over the confined space while he jerked himself into it. Very grave, straddling his legs far apart, and stretching his neck, he started to tie deliberately the strings of his sou'wester under his chin, with thick fingers that trembled slightly. He went through all the movements of a woman putting on her bonnet before a glass, with a mien of strained, listening attention, as though he expected every moment to hear the shout of his name, shouted in the confused clamor that had suddenly beset his ship. Its increase filled his ears while he was getting ready to go out and confront whatever it might mean. It was tumultuous and very loud, too, made up of the rush of the wind, the crashes of the sea, with that prolonged, deep vibration of the air, like the roll of an immense and remote drum beating the charge of the gale.

He stood for a moment in the light of the lamp—thick, clumsy, shapeless, in his panoply of combat, vigilant and red-faced.

"There's a lot of weight in this," he muttered.

As soon as he attempted to open the door the wind caught it and he was absolutely dragged out over the doorstep; clinging to the handle, he was flung around, and at once found himself engaged with the wind in a sort of personal scuffle whose object was the shutting of that door. At the last moment a tongue of air scurried in and licked out the flame of the lamp.

Ahead of the ship he perceived a great darkness lying upon a multitude of white flashes; on the starboard beam a few amazing stars drooped, dim and fitful, above an immense waste of broken seas, as if seen through a mad drift of smoke.

On the bridge a knot of men, indistinct and toiling, were making great efforts in the light of the wheelhouse windows that shone mistily on their heads and backs. Suddenly, darkness closed upon one pane, then on another. The voices of the lost group reached him after the manner of men's voices in a gale, in shreds and fragments of forlorn shouting snatched past the ear. All at once Jukes appeared at his side, yelling, with his head down. . . .

A faint burst of lightning quivered all round as if flashed into a cavern—into a black and secret chamber of the sea, with a floor of foaming crests.

It unveiled for a sinister, fluttering moment a ragged mass of clouds hanging low, the lurch of the long outlines of the ship, the black figures of men caught on the bridge, heads forward, as if petrified in the act of butting. The darkness palpitated down upon all this, and then the real thing came at last.

* * * * * * *

It was something formidable and swift, like the sudden smashing of a Vial of Wrath. It seemed to explode all round the ship with an overpowering concussion and a rush of great waters, as if an immense dam had been blown up to windward. It destroyed at once the organized life of the ship by its scattering effect. In an instant the men lost touch of each other.

This is the disintegrating power of a great wind. It isolates one from one's kind. An earthquake, a landslip, an avalanche, overtake a man incidentally, as it were—without passion. A furious gale attacks him like a personal enemy, tries to grasp his limbs, fastens upon his mind, seeks to rout his very spirit out of him.

Jukes was driven away from his commander. He fancied himself whirled a great distance through the air. Everything disappeared, even for a moment his power of thinking, but his hand had found within six feet of him one of the rail-stanchions. This he embraced with the ardour of love that will not be thwarted. It saved his body and steadied his soul so far that it became conscious of an intolerable distress. He thought: "Heaven! what's this?" Her middle structure was like a half-tide rock awash upon a coast. It was like an outlying rock in the night, with the water boiling up, streaming over, pouring off, beating round—like a rock in the surf to which shipwrecked people cling before they let go—only it rose, it sank, it rolled continuously, without respite and rest, like a rock that had miraculously struck adrift from a coast and gone wallowing upon the sea.

She was being looted with a senseless, destructive fury; trysails torn out from the extra gaskets, double-lashed awnings blown away, bridge swept clean, weather-cloths burst, rails twisted, light-screens smashed—and two of the boats had gone already. They had gone unheard and unseen, melting, as it were, in the shock and smother of the wave. It was only later, when, upon the white flash of another high

sea hurling itself amidships, Jukes had a rapid vision of two pairs of davits leaping black and empty out of the solid blackness, with one overhauled fall flying and an iron-bound block threshing in the wind, that he became aware of what had happened within about three yards of his back.

He poked his head forward, groping for the ear of his commander. His lips touched it—big, fleshy, very wet. He cried in an agitated tone:

"The boats are going now, sir."

And again he heard that voice, distinct and faint, forced and ringing feebly, but with a penetrating effect of quietness in the enormous discord of noises, as if sent out from some remote spot of peace beyond the black wastes of the gale; again he heard a man's voice, —the frail and indomitable sound that can be made to carry an infinity of thought, resolution, and purpose, that shall be pronouncing confident words on the last day, when heavens fall and justice is done,— and it was crying to him as if from very, very far:— "All right."

Jukes thought he had not managed to make himself understood.

"Our boats—I say boats—the boats, sir! Two gone!"

The same voice, within a foot of him, and yet so remote, yelled sensibly:

"Can't be helped." . . .

An impenetrable obscurity pressing down upon the ghostly glimmers of the sea harbored the mysterious madness of all this rush, deluge, and uproar. . . .

"Want the hands, sir?" Jukes cried, apprehensively.

"Ought to know," asserted Captain MacWhirr. "Hold hard."

They held hard. An outburst of unchained fury, a vicious rush of the wind, absolutely steadied the ship. Her disordered motion was checked and she only rolled short and swift; she rocked quick and light like a child's cradle for a terrific moment of suspense, while the whole atmosphere, as it seemed, streamed furiously past her, roaring away from the tenebrous earth.

It suffocated them, and with eyes shut they tightened their grasp. What, from the magnitude of the shock, might have been a column of water, running upright in the dark, butted against the ship, broke short, and fell on her bridge, crushingly from on high, with a dead, burying weight.

A flying fragment of that collapse, a mere splash, enveloped them in one swirl from their feet over their heads, violently, filling their ears, mouths, and nostrils with salt water. It knocked out their legs, wrenched hastily at their arms, seethed away swiftly under their chins, and opening their eyes they saw the piled-up masses of foam dashing to and fro amongst what looked like the fragments of a ship. She had given way as if driven straight in. They had felt her give under them, and in their panting breasts their hearts yielded, too, before the tremendous blow; and all at once she sprang up to her desperate plunging as if trying to scramble out from under the ruins.

The seas in the dark seemed to rush from all sides

to keep her back where she might perish. There was hate in the way she was handled, and a ferocity in the blows that fell. She was like a living creature thrown to the rage of a mob: hustled terribly, struck at, borne up, flung down, leaped upon. Captain MacWhirr and Jukes kept hold of each other, deafened by the noise, gagged by the wind; and the great physical tumult beating about their bodies brought, like an unbridled display of passion, a profound trouble to their souls. One of those wild and appalling shrieks that are heard at times passing mysteriously overhead in the steady roar of a hurricane, like a long scream of pain from something living, immense and tormented, swooped, as if borne on wings, upon the ship, and Jukes tried to outscream it.

"Will she live?"

The cry was wrenched out of his breast. It was as unintentional as the birth of a thought in the head, and he heard nothing of it himself. It all became extinct at once—thought, intention, effort; and of his cry the inaudible vibration added to the tempest-waves of the air.

THE PINES*

ROBERT W. SERVICE

We sleep in the sleep of ages, the bleak, barbarian pines;
The gray moss drapes us like sages, and closer we lock our lines,
And deeper we clutch through the gelid gloom where never a sunbeam shines.

On the flanks of the storm-gored ridges are our black battalions massed;
We surge in a host to the sullen coast, and we sing in the ocean blast;
From empire of sea to empire of snow we grip our empire fast.

To the niggard lands were we driven, 'twixt desert and floes are we penned;
To us was the Northland given, ours to stronghold and defend;
Ours till the world be riven in the crash of the utter end;

Ours from the bleak beginning, through the æons of death-like sleep;
Ours from the shock when the naked rock was hurled from the hissing deep;
Ours through the twilight ages of weary glacier creep.

* From "The Spell of the Yukon" and other verses, by Robt. W. Service, author of "The Ballads of a Cheechako" and "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," published by Barse and Hopkins, New York, and used by special permission of the publisher and that of the author.

Wind of the East, Wind of the West, wandering to and fro,
Chant your songs in our topmost boughs, that the sons of men may know
The peerless pine was the first to come, and the pine will be last to go!

We pillar the halls of perfumed gloom; we plume where the eagles soar;
The North-wind swoops from the brooding Pole, and our ancients crash and roar;
But where one falls from the crumbling wall shoots up a hardy score.

We spring from the gloom of the canyon's womb; in the valley's lap we lie;
From the white foam-ridge, where the breakers cringe, to the peaks that tusk the sky,
We climb, and we peer in the crag-locked mere that gleams like a golden eye.

Gain to the verge of the hog-back ridge where the vision ranges free;
Pines and pines and the shadow of pines as far as the eye can see;
A steadfast legion of stalwart knights in dominant empery.

Sun, moon and stars give answer; shall we not staunchly stand
Even as now, forever, wards of the wilder strand,
Sentinels of the stillness, lords of the last, lone land?

ESSAY ON LITERATURE*

AUBREY DE VERE

In casting a glance back upon the history of literature, what perhaps strikes us most is the orderly sequence with which its different periods, characterised in most nations by analogous merits and defects, succeed each other. Were all these periods like the earlier, it would be impossible not to speak of them in words which we should call enthusiastic, if we did not remember how far short even they must fall of our feelings in youth, when first the new world of perdurable books come in upon us. Amid the fleeting pageants of time the great poets of the world maintain an image of immortality. States, like men, drop back into dust; that dust takes shape again, and again crumbles into dissolution; but the old Greek's song still pours life into the veins of successive generations in remote and unfriendly climes. Such is the mystery of musical words. The temples that seemed as stable as the quarries of Paros and Pentelicus out of which they rose have melted away like snow-wreaths; yet Achilles lives as when fire flashed from the sightless eyes of the gray rhapsodist, and the youngest shepherd-boy amid the listening group clasped the crook like a sword. Not a picture of Apelles survives, but Helen remains as when her beauty launched the fleets of Greece. Philip and Alexander are gone; their bones lie as pas-

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sive as those of the broad elephants which, beside the Persian or Indian rivers, once divided the iron ranks of the Macedonian phalanx; but Demosthenes still denounces "the barbarian" as when he took his stand on the pnyx and "in Athens there was but one voice heard." * Dynasties have vanished; empires, foreshown to the sad prophet in symbolic image, are no more; hosts beneath whose tread the earth trembled have passed into earth; communities bright and fragile have risen like the flower, and broken like the bubble; yet no word is moved from its order of all those which Cassandra spoke in her madness, and Æschylus recorded. Time reveres that blind old discrowned head of Œdipus as, sitting beside the city gates in the laurel grove of the Eumenides, he bends it forward, listening to the Athenian nightingales. The song of those birds is unchanged; no link has been broken, from age to age, in the chain of the musical tradition. As secure against change is every modulation of that tragic chorus which celebrated their melody.

We enjoy our secure possession almost without memory either of the enjoyment or the debt. Let us try to realize what we should be without it.

* Landor.

THE RELATION OF LANGUAGE TO LITERATURE

Brother Azarias

There are fixed relations in which language stands to literature. When a people is in a transition state; when old forms and old landmarks are breaking up, and a new order of things is ushered in with time; when the horizon of men's experience is widened, and hitherto unknown wants are felt, then speech seems a confused mass; it is neither old nor new; its elements shift their long-standing, stereotyped positions, and it seems to have outgrown its grammatical laws. A man —a genius—appears at these "plastic moments," to use a happy expression of a great writer, and balances himself in the chaos of language, and culls, arranges, and moulds with an indelible stamp for all future time the elements at his command, and points out the direction in which they must germinate and develop while they are a thing of life. Such a man was Shakespeare, in the Elizabethan era of our literature. He moulded all the elements of the language for the first time into a consistent whole. Chaucer's English [1400] is Norman; Spencer's [1599] is Saxon; Milton's [1674] is Latin; but Shakespeare's [1616] is neither—it is English. Such is the relation that Dante holds to Italian literature. "Dante [1265–1321] again stood between the remnants of the old Roman Civilization and the construction of a new and Christian system of arts and letters. He, too, consolidated the floating frag-

ments of an indefinite language, and with them built and thence himself fitted and adorned that stately vessel which bears him through all the regions of life and death, of glory, of trial, and of perdition." * The author of the poem of the Cid did a like service for Spanish literature, by giving it that decisively Castilian cast that separates it forever from the Latin. Such, also, is the nature of the influence of the author of the Nibëlungen-lied—very probably Henry von Ofterdingen—on the German language. Finally, such was the chief trait of Homer's greatness. He gathered up the traditions of the heroic age as they were passing from men's minds, and crystallized them forever in the inimitable language in which we read them to-day; and to him, more than to any other individual, is Greece indebted for that graceful expression that is the glory of her literature.

All these geniuses were masters and legislators of language—not so much because they coined words and invented phrases, as on account of the weight of their names, due to their artistic skill and great natural ability. Their views were profound, and they expressed them better than their contemporaries. Children of their age, they had words of wisdom for it and for all succeeding time. Their works were revered, and they were considered the glory of their nation. And as language is symbolic of thought, and thought of the person, so literature symbolizes the spirit of a nation.

* "William Shakespeare," by H. E. Card. Wiseman, 1865, p. 21.

LANGUAGE, FOSSIL HISTORY

ARCHBISHOP TRENCH

But language is fossil history as well. What a record of great social revolutions, revolutions in nations and in the feelings of nations, the one word "frank" contains; which is used, as we all know, to express aught that is generous, straightforward, and free. The Franks, I need not remind you, were a powerful German tribe, or association of tribes, which at the breaking up of the Roman empire (476 A. D.) possessed themselves of Gaul, to which they gave their name. They were the ruling conquering people, honorably distinguished from the Gauls and degenerate Romans among whom they established themselves by their independence, their love of freedom, their scorn of a lie: they had, in short, the virtues which belong to a conquering and dominant race in the midst of an inferior and conquered one. And thus it came to pass that by degrees the name "frank," which may have originally indicated merely a national, came to involve a moral distinction as well; and a "frank" man was synonymous not merely with a man of the conquering German race, but the adjective was an epithet applied to a person possessed of certain high moral qualities, which for the most part appertained to, and were found only in, men of that stock; and thus in men's daily discourse, when they speak of a person as being "frank," or when they use the word "franchise," "enfranchisement," to express civil liberties and immuni-

ties, their language here is the outgrowth, the record, and the result of great historic changes, bearing testimony to facts of history, whereof it may well happen that the speakers have never heard. Let me suggest to you the word "slave," as one which has undergone a process entirely analogous, although in an opposite direction.*—*On The Study of Words.*

FLAMMONDE†

Edwin Arlington Robinson

The man Flammonde, from God knows where,
With firm address and foreign air,
With news of nations in his talk
And something royal in his walk,
With glint of iron in his eyes,
But never doubt, nor yet surprise,
Appeared, and stayed, and held his head
As one by kings accredited.

Erect, with his alert repose
About him, and about his clothes,
He pictured all tradition hears

* See Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of Rome," chapt. 55.

† From "The Man Against the Sky," by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Copyright, 1919, by The Macmillan Company. Used by special permission of the author and the publisher.

Of what we owe to fifty years.
His cleansing heritage of taste
Paraded neither want nor waste;
And what he needed for his fee
To live, he borrowed graciously.

He never told us what he was,
Or what mischance, or other cause,
Had banished him from better days
To play the Prince of Castaways.
Meanwhile he played surpassing well
A part, for most, unplayable;
In fine, one pauses, half afraid
To say for certain that he played.

For that, one may as well forego
Conviction as to yes or no;
Nor can I say just how intense
Would then have been the difference
To several, who, having striven
In vain to get what he was given,
Would see the stranger taken on
By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent
He soothed and found munificent;
His courtesy beguiled and foiled
Suspicion that his years were soiled;
His mien distinguished any crowd,
His credit strengthened when he bowed;
And women, young and old, were fond
Of looking at the man Flammonde.

There was a woman in our town
On whom the fashion was to frown;

But while our talk renewed the tinge
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,
The man Flammonde saw none of that,
But what he saw we wondered at—
That none of us, in her distress
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed
Had shut within him the rare seed
Of learning. We could understand,
But none of us could lift a hand.
The man Flammonde appraised the youth,
And told a few of us the truth;
And thereby, for a little gold,
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought
For years and years, and over nought;
They made life awkward for their friends,
And shortened their own dividends.
The man Flammonde said what was wrong
Should be made right; nor was it long
Before they were again in line,
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention are but four
Of many out of many more.
So much for them. But what of him—
So firm in every look and limb?
What small satanic sort of kink
Was in his brain? What broken link
Withheld him from the destinies
That came so near to being his?

What was he, when we came to sift
His meaning, and to note the drift
Of incommunicable ways
That make us ponder while we praise?
Why was it that his charm revealed
Somehow the surface of a shield?
What was it that we never caught?
What was he, and what was he not?

How much it was of him we met
We cannot ever know; nor yet
Shall all he gave us quite atone
For what was his, and his alone;
Nor need we now, since he knew best,
Nourish an ethical unrest:
Rarely at once will nature give
The power to be Flammonde and live.

We cannot know how much we learn
From those who never will return
Until a flash of unforeseen
Remembrance falls on what has been.
We've each a darkening hill to climb;
And this is why, from time to time
In Tilbury Town, we look beyond
Horizons for the man Flammonde.

STOKE-POGIS AND GRAY*

William Winter

It is a cool afternoon in July, and the shadows are falling eastward on fields of waving grain and lawns of emerald velvet. Overhead a few light clouds are drifting, and the green boughs of the great elms are gently stirred by a breeze from the west. Across one of the more distant fields a large flock of rooks, some of them fluttering and cawing, wings its melancholy flight. There is the sound of whetting of a scythe, and, near by, the twittering of many birds upon a cottage roof. On either side of the country road, which runs like a white rivulet through banks of green, the hawthorn hedges are shining and the bright sod is spangled with all the wild-flowers of an English summer. An odor of lime-trees and of new-mown hay sweetens the air, for miles around. Far off, on the horizon's verge, just glimmering through the haze, rises the imperial citadel of Windsor, and close by the roadside a little child points to a gray spire peering out of a nest of ivy, and tells me that this is Stoke-Pogis church.

If peace dwells anywhere upon the earth its dwelling-place is here. You come into this little churchyard by a pathway across the park and through a wooden turnstile, and in one moment the world is left behind and forgotten. Here are the nodding elms; here is the yew-

* From "Shakespeare's England," published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. Copyright by William Winter, 1910. Used by special permission.

tree's shade; here "heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap." All these graves seem very old. The long grass waves over them, and some of the low stones that mark them are entirely shrouded in ivy. Many of the "frail memorials" are made of wood. None of them is neglected or forlorn, but all of them seem to have been scattered here, in that sweet disorder which is the perfection of rural loveliness. There never could have been any thought of creating this effect, yet here it remains, to win your heart: and here, amid this mournful beauty, the little church nestles close to the ground, while every tree that waves its branches around it, and every vine that clambers on its walls, seem to clasp it in the arms of love. Nothing breaks the silence but the sighing of the wind in the great yew-tree at the church door,—beneath which was the poet's favorite seat, and where the brown needles, falling, through many an autumn, have made a dense carpet on the turf. Now and then there is a faint rustle in the ivy; a fitful bird-note serves only to deepen the stillness; and from a rose-tree near at hand a few leaves flutter down, in soundless benediction on the dust beneath.

Gray was laid in the same grave with his mother, "the careful, tender mother of many children, one alone of whom," as he wrote upon her gravestone, "had the misfortune to survive her." Their tomb,—a low, oblong, brick structure, covered with a large slab,—stands a few feet away from the church wall, upon which is a tablet to denote its place. The poet's name has not been inscribed above him. There was no need

here of "storied urn or animated bust." The place is his monument, and the solemn Elegy,—giving to the soul of the place a form of seraphic beauty and a voice of celestial music,—is his immortal epitaph.

> There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble here,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground.

The night is coming on and the picture will soon be dark, but never, while memory lasts, can it fade out of the heart. What a blessing would be ours, if we could only hold forever that exaltation of the spirit, that sweet resignation, that pure freedom from all the passions of humanity and all the cares of life, which come upon us in such a place as the scene of Gray's immortal poem! But that is impossible. Even with the thought this golden mood begins to melt away; even with the thought comes our dismissal from its influence. Nor will it avail us now to linger at the shrine. Fortunate is he, though in bereavement and regret, who parts from beauty while yet her kiss is warm upon his lips,—waiting not for the last farewell word, hearing not the last notes of the music, seeing not the last gleam of sunset, as the light dies from the sky. It was a sad parting, but the memory of the place can never be despoiled of its loveliness. As I write these words I stand again in the cool, dusky silence of the poet's church, with its air of stately age and its fragrance of cleanliness, while the light of the western sun, broken into rays of gold and ruby, streams

through the painted windows and softly falls upon the quaint little galleries and decorous pews; and, looking forth through the low, arched door, I see the dark, melancholy boughs of the dreaming yew-tree, and, nearer, a shadow of rippling leaves in the clear sunshine of the churchyard path: and all the time a gentle voice is whispering, in the chambers of thought:

> No farther seek his merits to disclose,
> Or draw his frailties from their dread abode, —
> (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
> The bosom of his Father and his God.

A GLIMPSE OF THOMAS GRAY*

JOSEPH J. REILLY

At Eton he was unmistakable with his pale face, his pointed nose and chin, broad forehead, and great eyes. Quiet and sedate and loving Latin verse more than cricket, he had little in common with his roistering school-fellows and with three other unusual lads formed a "Quadruple Alliance." The group comprised Richard West, Thomas Ashton, Harry Walpole, son of the Prime Minister, and "Orasmades," whom the uninitiate knew as Thomas Gray.

Gray was born in 1715 on the day after Christmas. Of twelve children he was the only one who survived childhood and he could look back in after years without pleasure to those days at home when a father

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whose violent temper verged on madness cruelly treated a mother whom Gray worshiped. It was from the little shop which she managed that Gray's tuition was paid at Eton and afterwards at Cambridge, where "low spirits" became his "true and faithful companions."

Gray's intimate, "Horry" Walpole, decided to round off his university training with a trip to the Continent and invited "Orasmades" to join him. The invitation was accepted and the pair set out in an upheaval of "dust, old boxes, bedsteads, and tutors." At first Gray wrote frequent letters from the Continent quite in the *nil-admirari* fashion of the typical Englishman, but later amid the Alps he was thrilled by the glories of nature as no Englishman had ever been before nor was to be again until the advent of Wordsworth. "Not a precipice," he wrote, "not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry." His comrade, Walpole, confessed in after years: "We rode over the Alps in the same chaise but Pegasus drew on his side and a cart-horse on mine." Youths so unlike could not long run in double harness and it is not surprising that they quarreled at Reggio and parted in anger.

On his return to England it was but a few months before Gray, born academician that he was, betook himself to Cambridge again where he was to spend nearly all his remaining years, finding its studious shelter as congenial as that other shy and sensitive man of letters, Newman, was to find Oxford in a later generation. Gray always held himself aloof and even

when he became famous as the author of the most perfect elegy in the language, he remained as ever before, shy, sensitive, and so indolent that creative work became a very agony of self-conquest. He seemed to smile archly at life, much as a man from the balcony of his club watches the crowd jostling and hurrying endlessly in the street below, a little contemptuous of its interests, a little wistful perhaps that his own was so far removed, and yet thanking the high gods that he was not such as these.

Much of his life is a history of the "Everlasting Nay." He took his degree in law but never practised; he was appointed professor of modern history and languages but never gave a lecture; he refused the poet-laureateship on the death of Colley Cibber and declined a degree from the University of Aberdeen; and though he wrote a handful of poems, highly wrought, polished, perfect in form and expression, he shook his head sadly over the meagerness of his output but did nothing to increase it. Rather he permitted himself to remain all his life an insatiable dilettante, an academic exquisite, who exercised his amazing powers of acquisitiveness merely to satisfy a many-sided and avid intellect.

But on one score at least we must forgive him: he wrote letters, charming, sparkling, playful, that make us love this strange personality, which, though shy and sensitive, was delicately alive to the humorous, the beautiful, and the pathetic. Who can forget his exquisite lines written about the only woman he ever loved: "I have discovered a thing very little known,

which is, that in one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother."

It was at Cambridge that Gray met Bonstetten and in a few short weeks of intimacy the heart of the recluse was touched as never before. It was as if some hidden chamber, full of beautiful things, had suddenly been opened and treasures disclosed which no one had dreamed of. Bonstetten was a handsome Swiss with youth, verve, charm of manner, and goodness of heart, and Gray loved him for all these and felt at his going a desolating loneliness. His music, his architecture, his Greek, his history, lured him no more and his room at Pembroke, as pretty as a girl's, seemed to confine him like a starling in its cage. He can scarcely wait for Bonstetten's letters before replying and it is pathetic to see this recluse of fifty-three, to whom reticence was a second nature, pouring out his heart to a boy whom he had come to love with the devotion of a father for a son. Surely it was a heart craving for an affection deeper than any Gray had ever known which wrote: "My life now is but a conversation with your shadow—the known sound of your voice still rings in my ears—there on the corner of the fender you are standing or tinkling on the pianoforte or stretched at length on the sofa. . . . I cannot bear this place where I have spent many tedious years within less than a month since you left me." In these few lines one may catch a glimpse of the starved heart of Gray, its depths stirred in his declining days and giving voice to emotions unuttered because unaroused before; his delicacy, his sensitiveness, his almost femi-

nine tenderness. Matthew Arnold attempted to solve the riddle of Gray's unproductiveness by saying that he was a poet fallen upon an age of prose. Thus spoke the critic coldly writing a century after the poet's death. Bonstetten explained that unproductiveness by saying that Gray had never loved. There spoke the youth who more than any other living creature had plummeted the depth of Gray's heart.

The rest of the story is soon told. Apathy and physical weakness crept upon Gray and when the end came on the thirtieth of July, 1771, they laid him to rest in the same vault with the mother he had worshiped. Tributes abounded but it was his youthful friend Norton Nichols whose praise was perfect: "If all the world had despised and hated me I should have thought myself perfectly recompensed in his friendship." Surely such a tribute was not uttered in idleness; it could have been evoked only by a great heart and a soul unstained.

BARTER*

SARA TEASDALE

Life has loveliness to sell,
All beautiful and splendid things,
Blue waves whitened on a cliff,
Soaring fire that sways and sings,
And children's faces looking up
Holding wonder like a cup.

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Life has loveliness to sell,
Music like a curve of gold,
Scent of pine-trees in the rain,
Eyes that love you, arms that hold,
And for your spirit's still delight,
Holy thoughts that star the night.

Spend all you have for loveliness,
Buy it and never count the cost;
For one white singing hour of peace
Count many a year of strife well lost,
And for a breath of ecstasy
Give all you have been, or could be.

FRANCIS THOMPSON*

KATHARINE TYNAN

Francis Thompson is now a poet whose name cannot be forgotten so long as the language he wrote in survives. But there was a day when he was only a poet among many other poets, all singing, few catching a respectful attention. Katharine Tynan, who knew Francis Thompson in the rich years of his brief life, writes of him vividly as follows:

"One looks back now with an odd, sharp regret to the days when a meeting with Francis Thompson was a common, everyday matter. He was of the great talkers, and he would walk up and down the drawing

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room at the Palace Court pouring forth his flood of argument. Coventry Patmore thought his prose better than his poetry and his talk better than either, but Patmore loved to startle; he was, perhaps, hardly in earnest in these opinions. I'm afraid that we used to poke fun at the poor poet, a fun which was perfectly aware that its object was a genius. He took the fun very well. I hope it kept well within limits. He had such queer, odd, unworldly ways that one had to poke fun at him. He had written one of his poems for me, 'The Fall of the Leaf.' I had had at least one long, precious letter from him before I was married. He had been humbly and simply delighted with my praises of his poetry. But in those years, when we met constantly at Palace Court and he came to see me occasionally, I don't think I got in any real personal touch with him. Perhaps I did not try. But looking back from this distance it seems to me that he was preoccupied with the Meynell family. There was one man and one woman and one family of children for him in the world and all the rest were 'moving shadow-shapes that come and go.' The Meynell children used to play tricks on him in a perfectly affectionate way. If he discovered the tricks—I think the real deliciousness of them was his unconsciousness—he never resented them. I don't think he thought they could do wrong. Had he a sense of humor? I have no memory of anything which indicated its possession. He was the cause of humor in others. The childlikeness of his adoration for his friends made one smile while one applauded and appreciated. . . .

"He never minded when Mrs. Meynell, arriving an hour late for lunch with him in her train, would come in with profuse apologies: 'Oh, dear K. T., I am so sorry. Francis would not get up, although the children have called him at intervals of five minutes ever since 9 o'clock this morning.' He did not extenuate his habits. That calling at five-minute intervals was a teasing prank which the Meynell children thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Meynell, with her air of

> 'Blank misgivings of a creature
> Moving about in worlds not realized'

would shake her dear head over those pranks, although occasionally one would be rewarded by the fresh, delightful peal of laughter which one used to lie in wait for. When it was caught it repaid one for some failures. It was never missing from the sallies of a child like her godson, Toby, who is now in the Palestine campaign, after a year in the Struma Valley.

"Francis Thompson was in fact a strayed angel. Behind his mustard-colored suit and his little dirty clay pipe it was:

> 'Turn but a stone and start a wing . . .'

"You can see it well enough in the portrait of him at the age of eighteen, which is prefixed to the 'Selected Poems.' He ought to have been caught into a mediæval monastery where he could have spent his life as a mystic among mystics contemplating the Supreme Beauty. But perhaps in that case the poetry would have lost the human element learnt through much suffering."

His debt to Mrs. Meynell was repaid by some of his finest verse. His first volume quickly attracted the attention of critics, and Coventry Patmore wrote an eulogistic notice in the *Fortnightly Review* (January, 1894). Much of Thompson's verse reminded critics of Crashaw. The beauty and strange inventiveness of his diction were immediately recognized as giving him a place all his own among poets of his time though recalling Shelley and Keats. He had written some prose, but it is with his three volumes of poetry that his name will be connected. Among his work there is a certain amount which can justly be called eccentric or unusual, but nothing can be more simply beautiful than "The Daisy"; more reverent than his poems about children, or more magnificent than "The Hound of Heaven."

These are the early movements—movements because it is so greatly like music—of Thompson's finest work, "The Hound of Heaven":

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;
I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
Of my own mind; and in the midst of tears
I hid from Him, and under running laughter
Up vistaed hopes I sped;
And shot, precipitated
Adown Titanic glooms of chasmèd fears,
From those strong Feet that followed, followed after
But with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
They beat—and a Voice beat
More instant than the Feet—
"All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
Trellised with intertwining charities;
(For, though I knew His love Who followèd,
Yet was I sore adread
Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);
But, if one little casement parted wide,
The gust of His approach would clash it to.
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Across the margent of the world I fled,
And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;
Fretted to dulcet jars
And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
I said to dawn, Be sudden; to eve, Be soon;
With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
From this tremendous Lover!
Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
I tempted all his servitors, but to find
My own betrayal in their constancy,
In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
The long savannahs of the blue;
Or whether, Thunder-driven,
They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven
Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:—
Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
Still with unhurrying chase,
And unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
Came on the following Feet,
And a Voice above their beat—
"Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

TRAVELING AFOOT*

JOHN H. FINLEY

"Traveling afoot,"—the very words start the imagination out upon the road! One's nomad ancestors cry within one across centuries and invite to the open spaces. Many to whom this cry comes are impelled to seek the mountain paths, the forest trails, the solitudes or wildernesses coursed only by the feet of wild animals. But to me the black or dun roads, the people's highways, are the more appealing—those strips or ribbons of land which is still held in common, the paths wide enough for the carriages of the rich and the carts of the poor to pass each other, the roads over which they all bear their creaking burdens or run on errands of mercy or need, but preferably roads that do not also invite the flying automobiles whose occupants so often make the pedestrian feel that even these strips have ceased to be democratic.

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My traveling afoot, for many years, has been chiefly in busy city streets or in the country roads into which they run,—not far from the day's work or from the thoroughfares of the world.

Of such journeys on foot which I recall with greatest pleasure are some which I have made in encircling cities. More than once I have walked around Manhattan Island, an afternoon's or a day's adventure within the reach of thousands, keeping as close as possible to the water's edge all the way round. I not only passed through physical conditions illustrating the various stages of municipal development from the wild forest at one end of the island to the most thickly populated spots of the earth at the other, but I also passed through many diverse cities and civilizations. Another journey of this sort was one that I made around Paris, following the line of the old fortifications, which are still maintained, with a zone following the fortifications most of the way just outside, inhabited only by squatters, some of whose houses were on wheels ready for "mobilization" at an hour's notice. (It was near the end of that circumvallating journey, near sunset, that I saw my first aeroplane rising like a great golden bird in the aviation field and a few minutes later my first elongated dirigible—precursors of the air armies.)

I have read that the Scotch once had a custom of making a yearly pilgrimage of excursion around their boroughs or cities,—"beating the bounds," they called it, following the boundaries that they might know what they had to defend. It is a custom that might

profitably be revived. We should know better the cities in which we live. We should be stronger, healthier for such expeditions, and the better able and the more willing to defend our boundaries.

But these are the exceptional foot expeditions. For most urbanites there is the opportunity for the daily walk to and from work, if only they were not tempted by the wheel of the street-car or motor. During the recent subway strike in New York, I saw able-bodied men riding in improvised barges or buses going at a slower-than-walking pace, because, I suppose, though still possessed of legs they had become enslaved by wheels, just as the old mythical Ixion who was tied to one.

I once walked late one afternoon with a man who did not know that he could walk, from the Custom House, down near the Battery, to the City College gymnasium, 138th street; and what we did (at the rate of a mile in about twelve minutes) thousands are as able to do, though not perhaps at this pace when the streets are full.

And what a "preparedness" measure it would be if thousands of the young city men would march up-town every day after hours in companies! The swinging stride of a companionless avenue walk, on the other hand, gives often much of the adventure that one has in carrying the ball in a football game.

Many times, when I could not get out of the city for a vacation, I have walked up Fifth avenue at the end of the day and have half-closed my eyes in order to see men and women as the blind man saw them

when his eyes were first touched by the Master,—I have seen them as "trees walking."

But the longing of all at times, whether it be an atavistic or a cultivated longing, is for the real trees and all that goes with them. Immediately there open valleys with "pitcher" elms, so graceful that one thinks of the famous line from the Odyssey in which Ulysses says that once he saw a tree as beautiful as the most beautiful woman,—valleys with elms, hill-tops with far-signaling poplars, mountains with pines, or prairies with their groves and orchards. About every city lies an environing charm, even if it has no trees, as for example, Cheyenne, Wyoming, where stopping for a few hours not long ago, I spent most of the time walking out to the encircling mesas that give view of both mountains and city. I have never found a city without its walkers' rewards. New York has its Palisade paths, its Westchester hills and hollows, its "South Shore" and "North Shore" and its Staten Island (which I have often thought of as Atlantis for once on a holiday I took Plato with me to spend an afternoon on its littoral, away from the noise of the city, and on my way home found that my Plato had stayed behind and he never reappeared, though I searched car and boat). Chicago has its miles of lake shore walks; Albany its Helderbergs; and San Francisco its Golden Gate Road. And I recall with a pleasure which the war cannot take away, a number of suburban European walks. One was across the Campagna from Frascati to Rome, when I saw an Easter week sun go down behind the "Eternal City." Another was out to Fiesole from Flor-

ence and back again; another out and up from where the Saone joins the Rhone at Lyons; another from Edinburgh out to Arthur's Seat and beyond; another from Lausanne to Geneva; and still another from Eton (where I spent the night in a cubicle looking out on Windsor Castle), to London, starting at dawn. One cannot know the intimate charm of the urban penumbra who makes only shuttle journeys by motor or street-car.

These are near journeys, but there are times when they do not satisfy, when one must get out on a far journey, test one's will, and endurance of body, or get away from the usual. Sometimes the long walk is the only medicine. Once when suffering from one of the few colds of my life (incurred in California) I walked from the rim of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado down to the river and back, a distance of fourteen miles with a descent of 7,000 feet and a like ascent, and found myself entirely cured of the malady which had clung to me for days. My first fifty-mile walk was begun in despair over a slow recovery from the effects of diphtheria.

But most of these far walks have been taken just for the joy of walking in the free air. Among these have been journeys over Porto Rico (of two hundred miles), around Yellowstone Park (of about one hundred fifty miles, making the same stations as the coaches), over portages along the waterways following the French explorers from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and in country roads visiting one-room schools in the State of New York.

But the walks which I most enjoy, in retrospect at any rate, are those taken at night. Then one makes one's own landscape with only the help of the moon or stars or the distant lights of a city, or with one's unaided imagination if the sky is filled with cloud.

The next better thing to the democracy of a road by day is the monarchy of a road by night, when one has one's own terrestrial way under guidance of a Providence that is nearer. It is in the "cool of the day" that the Almighty is pictured as walking in the Garden, but I have most often met him on the road by night.

Several times I have walked down Staten Island and across New Jersey to Princeton "after dark," the destination being a particularly attractive feature of this walk. But the journeys that are made in strange places where one knows neither the way nor the destination, except from a map or the advice of signboard or kilometer posts (which one reads by the flame of a match or, where that is wanting, sometimes by following the letters and figures on a post with one's fingers), or the information, usually inaccurate, of some other wayfarer. Most of these journeys have been made of a necessity that has prevented my making them by day, but I have in every case been grateful, afterward, for the necessity. In this country they have been usually among the mountains: the Green Mountains or the White Mountains or the Catskills, but of all my night faring, a night on the moors of Scotland is the most impressive and memorable, though without incident. No mountain landscape is to me more awesome than the moorlands by night, or more alluring

by day than the moorlands when the heather is in bloom. Perhaps this is only the ancestors speaking again.

But something beside ancestry must account for the others. Indeed, in spite of it I was drawn one night to Assisi where St. Francis had lived. Late in the evening I started on to Foligno in order to take a train in to Rome for Easter morning. I followed a white road that wound around the hills, through silent clusters of cottages, tightly shut up with only a slit of light showing now and then, meeting not a human being along the way save three sombre figures accompanying an ox cart, a man at the head of the oxen and a man and a woman at the tail of the cart, a theme for Millet. (I asked in broken Italian how far it was to Foligno and the answer was "una hora," distance in time and not in miles.) Off in the distance I could see the lights of Perugia, and sometime after midnight I began to see the lights of Foligno—of Perugia and Foligno where Raphael had lived and painted. The adventure of it all was that when I reached Foligno I found that it was a walled town, that the gate was shut, and that I had neither passport nor intelligible speech. There is an interesting walking sequel to this journey. I carried that night a wooden water-bottle, such as the Italian soldiers used to carry, filling it from the fountain at the gate of Assisi just before starting. Just a month later under the same full moon I was walking between midnight and morning, in New Hampshire. I had the same water-bottle and stopped at a spring to fill it. When I turned the bottle upside down a

few drops of water from the fountain of Assisi fell into the New England spring, which for me, at any rate, has been forever sweetened by this association.

All my long night walks seem to me now as but preparation for one which I was obliged to make at the outbreak of the war in Europe. I had crossed the Channel from England to France on the day that war was declared by England to get a boy of ten years out of the war zone. I got as far by rail as a town between Arras and Amiens, where I expected to take a train on a branch road toward Dieppe; but late in the afternoon I was informed that the scheduled train had been cancelled and that there might not be another for twenty-four hours, if then. Automobiles were not to be had even if I had been able to pay for one. So I set out at dusk on foot toward Dieppe, which was forty miles or more distant. The experiences of that night would in themselves make one willing to practice walking for years in order to be able to walk through such a night in whose dawn all Europe waked to war. There was the quiet, serious gathering of the soldiers at the place of rendezvous; there were the all-night preparations of the peasants to meet the new conditions; there was the pelting storm from which I sought shelter in the niches for statues in the walls of an abandoned chateau; there was the clatter of the hurrying feet of soldiers or gendarmes who properly arrested the wanderer, searched him, took him to a guard house and detained him until certain that he was an American citizen and a friend of France, when he was let go on his way with a "bon voyage"; there

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was the never-to-be-forgotten dawn upon the harvest fields in which only old men, women and children were at work; there was the gathering of the peasants with commandeered horses and carts in the beautiful park on the water front at Dieppe, and there was much beside; but they were experiences for the most part which only one on foot could have had.

And the moral of my whole story is that walking is not only a joy in itself, but that it gives an intimacy with the sacred things and the primal things of Earth that are not revealed to those who rush by on wheels.

I have wished to organize just one more club—the "Holy Earth" club with the purposes that Liberty Bailey has set forth in his book of the same title ("The Holy Earth"), but I should admit to membership in it (except for special reasons) only those who loved to walk upon the earth.

PERSEVERANCE

Fancy thou not, though weary, as if won
The Journey's End when only just begun;
For not a Mountain Peak with Toil attain'd
But shows a Top yet higher to be gain'd.
Wherefore still Forward, Forward!

SPRING*

HENRY TIMROD

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of Winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

Or where, like those strange semblances we find
That age to childhood blind,
The elm puts on, as if in Nature's scorn,
The brown of Autumn corn.

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As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

But many gleams and shadows need must pass
Along the budding grass,
And weeks go by, before the ~~enamored~~ South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate.

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would
start,
If from a beech's heart
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say:
"Behold me! I am May!"

AMERICA'S NEW PLACE IN THE WORLD*

Sir Philip Gibbs

America is at the threshold of her supreme destiny in the world. By her action in the war, when for the first time her strength was revealed as a mighty nation, full grown and conscious of power, she has attained the highest place among the peoples, and her will shall prevail if it is based upon justice and liberty. I believe that America's destiny will be glorious for mankind, not because I think that the individual American is a better, nobler, more spiritual being than the individual Englishman, Frenchman, or Russian, but because I see, or think I see, that this great country is inspired more than any other nation among the big powers by the united, organized qualities of simple, commonplace people, with kindness of heart, independence of spirit, and sincerity of ideas, free from the old heritage of caste, snobbishness, militarism, and fetish-worship which still lingers among the Junkers of Europe. They are a middle-class empire, untainted by imperial ambition or ancient traditions of overlordship. They are governed by middle-class sentiment. They put all problems of life to the test of that simplicity which is found in middle-class homes, where neither anarchy is welcome nor aristocratic privilege. America is the empire of the wage-earner, where even her plutocrats have but little power over the inde-

* Taken from "People of Destiny," by Philip Gibbs. Copyright, 1920, by Harper Bros., and used by permission.

pendence of the people. It is a nation of nobodies great with the power of the common man and the plain sense that governs his way of life. Other nations are still ruled by their "somebodies"—by their pomposities and High Panjandrums. But it is the nobodies whose turn is coming in history, and America is on their side. In that great federation of United States I saw, even in a brief visit, possible dangers that may spoil America's chance. I saw a luxury of wealth in New York and other cities which may be a vicious canker in the soul of the people. I saw a sullen discontent among wage-earners and home-coming soldiers because too many people had an unfair share of wealth. I met American Junkers who would use the military possibilities of the greatest army in the world for imperialistic adventures and world dominance. I heard of anarchy being whispered among foreign-born masses in American cities and passed over to other laborers not of foreign origin. In the censorship of news I saw the first and most ominous sign of government autocracy desiring to work its will upon the people by keeping them in ignorance and warping their opinions; and now and then I was conscious of an intolerance of free thought which happened to conflict with popular sentiment, as ruthless as in Russia during Czardom. I saw hatred based on ignorance and the brute spirit of men inflamed by war. But these were only accidental things, to be found wherever humanity is crowded, and after my visit to America I came away with memories, which are still strong in my heart, of a people filled with vital energy, kind in heart, sincere

and simple in their ways of thought and speech, idealistic in emotion, practical in conduct, and democratic by faith and upbringing. The soil of America is clean and strong and free; and the power that comes out of it will, I think and hope and pray, be used to gain the liberties of other nations, and to help forward the welfare of the human family.

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL*

KATHERINE LEE BATES

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat

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Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine,
Till all success be nobleness,
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

DEATH-TRYST

[Shelley was drowned in the Bay of Spezia, Italy, on the 8th day of July, 1822. "Lamia and Other Poems" (Keats' last work) was found thrust into the pocket of Shelley's sailor jacket, with the leaves folded back as if the dead poet had recently been reading it. The book was burned upon Shelley's funeral pyre.

This brings to mind a suggestive coincidence: The fact that Tennyson died with his hand resting on a volume of Shakespeare, which he had been reading, and which was buried with him in Westminster Abbey.

Helen Gray Cone has embodied these two incidents in her poem.]

(Keats—Shelley—1822.
Shakespeare—Tennyson—1892.)

I.

One sailed an azure sea in fateful hour:
A Youth, yet age had touched him, and he seemed
Lovely and piteous, like a frosted flower.
A Book was in his hand, a page that teemed
With joy of beauty. (He who made it, slept
Where o'er his heart the Roman violets dreamed.)
Sailing, he smiled; a tryst his spirit kept.
Thoughts lucent-pinioned did as Psyches flit
Across his Summer dream; till on him swept
The swift black storm, and Fate and Death did sit,
Betwixt its cloudy wings as down it bore;
And he who read was rapt to him who writ.
Twin stars they shine, one fame forever more.
A fire of funeral blazed beside the sobbing shore.

II.

One slept a sacred sleep, while golden lay
  Autumnal moonlight glorious on his bed,—
Sleep ebbing deathward like a sea-drawn bay,—
  A Book was in his hand, whence late he read
Majestic words of that great Spirit that still
  Doth haunt by Avon April-garlanded.
So sleeping, held he fast with fixed will
  His Master's Book; and all the night was peace,
Bright peace on lawn and terrace, dale and hill,
  Calm consummation, and most sweet surcease,
That tryst of sovereign powers Death would not wrong,
  Shattering the bars with all-to-rough release,
But softly dealt.—They rule in splendor long,
  Large lights, a moon and sun in England's heaven of song.

A ROMAN TWILIGHT*

Clinton Scollard

The purple tints of twilight over Rome;
Against the sunset great Saint Peter's dome,
And through the gateways peasants wending home.

Shadows that gather round the Aventine;
And just above the dim horizon line
The star of Hesper, like a light divine.

* From "Italy and Arms and Other Verses," by Clinton Scollard. Copyright, 1916, and used by permission.

A perfume faint as of forgotten sweets,
As though there came, far borne through lonely streets,
The breath of violets from the grave of Keats!

FOR THE CENTENARY OF KEATS'S SONNET (1816)*

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"On First Looking into Chapman's Homer."

I knew a scientist, an engineer,
  Student of tensile strengths and calculus,
  A man who loved a cantilever truss
And always wore a pencil on his ear.
My friend believed that poets all were queer,
  And literary folk ridiculous;
  But one night, when it chanced that three of us
Were reading Keats aloud, he stopped to hear.

Lo, a new planet swam into his ken!
  His eager mind reached for it and took hold.
Ten years are by: I see him now and then.
  And at alumni dinners, if cajoled,
He mumbles gravely, to the cheering men:—
  Much have I travelled in the realms of gold.

* From "Songs for a Little House," copyright, 1917, by George H. Doran Company, and used by special permission of both the author and the publisher.

CHURCH ARCHITECTURE*

The art of sculpture was more widely and successfully cultivated during the Middle Ages than painting. Mediæval sculpture did not, however, concern itself chiefly with the representation of the human figure, but with what we may call *decorative carving;* it was almost wholly subservient to the dominant art of the Middle Ages, namely, architecture.

It is in the great cathedrals and other churches scattered throughout England, France, Spain, Holland, Belgium, and Germany, that we find the noblest and most lasting achievements of mediæval art, which all the resources of modern skill have been unable to equal. Everybody belonged to the Church, but the Church, too, belonged to each individual. The building and beautifying of a new church was a matter of interest to the whole community,—to men of every rank. It gratified at once their religious sentiments, their local pride, and their artistic cravings. All the arts and crafts ministered to the construction and adornment of the new edifice, and, in addition to its religious significance, it took the place of our modern art museum.

Up to the beginning of the thirteenth century the churches were built in the Romanesque style. They were, generally speaking, in the form of a cross, with a main aisle, and two side aisles which were both nar-

* From "An Introduction to the History of Western Europe," by James Harvey Robinson. Published by Ginn & Company. Copyright, 1903, and used by permission.

rower and lower than the main aisle. The aisles were divided from each other by massive round pillars which supported the round vaulting of the roof and were connected by round arches. The round-arched windows were usually small for the size of the building, so that the interior was not very light. The whole effect was one of massive simplicity. There was, however, especially in the later churches of this style, a profusion of carved ornament, usually in geometric designs.

The *pointed* form of arch was used occasionally in windows during the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But about the beginning of the thirteenth century it began to be employed much more extensively, and in an incredibly short time practically superseded the round arch and became the characteristic feature of a new style, called *Gothic*. The adoption of the pointed arch had very important results. It enabled the builder to make arches of the same height but various widths, and of varying height and the same width. A round arch of a given span can be only half as high as it is wide, but the pointed arch may have a great diversity of proportions. The development of the Gothic style was greatly forwarded by the invention of the "flying buttress." By means of this graceful outside prop it became possible to lighten the masonry of the hitherto massive walls and pierce them with great windows which let a flood of light into the hitherto dark churches.

The light from all these great windows might even have been too glaring had it not been for the wonderful stained glass set in exquisite stone tracery with

which they were filled. The stained glass of the mediæval cathedral, especially in France, where the glass workers brought their art to the greatest perfection, was one of its chief glories. By far the greater part of this old glass has of course been destroyed, but it is still so highly prized that every bit of it is now carefully preserved, for it has never since been equaled. A window set with odd bits of it pieced together like crazy patchwork is more beautiful, in its rich and jewel-like coloring, than the finest modern work.

As the Gothic style developed and the builders grew all the time more skillful and daring, the churches became marvels of lightness and delicacy of detail and finish, while still retaining their dignity and beauty of proportion. Sculptors enriched them with the most beautiful creations of their art. Moldings and capitals, pulpits, altars, and choir screens, the wooden seats for the clergy and choristers, are sometimes literally covered with carving representing graceful leaf and flower forms, familiar animals or grotesque monsters, biblical incidents or homely scenes from everyday life. In the cathedral of Wells, in England, one capital shows us among its vines and leaves a boy whose face is screwed up with pain from the thorn he is extracting from his foot; another depicts a whole story of sin found out, thieves stealing grapes pursued by an angry farmer with a pitchfork. One characteristic of the mediæval imagination is its fondness for the grotesque. It loved queer beasts, half eagle, half lion, hideous batlike creatures, monsters like nothing on land or sea. They lurk among the foliage on choir screens, leer at you from

wall or column, or squat upon the gutters high on roof and steeple.

A striking peculiarity of the Gothic structure is the great number of statues of apostles, saints, and rulers which adorn the façades and especially the main portal of the churches. These figures are cut from the same kind of stone of which the building is made and appear to be almost a part of it. While, compared with later sculpture, they seem somewhat stiff and unlifelike, they harmonize wonderfully with the whole building, and the best of them are full of charm and dignity.

So far we have spoken only of the church architecture, and that was by far the most important during the period with which we have been dealing. Later, in the fourteenth century, many beautiful secular buildings were constructed in the Gothic style. The most striking and important of these were the guild-halls built by the rich merchant guilds, and the town-halls of some of the important cities. But the Gothic style has always been especially dedicated to, and seems peculiarly fitted for, ecclesiastical architecture. Its lofty aisles and open floor spaces, its soaring arches leading the eye toward heaven, and its glowing windows suggesting the glories of paradise, may well have fostered the ardent faith of the mediæval Christian.

ARCHITECTURE AND LITERATURE

Brother Azarias

Architecture is also symbolic of an epoch. Its relations with literature are of a most intimate character, and it will often be a correct guide in determining the spirit of an age or people. The variety and conflict of opinion in a representative author may render it difficult to catch the prevailing tone of the society in which he moves, whereas the expression of a building is one, and therefore unmistakable. The same national genius inspires both the literature and the architecture, and, in consequence, both express the same spirit. Hegel says: "Nations have deposited the most holy, rich, and intense of their ideas in works of art, and art is the key to the philosophy and religion of a people."

Though Greece received her architecture from Egypt, as she did her alphabet from Phoenicia, still all her structures have a characteristic phase that marks them as Grecian. The grace and symmetry pervading column, frieze, and architrave—

> "The whole so measured true, so lessen'd off
> By fine proportion, that the marble pile
> . . . light as fabrics looked,
> That from the magic wand aërial rise"—

partake of the innate beauty of her language, and symbolize that harmony in her spiritual and physical development, which produces a corresponding harmony

in her poetry and her sculpture, and made Greece supreme in the expression of physical beauty.

The spirit of childlike faith that inspired the ennobling legend of the Holy Grail, and impelled those eight Crusadal waves to wash out with their blood the desecration to which has been subjected the sanctified places—that same beautiful spirit breathes in the Gothic cathedral, with its graceful spires lost in their heavenward direction, its sombre aisles inspiring awe and adoration rather than melancholy or gloom—the whole diffusing through the soul a feeling of prayerfulness.

Architecture has been called "frozen music," * and better still, "the poetry of repose," ** It were more correct, if not equally pointed, to consider it the stone embodiment of a people's genius—a grand hieroglyphic, which, when rightly deciphered, reveals the spirit in which a people thinks and works.

Let us test this criterion by applying it to our own age. In architecture we have nothing new, nothing essentially different from that of other times; instead, we find a conglomeration of various styles—Grecian, Byzantine, Gothic—jumbled together with no unity of plan, and therefore without the characteristic spirit that inspired any of them; for we lack the strong natures and simple faith of the mediæval ages; we seem to possess but a small share of that sense of symmetry and the beautiful so common among the Greeks.

* Madame de Stael, "De l'Allemagne."
** Craik, "English of Shakespeare."

CLOISTERS*

This letter, from an American aviator in France, depicts a phase of the training life among the American Czechoslavs in a cloistered billet "somewhere in France":

"There is to my mind hardly anything more romantic than ancient cloisters. They are the crowning glory of this monumental old pile which has been my home for the last four months, and I have grown to be very fond of them. I remember my thrill on finding these quiet cloisters, hedging in from the world a pensive courtyard and garden. Since then I have sought them often for inspiration and beauty. I have watched them under all lights and shades and wondered what saintly feet have trod those smooth-worn flagstones and what meditations filled the saintly mind and heart.

"These churchly cloisters have a military history undreamed of by the pious builders. They have rung hollow as musket butts struck the stone, and now strange soldiers in brown uniforms bask in the sunlit arches. I like them best in the still hours of the night, when the moon comes slanting down and the black shadows lie heavy on the whitewashed walls. I come and sit on the stone bench and look out through the great round arches on the white spires of the church rising in the night like two pale, praying hands, and I am moved to reverence and humility.

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"I early conceived of filling their classic shadows with light and life and color and music. I am happy to say that this thought developed into a wonderful reality. I expressed my thought to Mishka one day, and he talked with his comrades, the Czechoslavs, in the French military school. They worked for several weeks on their program. You remember my speaking of having dinner with their song leader to arrange some details. They were anxious to sing for the Americans, because we were interested in their music, and because the relations have been very cordial. It was planned to have the stage in the open court, but it rained, and we put it in a corner of the cloisters, and arranged the seats in both sides of the angle.

"The stage was brilliantly lighted and there was color enough in the festooned flags of the Allies. There was life, because all the Americans, all the Czechs, all the French officers, and as many French soldiers and civilians as possible were there. Having already heard their program, I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the dream come true, the ensemble. I remember once in St. Stephen's Cathedral in Vienna that I walked about in the aisles and nave while the service was in progress. It was a most colorful religious service. I tiptoed around among the mighty pillars and arches for the most wonderful acoustic effects in my life. As I moved the sound of the booming organ and the high soprano notes of the boy choir ebbed and flowed and eddied in the old gray church.

"I had the same effects here when I walked about my cloisters. The reflected sounds were softened with

each contact with the chalky stone, and stray wisps of music went whispering in the interminable dark corridors. I went across the court where I could see the singers and, sitting in a shadowy window, I watched and listened. Their music is sombre. Their happiest songs are tinged with sadness. They are a proud people who have suffered the loss of their liberty. Their history is in their songs and they have a passionate love of their land which they strive to express in music. Their march songs are incomparable. They beat a splendid rhythm that lightens the road and swings them along. I believe you cannot stop men who can sing as they sing.

"Their orchestra played Dvorak's 'Humoresque.' They worship Dvorak, who was a Bohemian, you know. They sang 'The Star-Spangled Banner' in our honor and the first bar brought every American to his feet, standing rigidly at attention and holding the salute until the last note. It has never thrilled me more except at my first 'Retreat.' Then they sang their own anthem. It has all the pathos of an oppressed people, but they sang it with a new note of hope because they had faith that out of this world funeral-pyre Bohemia's freedom will rise like a Phoenix.

"The falling rain played a solemn obligato to their hymn. A violinist played something I had never heard before, but the sobbing violin held even the rough soldiers breathless, so that the dripping eaves made the only other sound. I would not wait for the finish, but ran away because I wanted to preserve the im-

pression—the pleading notes of the violin, the silvery bell-like sound of the drops of water, the white walls glowing with warm light which flowed out into the dark courtyard, and the faint outlines of the spire almost lost in the mist. Had the pious monk been suddenly returned, he might have imagined that he had been awakened from his holy revery by the heavenly choir."

AN EXILE'S FAREWELL

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

The ocean heaves around us still
With long and measured swell,
The autumn gales our canvas fill,
Our ship rides smooth and well.
The broad Atlantic's bed of foam
Still breaks against our prow;
I shed no tears at quitting home,
Nor will I shed them now!

Against the bulwarks on the poop
I lean, and watch the sun
Behind the red horizon stoop—
His race is nearly run.
Those waves will never quench his light,
O'er which they seem to close,
To-morrow he will rise as bright
As he this morning rose.

How brightly gleams the orb of day
Across the trackless sea!
How lightly dance the waves that play
Like dolphins in our lee!
The restless waters seem to say,
In smothered tones to me,
How many thousand miles away
My native land must be!

Speak, Ocean! is my Home the same,
Now all is new to me?—
The tropic sky's resplendent flame,
The vast expanse of sea?
Does all around her, yet unchanged,
The well-known aspect wear?
Oh! can the leagues that I have ranged
Have made no differences there?

How vivid Recollection's hand
Recalls the scene once more!
I see the same tall poplars stand
Beside the garden door;
I see the bird-cage hanging still;
And where my sister set
The flowers in the window-sill—
Can they be living yet?

Let woman's nature cherish grief,
I rarely heave a sigh
Before emotion takes relief
In listless apathy;
While from my pipe the vapors curl
Towards the evening sky,
And 'neath my feet the billows whirl
In dull monotony!

The sky still wears the crimson streak
Of Sol's departing ray,
Some briny drops are on my cheek,
'Tis but the salt sea spray!
Then let our barque the ocean roam,
Our keel the billows plough;
I shed no tears at quitting home,
Nor will I shed them now!

FROM PREFACE TO GORDON'S POEMS (ADAM LINDSAY GORDON)

MARCUS CLARKE

What is the dominant note of Australian scenery? That which is the dominant note of Edgar Allan Poe's poetry—Weird Melancholy. A poem like "L'Allegro" could never have been written by an Australian. It is too airy, too sweet, too freshly happy. The Australian mountain forests are funereal, secret, stern. Their solitude is desolation. They seem to stifle, in their black gorges, a story of sullen despair. No tender sentiment is nourished in their shade. In other lands the dying year is mourned, the falling leaves drop lightly on his bier. In the Australian forests no leaves fall. The savage winds shout among the rock clefts. From the melancholy gums strips of white bark hang and rustle. The very animal life of these frowning

hills is either grotesque or ghostly. Great grey kangaroos hop noiselessly over the coarse grass. Flights of white cockatoos stream out, shrieking like evil souls. The sun suddenly sinks, and the mopokes burst out into horrible peals of semi-human laughter. The natives aver that, when night comes from out of the bottomless depth of some lagoon the Bunyip rises, and, in form like monstrous sea-calf, drags his loathsome length from out of the ooze. From a corner of the silent forest rises a dismal chant, and around a fire dance natives painted like skeletons. All is fear-inspiring and gloomy. No bright fancies are linked with the memories of the mountains. Hopeless explorers have named them out of their sufferings—Mount Misery, Mount Dreadful, Mount Despair. As when among the sylvan scenes in places

> "Made green with the running of rivers,
> And gracious with temperate air,"

the soul is soothed and satisfied, so, placed before the frightful grandeur of these barren hills, it drinks in their sentiment of defiant ferocity, and is steeped in bitterness.

Australia has rightly been named the Land of the Dawning. Wrapped in the midst of early morning, her history looms vague and gigantic. The lonely horseman riding between the moonlight and the day sees vast shadows creeping across the shelterless and silent plains, hears strange noises in the primeval forest, where flourishes a vegetation long dead in other lands, and feels, despite his fortune, that the trim utilitarian

civilization which bred him shrinks into insignificance beside the contemptuous grandeur of forest and ranges coeval with an age in which European scientists have cradled his own race.

There is a poem in every form of tree or flower, but the poetry which lives in the trees and flowers of Australia differs from those of other countries. Europe is the home of knightly song, of bright deeds, and clear morning thought. Asia sinks beneath the weighty recollection of her past magnificence, as the Suttee sinks, jewel burdened, upon the corpse of dread grandeur, destructive even in its death. America swiftly hurries on her way, rapid, glittering, insatiable, even as one of her own giant waterfalls. From the jungles of Africa, and the creeper-tangled groves of the Island of the South, arise, from the glowing hearts of a thousand flowers, heavy and intoxicating odors—the Upas-poison which dwells in barbaric sensuality. In Australia alone is to be found the Grotesque, the Weird, the strange scribblings of Nature learning how to write. Some see no beauty in our trees without shade, our flowers without perfume, our birds who cannot fly, and our beasts who have not yet learned to walk on all fours. But the dweller in the wilderness acknowledges the subtle charm of this fantastic land of monstrosities. He becomes familiar with the beauty of loneliness. Whispered to by the myriad tongues of the wilderness, he learns the language of the barren and the uncouth, and can read the hieroglyphics of haggard gum-trees, blown into odd shapes, distorted with fierce hot winds, or cramped with cold nights,

when the Southern Cross freezes in a cloudless sky of icy blue. The phantasmagoria of that wild dreamland termed the Bush interprets itself, and the Poe of our desolation begins to comprehend why free Esau loved his heritage of desert sand better than the bountiful riches of Egypt.

THE GREEN MIRROR*

Hugh Walpole

The fog had swallowed up the house, and the house had submitted. So thick was this fog that the towers of Westminster Abbey, the river, and the fat complacency of the church in the middle of the Square, even the three Plane Trees in front of the old gate and the heavy old-fashioned porch had all vanished together, leaving in their place the rattle of a cab, the barking of a dog, isolated sounds that ascended, plaintively, from a lost, a submerged world.

The House had, indeed, in its time seen many fogs for it had known its first one in the days of Queen Anne and even then it had yielded, without surprise and with curiosity, to its tyranny. On the brightest of days this was a solemn, unenterprising, unimaginative building, standing four-square to all the winds, its windows

* From "The Green Mirror," copyright, 1917, George H. Doran Company, publishers. Used by special permission.

planted stolidly, securely, its vigorous propriety well suited to its safe, unagitated surroundings. Its faded red brick had weathered many London storms and would weather many more: that old, quiet Square, with its uneven stones, its church, and its plane-trees, had the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the river for its guardians . . . the skies might fall, the Thames burst into a flaming fire, Rundle Square would not stir from its tranquillity.

The old house—No. 5, Rundle Square—had for its most charming feature its entrance. First came an old iron gate guarded, on either side, by weatherbeaten stone pillars. Then a cobbled path, with little green lawns to right and left of it, ran to the door, whose stolidity was crowned with an old porch of dim red brick. This was unusual enough for London, but there the gate, the little garden, the porch had stood for some hundreds of years, and that Progress that had already its throttling fingers about London's neck, had, as yet, left Rundle Square to its staid propriety.

Westminster abides, like a little Cathedral town, at the heart of London. One is led to it, through Whitehall, through Victoria Street, through Belgravia, over Westminster Bridge with preparatory caution. The thunder of London sinks, as the traveller approaches, dying gradually as though the spirit of the town warned you, with his finger at his lip. To the roar of the traffic there succeeds the solemn striking of Big Ben, the chiming of the Abbey Bells; so narrow and winding are many of the little streets that such traffic as penetrates them proceeds slowly, cautiously, almost

sleepily; there are old buildings and grass squares, many clergymen, schoolboys in black gowns and battered top hats, and at the corners one may see policemen, motionless, somnolent, stationed, one supposes, to threaten disturbance or agitation.

There is, it seems, no impulse here to pile many more events upon the lap of the day than the poor thing can decently hold. Behind the windows of Westminster life is passing, surely, with easy tranquillity; the very door-bells are, many of them, old and comfortable, unsuited to any frantic ringing; there does not sound, through every hour, the whirring clang of workmen flinging, with eager haste, into the reluctant air, hideous and contemptuous buildings; dust does not rise in blinding clouds from the tortured corpses of old and happy houses. . . . Those who live here live long.

No. 5 Rundle Square, then, had its destiny in pleasant places. Upon a fine summer evening the old red brick with its windows staring complacently upon a comfortable world showed a fine colour. Its very chimneys were square and solid, its eaves and water pipes regular and mathematical. Whatever horrid catastrophe might convulse the rest of London, No. 5 would suffer no hurt; the god of propriety—the strongest of all the gods—had it beneath His care.

Now behind the Fog it waited, as it had waited so often before, with certain assurance, for its release.

LOVELIEST OF TREES, THE CHERRY NOW*

A. E. Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

* From "A Shropshire Lad," by A. E. Housman. Copyright, 1922, by Henry Holt & Co., and used by special permission.

ON LOSING ONE'S HEAD*

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON

When I was a little boy I had an imagination, though this has long been washed away out of me by the wordy abstractions of politics and journalism. For imagination, real imagination, is never a vague thing of vistas. Real imagination is always materialistic; for imagination consists of images, generally graven images. There is a mad literalism about imagination; and when I had it I turned everything that any one mentioned into a concrete body and a staring shape. Thus, I would hear grown-up people using ordinary proverbs and figures of speech; pale, worn-out proverbs, battered and colorless figures of speech. But every one of these phrases sprang out for me as fierce and vivid as a motto written in fireworks. For some reason I had a particularly graphic visual concept in the case of nautical metaphors. Thus, when I heard that my uncle on a sea voyage "had got his sea-legs" I pictured the most horrible bodily transformations in my uncle. Had my uncle now got four legs? Or had it been necessary for his two original and, to my eyes, unobjectionable legs to be amputated by the ship's doctor? Did the new legs arrive as a sort of extra luggage; or did they loathsomely grow upon him with an awful unnaturalness of nature? I pictured my uncle's sea-legs as two green and glistening members,

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covered with scales like fishes, and bearing some resemblance to the two fishy tails with which exuberant Renaissance artists provided Tritons and mermaids. Again when I heard, in some such sea-faring connection, that "the Captain kept his weather eye open," I assumed with faultless infantile logic that he kept the other one quite shut. And in some dreams I pictured the Captain's weather eye as being some separate and eccentric kind of eye, like that of a Cyclops; an eye of blue sky or lightning that opened suddenly in his hat or his coat-tails and blazed through black fantastic tempests; a strange star of the storm.

But there were many cases, even among more terrestrial and commonplace metaphors, where the material metaphor photographed itself on my fancy. One of them was the phrase about a man "losing his heart." A man, considered as a material envelope, seemed so securely done up that how the heart could get out of the body was a problem analogous to that of how the apple could get into the dumpling. Perhaps, I mused, the phrase about a man having his heart in his mouth might throw some light on the somewhat odd method of its accomplishment. But that again was darkened with doubt by the other phrase, which spoke of a man with his heart in his boots; where there was clearly no thoroughfare. From this my childish taste turned with a certain relief to the easier and more popular taste of a man losing his head; which seemed the sort of thing that might happen to anybody. Indeed, by this dream of symbolic decapitation I was much haunted in infancy and am not infrequently inspired

and comforted even to this day. Whatever other metaphors may mean, this metaphor of the lost head has some primary and poetic meaning; and I have written many bad poems, bad fairy tales, and bad apologues in my industrious attempt to find it out and declare it. The connection between the animal and intellectual meaning of it became close and even confused. I vaguely thought of Charles I having lost his head equally in both senses; which was not perhaps wholly untrue. When I read of the miracle of St. Denis, who carried his head in his hand, it seemed to me quite a soothing and graceful proceeding. St. Denis did not lose his head; he carried it in his hand so as not to lose it.

And, indeed, this drifting and dancing dream of decapitation, in which saints and kings figured with Gothic fantasticality, had a kind of allegory in the core of it. The separation of body and head is a sort of symbol of that separation of body and soul which is made by all the heresies and the sophistries, which are the nightmares of the mind. The mere materialist is a body that has lost its head; the mere spiritualist is a head that has mislaid its body. Under the same symbol can be found the old distinction between the sinner and the heretic about which theology has uttered many paradoxes, more profitable to study than some modern people fancy. For there is one kind of man who takes off his head and throws it in the gutter, who dethrones and forgets the reason that should be his ruler and witness; and the horrible headless body strides away over cities and sanctuaries, breaking them

down and treading them into mire and mud. He is the criminal; but there is another figure equally sinister and strange. This man forgets his body, with all its instinctive honesties and recurrent sanities and laws of God; he leaves his body working in the fields like a slave; and the head goes away to think alone. The head, detached and dehumanized, thinks faster and faster like a clock gone mad; it is never heated by any generous blood, never softened by any healthy fatigue, never checked or warned by any of the terrible tocsins of instinct. The head thinks because it cannot do anything else; because it cannot feel or doubt or know. This man is the heretic; and in this way all the heresies were made. The anarchist goes off his head, and the sophist off his body; I will not renew the old dispute about which is the worst amputation; but I should recommend the prudent reader to avoid either.

CASTLES IN SPAIN*

Amy Lowell

I build my poems with little strokes of ink
  Drawn shining down white paper, line and line,
  And there is nothing here which men call fine,
Nothing but hieroglyphs to make them think,
I have no broad and blowing plain to link
  And loop with aqueducts, no golden mine
  To crest my pillars, no bright twisted vine
Which I can train about a fountain's brink.
Those others laced their poems from sea to sea
  And floated navies over fields of grain,
    They fretted their full fancies in strong stone
  And struck them on the sky. And yet I gain;
For bombs and bullets cannot menace me,
    Who have no substance to be overthrown.
Cathedrals crash to rubbish, but my towers,
  Carved in the whirling and enduring brain,
Fade, and persist, and rise again, like flowers.

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THE INCOMPARABLE MASTERPIECE*

EDITORIAL, THE NEW YORK TIMES, FEB. 12, 1921

In a letter to *The Times* the other day, Mr. Bliss Carman deplored "the growing depravity of American speech." If such depravity exists, it is not for want of noble American models of perfection. The Gettysburg Address is the supreme example of language felicitously used, adapted to its subject, clear in thought, touched with imagination, concise, measured, ordered and arranged with the best economy of method and effect, restrained, musical, haunting the memory, offering with each repetition or remembrance a new invitation to explore the secret of its charm and power. Its superior is not in English, not in Greek, with all reverence to Pericles and Thucydides. If all other records of Abraham Lincoln were lost, this speech would assure him a high place in literature.

Upon the anniversary of his birthday especially this work of consummate artistry should be reprinted:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those

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who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

This is a good remedy for "depravity" of American speech. It might have been supposed that Lincoln's earlier associations would have tended to coarsen and deprave his language. Yet altogether too much has been made of his supposed "educational disadvantages." A man's education depends upon himself. He can get it from nobody else. He must have the capability and the will to make the best use of what comes in his way. Young Lincoln had "Aesop's Fables," "Robinson Crusoe," the "Pilgrim's Progress," the Bible.

It was enough. But doubtless thousands of other boys have had as good or a better library, and yet grown up inarticulate, commonplace, dull, substantially illiterate. Throughout his life Lincoln managed to read a great deal of good literature. His memory retained the best. Consciously and unconsciously he was training himself, putting an edge on his thought, acquiring, modifying, polishing and perfecting his style.

Not by rushing through a multitude of books, not by swift reading and forgetting, but by remembering and pondering "the best that has been thought and said," is excellence of speech to be attained.

LINCOLN

John Henry Newman

There is no name more deserving of imperishable fame than that of Abraham Lincoln. He is embalmed in song, recorded in history, eulogized in panegyric, cast in bronze, sculptured in marble, painted on canvas, enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, and lives in the memories of mankind. Some men are brilliant in their times, but their names fade from the memory of the world. Some are not honored by their contemporaries, but in subsequent ages their memories are recalled with gratitude. But here is one who was more honored than any other man while living, more revered when dying, and destined to be loved to the

last syllable of recorded time. He has this three-fold greatness: Great in life, great in death, great in the history of the world. He was the stanchest patriot, the greatest statesman, the truest friend, the kindest father, the purest husband and the noblest citizen. In nothing are the sagacity and might of Lincoln's statesmanship more apparent than in the determination to save the Union. He would have the Union—with or without slavery. He preferred it without, and his preference prevailed. Time has justified the wisdom of his statesmanship. When Lincoln was murdered the South lost its best friend.

LINCOLN A TYPICAL AMERICAN

Phillips Brooks

[From a funeral sermon on the "Life and Death of Abraham Lincoln," which was preached in the church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, Sunday morning, April 23, 1865.]

It is the great boon of such characters as Mr. Lincoln's, that they reunite what God has joined together and man has put asunder. In him was vindicated the greatness of real goodness and the goodness of real greatness. The twain were one flesh. Not one of all the multitudes who stood and looked up to him for direction with such a loving and implicit trust can tell you to-day whether the wise judgments that he gave came most from a strong head or a sound heart. If you ask them they are puzzled. There are men as

good as he, but they do bad things. There are men as intelligent as he, but they do foolish things. In him goodness and intelligence combined and made their best result of wisdom. For perfect truth consists not merely in the right constituents of character, but in their right and intimate conjunction. This union of the mental and moral into a life of admirable simplicity is what we most admire in children; but in them it is unsettled and unpractical. But when it is preserved into manhood, deepened into reliability and maturity, it is that glorified childlikeness, that high and reverend simplicity, which shames and baffles the most accomplished astuteness, and is chosen by God to fill his purposes when he needs a ruler for his people, of faithful and true heart, such as he had who was our President.

Another evident quality of such a character as this will be its freshness or newness, if we may so speak. Its freshness or readiness—call it what you will—its ability to take up new duties and do them in a new way, will result of necessity from its truth and clearness. The simple natures and forces will always be the most pliant ones. Water bends and shapes itself to any channel. Air folds and adapts itself to each new figure. They are the simplest and the most infinitely active things in nature. So this nature, in very virtue of its simplicity, must be also free, always fitting itself to each new need. It will always start from the most fundamental and eternal conditions, and work in the straightest even although they may be the newest ways to the present prescribed purpose. In one word,

it must be broad and independent and radical. So that freedom and radicalness in the character of Abraham Lincoln were not separate qualities, but the necessary results of his simplicity and childlikeness and truth.

Here, then, we have some conception of the man. Out of this character came the life which we admire and the death which we lament to-day. He was called in that character to that life and death. It was just the nature, as you see, which a new nation such as ours ought to produce. All the conditions of his birth, his youth, his manhood, which made him what he was, were not irregular and exceptional, but were the normal conditions of a new and simple country. His pioneer home in Indiana was a type of the pioneer land in which he lived. If ever there was a man who was a part of the time and country he lived in, this was he. The same simple respect for labor won in the school of work and incorporated into blood and muscle; the same unassuming loyalty to the simple virtues of temperance and industry and integrity; the same sagacious judgment which had learned to be quick-eyed and quick-brained in the constant presence of emergency; the same direct and clear thought about things social, political and religious, that was in him supremely, was in the people he was sent to rule. Surely, with such a type-man for ruler there would seem to be but a smooth and even road over which he might lead the people whose character he represented into the new region of national happiness and comfort and usefulness, for which that character had been designed.

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG*

GEORGE V. A. MCCLOSKEY

In him the spirit of his country spake
Over her dead and in his visioned thought
Beheld futurity for which they fought,
Not theirs to look upon, but theirs to make.
He prophesies whose purposes partake
God's purpose, dimly and at distance caught,
And as creation's law in chaos wrought,
The world to its new order grows awake.
America has part in every clime,
And she that once bore Lincoln still is young.
For her he also died—in her he lives.
His words are yet a clarion to all time
In freedom's native speech, our mother tongue,
And of his spirit to mankind he gives.

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ROBERT E. LEE TO HIS SON

ROBERT E. LEE

You must study to be frank with the world. Frankness is the child of honesty and courage. Say just what you mean to do, on every occasion, and take it for granted that you mean to do right. If a friend asks a favor, you should grant it, if it is reasonable; if not, tell him plainly why you cannot; you would wrong him and wrong yourself by equivocation of any kind.

Never do a wrong thing to make a friend or keep one; the man who requires you to do so is dearly purchased at a sacrifice. Deal kindly but firmly with all your classmates; you will find it the policy which wears best. Above all, do not appear to others what you are not.

If you have any fault to find with any one, tell him, not others, of what you complain; there is no more dangerous experiment than that of undertaking to be one thing before a man's face and another behind his back. We should live, act, and say nothing to the injury of any one. It is not only for the best as a matter of principle, but it is the path of peace and honor.

In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that nearly a hundred years ago there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as "the dark day" a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse.

The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day—the day of judgment—had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment.

Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport, of Stamford, and said that, if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his place doing his duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought in, so that the House could proceed with its duty.

There was quietness in that man's mind, the quietness of heavenly wisdom and inflexible willingness to obey present duty. Duty, then, is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less. Never let your mother or me wear one gray hair for any lack of duty on your part.

THE MASTERFUL PURITAN*

Agnes Repplier

When William Chillingworth, preaching at Oxford in the first year of England's Civil War, defined the Cavaliers as publicans and sinners, and the Puritans as Scribes and Pharisees, he expressed the reasonable irritation of a scholar who had no taste or aptitude for polemics, yet who had been blown about all his life by every wind of doctrine. Those were uneasy years for men who loved moderation in everything, and who found it in nothing. It is not from such that we hope for insight into emotions from which they were exempt, and purposes to which they held no clue.

In our day it is generously conceded that the Puritans made admirable ancestors. We pay them this handsome compliment in after-dinner speeches at all commemorative meetings. Just what they would have thought of their descendants is an unprofitable speculation. Three hundred years divide us from those stern enthusiasts who, coveting lofty things, found no price too high to pay for them. "It is not with us as with men whom small matters can discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again," wrote William Brewster, when one-half of the Mayflower Pilgrims had died in the first terrible year, and no gleam of hope shone on the survivors. To perish of hunger and cold is not what we should now

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call a "small discontentment." To most of us it would seem a good and sufficient reason for abandoning any enterprise whatsoever. Perhaps if we would fix our attention upon a single detail—the fact that for four years the Plymouth colonists did not own a cow—we should better understand what life was like in that harsh wilderness, where children who could not get along without milk had but one other alternative—to die.

Men as strong as were the Puritan pioneers ask for no apologies at our hands. Their conduct was shaped by principles and convictions which would be insupportable to us, but which are none the less worthy of regard. Matthew Arnold summed up our modern disparagement of their standards when he pictured Virgil and Shakespeare crossing on the Mayflower, and finding the Pilgrim fathers "intolerable company." I am not sure this would have been the case. Neither Virgil nor Shakespeare could have survived Plymouth. That much is plain. But three months on the Mayflower might not have been so "intolerable" as Mr. Arnold fancied. The Roman and the Elizabethan were strong-stomached observers of humanity. They knew a man when they saw one, and they measured his qualities largely.

Even if we make haste to admit that two great humanizers of society, art and letters, played but a sorry part in the Puritan colonies, we know they were less missed than if these colonies had been worldly ventures, established solely in the interest of agriculture or of trade. Sir Andrew Macphail tersely reminds

us that the colonists possessed ideals of their own, "which so far transcended the things of this world that art and literature were not worth bothering about in comparison with them." Men who believe that, through some exceptional grace or good fortune, they have found God, feel little need of culture. If they believe that they share God with all races, all nations, and all ages, culture comes in the wake of religion. But the Puritan's God was a somewhat exclusive possession. "Christ died for a select company that was known to Him, by name, from eternity," wrote the Reverend Samuel Willard, pastor of the South Church, Boston, and author of that famous theological folio, "A Compleat Body of Divinity." "The bulk of mankind is reserved for burning," said Jonathan Edwards genially; and his Northampton congregation took his word for it. That these gentlemen knew no more about Hell and its inmates than did Dante is a circumstance which does not seem to have occurred to anyone. A preacher has some advantages over a poet.

If the Puritans never succeeded in welding together church and state, which was the desire of their hearts, they had human nature to thank for their failure. There is nothing so abhorrent—or so perilous—to the soul of man as to be ruled in temporal things by clerical authority. Yet inasmuch as the colony of Massachusetts Bay had for its purpose the establishment of a state in which all citizens should be of the same faith, and church membership should be essential to freemen, it was inevitable that the preacher and the elder should for a time dominate public counsels. "Are you, sir,

the person who serves here?" asked a stranger of a minister whom he met in the streets of Rowley. "I am, sir, the person who rules here," was the swift and apt response.

MY ESTATE*

JOHN DRINKWATER

I have four loves, four lovers are mine,
My wife who makes all beauty be,
Tom Squire and Master Candleshine,
And then my grey dog Timothy.

My wife makes bramble-berry pies,
And she is bright as bramble dew,
She knows the way the weather flies,
And tells me everything to do.

Tom Squire he is my neighbour man,
His apples fall upon my grass,
And in the morning, when we can,
We say good-morning as we pass.

And Master Candleshine the True,
Considering some fault of mine,
Says—"Had it been for me to do,
It had been hard for Candleshine."

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When I have thought all things that be,
  And drop the latch and climb the stair,
And want an eye for company,
  My grey dog Timothy is there.

My loves are one and two and three
  And four they be, good loves of mine,
Tom Squire, my grey dog Timothy,
  My wife and Master Candleshine.

PATRIOTISM

Bishop J. L. Spalding

And Thou, O God, of whom we hold
  Our country and our Freedom fair,
Within Thy tender love enfold
  This land; for all Thy people care.
Uplift our hearts above our fortunes high,
  Let not the good we have make us forget
The better things that in Thy heavens lie!
  Keep, still, amid the fever and the fret
Of all this eager life, our thoughts on Thee,
The Hope, the Strength, the God of all the Free.

A BIT OF OLD LONDON*

William De Morgan

[A connecting-link between the writer and the story, amounting to very little. There was a Court some fifty years since in London, somewhere, that is now nowhere.. That's all!]

Some fifty years ago there still remained, in a street reachable after inquiry by turning to the left out of Tottenham Court Road, a rather picturesque Court with an archway; which I, the writer of this story, could not find when I tried to locate it the other day. I hunted for it a good deal, and ended by coming away in despair and going for rest and refreshment to a new-born teashop, where a number of young ladies had lost their individuality, and the one who brought my tea was callous to me and mine because you pay at the desk. But she had an orderly soul, for she turned over a lump of sugar that had a little butter on it, so as to lie on the butter side and look more tidy-like.

If the tea had been China tea, fresh-made, it might have helped me to recollecting the name of that Court, which I am sorry to say I have forgotten. But it was Ceylon and it had stood. However, it was hot. Only you will never convince me that it was fresh-made, not even if you have me dragged asunder by wild horses. Its upshot was, for the purpose of this story,

* From "When Ghost Meets Ghost." Copyright, 1914, by Henry Holt & Co. Used by special permission.

that it did not help me to recollect the name of that Court.

I have to confess with shame that I have written the whole of what follows under a false pretense; having called it out of its name, to the best of my belief, throughout. I know it had a name. It does not matter; the story can do without accuracy—commonplace matter of fact!

But do what I will, I keep on recollecting new names for it, and each seems more plausible than the other. Coltsfoot Court, Barretts Court, Chesterfield Court, Sapps Court! Any one of these, if I add seventeen-hundred-and-much, or eighteen-hundred-and-nothing-to-speak-of, seems to fit this Court to a nicety. Suppose we make it Sapps Court, and let it go at that!

Oh, the little corners of the world that were homes and are gone! Years hence the Court we will call Sapps will still dwell in some old mind that knew its every brick, and be portrayed to credulous hearers yet unborn as an unpretentious Eden, by some laudator of its tempus actum—some forgotten soul waiting for emancipation in an infirmary or almshouse.

Anyhow, I can remember this Court, and can tell a tale it plays a part in, only not very quick.

Anybody might have passed down the main street and never noticed it, because its arched entry didn't give on the street, but on a bay or cul-de-sac just long enough for a hansom to drive into but not to turn round in. There was nothing to arrest the attention of the passer-by, self-absorbed or professionally engaged; simultaneous possibilities, in his case.

But if the passer-by forgot himself and neglected his proper function in life at the moment that he came abreast of this cul-de-sac, he may have thereby come to the knowledge of Sapps Court; and, if a Londoner, may have wondered why he never knew of it before. For there was nothing in the external appearance of its arched entry to induce him to face the difficulties incidental to entering it. He may even have nursed intentions of saying to a friend who prided himself on his knowledge of town: "I say, Old Cock, you think yourself mighty clever and all that, but I bet you can't tell me where Sapps Court is." If, however, he never went down to Sapps Court at all—merely looked at his inscription and, recollecting his own place in nature, passed on—I shouldn't be surprised.

It went downhill under the archway when you did go in, and you came to a step. If you did not tumble owing to the suddenness and depth of this step, you came to another; and were stupefied by reaching the ground four inches sooner than you expected, and made conscious that your skeleton had been driven an equal distance upwards through your system. Then you could see Sapps Court, but under provocation, from its entry. When you recovered your temper you admitted that it was a better Court than you had anticipated.

All the residences were in a row on the left, and there was a dead wall on the right with an inscription on a stone in it that said the ground twelve inches beyond belonged to somebody else. This wall was in the confidence of the main street, lending itself to a fiction

that the houses therein had gardens or yards behind them. They hadn't; but the tenants believed they had, and hung out chemises and nightgowns and shirts to dry in the areas they built up their faith on; and really, if they were properly wrung out afore hung up there was nothing to complain of, because the blacks didn't hold on, not to crock, but got shook off or blew away of theirselves. We put this in the language of our informant.

However, the story has no business on the other side of this wall. What concerns it is the row of houses on the left.

If ever a row of houses bore upon them the stamp of having been overtaken and surrounded by an unexpected city, these did. The wooden palings that still skirted the breathing-room in front of them almost said aloud to every newcomer: "Where is the strip of land gone that we could see beyond, day by day; that belonged to God-knows-who; whose further boundary was the road the haycarts brought their loads on, drawn by deliberate horses that had bells?" The persistent sunflowers that still struggled into being behind them told tales of how big they were in youth, years ago, when they could turn to the sun and hope to catch his eye. The stray wallflowers murmured to all who had ears to hear: "This is how we smelt in days gone by—but oh!—so much stronger!" The wooden shutters, outside the ground-floors that really stood upon the ground, told, if you chose to listen, of how they kept the houses safe from thieves in moonlit nights a century ago; and the doors between them—for each house

was three windows wide—opened straight into the kitchen. So they were, or had been, cottages. But the miscreant in possession twenty years ago, instigated by a jerry-builder, had added a story and removed the tiled roofs whose garrets were every bit as good as the jerry-built rooms that took their place. Sapp himself may have done it—one knows nothing of his principles—and at the same time in a burst of overweening vanity called his cottages his Court. But one rather likes to think that Sapp was with his forbears when this came about, when the wall was built up opposite, and the cottages could no longer throw their dust everywhere, but had to resort to a common dustbin at the end of the Court, which smelt so you could smell it quite plain across the wall when the lid was off. That dustbin was the outward and visible sign of the decadence of Sapp.

WIND*

GEOFFREY WINTHROP YOUNG

Wind of the morning, wind of the gloaming, wind of the night,
What is it that you whisper to the moor
All the day long and every day and year;
Resting and whispering, rustling and whispering, hastening and whispering
Around, across, beneath
The tufts and hollows of the listening heath:
Seized of a busy fury to reveal
The fulness of your burthen to each grey
And sun-bleached tussock, every purple sheath
And wan, black interval of peat and mere;
What is it that you sing?
No lonely moss-hag but must feel
The stir of chilly utterance;
The white hairs of the flax, the hash, dry reed
Are twisted to give heed
To every shiver of your secret way;
The very burn
Checks for a moment in its spluttering dance
To wait you on the brown lip of the fall,
While the precipitate spray-wreaths pause and turn
To hang upon the shrillness of your flight.

. . . . . .

Is it a tale of cities and of men,
Wind, you are always crying

* Courtesy of *The Contemporary Review*, London.

On the old moor and up the haggard glen;
Tales of the little wars, the little schemes,
The sorry jesting and the foolish sighing,
The poet's or the painter's idle dreams,
The folly that you hustle in the road,
The folly that you puff about the hall,
The puppet praise or blame,
The heart that breaks beneath its self-built load;
The irony of pomp that spreads its train
With death about its path, yet when death comes
Falls in amaze, and dying
Clamors "injustice," while once more the vain
Procession shuffles on, again to greet
Its unremembered ending with new wail,
And so for ever; and ever it loves to call
These brittle moments "majesty" or "fame"?

. . . . . .

Wind from the stars, wind from the infinite,
You reach us from the shoreless realms of space
And vanish in illimitable years;
One golden moment's grace
Your voice is sweet with far, strange happiness
Your breath is quickening with unknown life;
The very storms that dress
Your passage with the panoply of sorrow
Seem like a mother's tears
Who weeps a little anguish with her child
And smiles to think 'twill all be gone to-morrow.
From pole to pole you pass
Tossing our childish griefs on wings of laughter,
Breathing dream-fancies on our tear-dimmed glass;
Sighing and listening, smiling and whispering,

Even as you chant of death and dust and strife,
Gusts of unbidden hope leap echoing after:
Wind from the silence, wind from the sunless sleep,
What have you seen within the rayless deep?
What have you heard beyond the forms of time?

A SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELD*

LEONARD MERRICK

The thermometer registered 100° in the shade, and where he stood there was no shade; on the depositing-floors no relief from the intense dry heat was possible for even a moment. He was paid to watch twelve Kaffirs and Zulus, who broke the lumps of diamondiferous soil into smaller pieces, and were adroit in concealing the gems; their skins glistened now, and they swung their picks torpidly. He was paid to watch them from "sun up" until "sun down," and God knows there was little else for him to view. No tree, no shrub, rose here; there was nothing but the arid earth, and the blue flare of the sky. In his eyes was the dazzle of the grey ground which stretched before him like a level beach, and reflected the blaze of the sun; in his ears was the long-drawn whir of the tubs as they travelled the wire runners to the mine; in his heart was despair.

* From "The Worldlings." Copyright, 1919, by E. P. Dutton. Used by permission.

For six months he had lived this loathsome life—he was remembering it. During six months he had filled a fool's berth, because energy, and brains, and education were able to find no better opening. In '82 the time when men without capital or credit could arrive on the Diamond Fields and expect to make money honestly had already passed. He would soon be forty, and since he was seventeen the man had done his best. He had done the best that in him lay! He could maintain that. He had never neglected an opportunity, he had never committed a dishonorable action, he had never shirked hard work—but he was a failure. To go to Kimberley had been his purpose for years, while he buffeted ill-luck in America; but it had been years before he could save the means to go. In the United States, as in Australia, his struggle towards fortune had ended in a *cul-de-sac;* Kimberley was still called the New Rush, and the thought of it had sustained his courage. He had hoarded, and scraped, and fulfilled his purpose at last. And he had come for this.

He had pictured himself a digger, laboring with his own hands on his own claim, sweating, but hopeful. He found the mines apportioned among companies—in which men like himself could secure no closer interest than they could obtain in a coal-pit at home. He found that to the majority, Kimberley was less like a mining camp than a share market—which concerned him as little as the stock exchange in New York when he had trodden the Wall Street sidewalk. He found that he had added another unit to the hundreds of

Englishmen seeking a living wage, and had finally welcomed a situation that held no prospect of improvement.

And he would soon be forty—the better half of his life had gone! He recalled the period when forty had been so far ahead that to foresee himself a rich man by then had seemed a moderate expectation. Recalled it? It was only the other day! He had been twenty-five, with an eternity at his disposal; thirty, with a shock; thirty-five, and fighting against time. The flash of three sign-posts, and his youth was dead. Each succeeding year had been a clod on its coffin.

"*Macho!*" he said to the blacks. It means "Make haste"; it was nearly all the native vocabulary that he required.

* * * * *

The burning glare of the day was gradually abating; the sun streamed across the sorting-shed now, turning the corrugated iron of the roof to fire. A breeze arose, hot as the breath of an oven, catching the dried tailings and blowing them across the floors in clouds that grew momentarily denser. As it increased in force, the grit was volleyed in blinding gusts, hissing as it swept near, and stinging the neck and hands. The atmosphere was darkened as if by fog; the doors of adjacent sheds slammed violently; and the neighing of the horses could be heard. But after half an hour the duststorm passed.

Slowly, slowly, the sun dropped lower behind the sorting-shed; the grey of the diamondiferous ground lost its tinge of blue; and the screams of the engines

announced that the day was done. Blake picked up his jacket and trudged down the barren road that wound to Market Square, and that served him for a home. His berth was in Bultfontein, and diggers and blacks still poured from the neighboring mines of Du Toit's Pan when he reached it. Natives stood in groups everywhere, some with their blankets on, others still as they had left the works, shouting and gesticulating excitedly. An ox-wagon lumbered through the deep dust of Main Street; on the *stoep* of the Carnarvon Hotel the proprietor and one of the visitors were fighting. After he had drunk a lime juice-and-soda, Blake walked along Du Toit's Pan Road till he came to his bedroom door; he unlocked it, and crossed the mud floor wearily. The heat had melted the candle till it had dropped from the candlestick in a half-hoop and stuck to the washhand-stand; when he had straightened it, he washed. The washhand-stand and a truckle-bed furnished the room between the corrugated iron walls, so he lay on the bed, and listened to the buzzing of a hundred flies, until the clash of a handbell summoned him to dinner.

THE FLAG

BISHOP HENRY C. POTTER

O banner blazoned in the sky,
  Fling out your royal red;
Each deeper hue to crimson dye
  Won by our sainted dead.

Ye bands of snowy whiteness clean
  That bar the waning day,
Stand as the prophecy of things unseen
  Toward which we hew our way.

Fair field of blue, a symbol true
  Of Right, of Faith, of God,
O'erarch us as we seek anew
  The path our fathers trod.

Ye clustered stars that gleam above,
  Our darkness turn to light;
Reveal to men Heaven's law of love—
  Then ends the world's long night.

MR. PONTIFEX*

SAMUEL BUTLER

When I was a small boy at the beginning of the century I remember an old man who wore knee-breeches and worsted stockings, and who used to hobble about the street of our village with the help of a stick. He must have been getting on for eighty in the year 1807, earlier than which date I suppose I can hardly remember him, for I was born in 1802. A few white locks hung about his ears, his shoulders were bent and his knees feeble, but he was still hale, and was much respected in our little world of Paleham. His name was Pontifex.

His wife was said to be his master; I have been told she brought him a little money, but it cannot have been much. She was a tall, square-shouldered person (I have heard my father call her a Gothic woman) who had insisted on being married to Mr. Pontifex when he was young and too good-natured to say nay to any woman who wooed him. The pair had lived unhappily together, for Mr. Pontifex's temper was easy and he soon learned to bow before his wife's more stormy moods.

Mr. Pontifex was a carpenter by trade; he was also at one time parish clerk; when I remember him, however, he had so far risen in life as to be no longer

* From "The Way of All Flesh," published in U. S. A. by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York, and in England by A. C. Fifield, London, and used by permission.

compelled to work with his own hands. In his earlier days he had taught himself to draw. I do not say he drew well, but it was surprising he should draw as well as he did. My father, who took to living at Paleham about the year 1797, became possessed of a good many of old Mr. Pontifex's drawings, which were always of local subjects, and so unaffectedly painstaking that they might have passed for the work of some good early master. I remember them as hanging up framed and glazed in the study at the Rectory, and tinted, as all else in the room was tinted, with the green reflected from the fringe of ivy leaves that grew around the windows. I wonder how they will actually cease and come to an end as drawings, and into what new phases of being they will then enter.

Not content with being an artist, Mr. Pontifex must needs also be a musician. He built the organ in the church with his own hands, and made a smaller one which he kept in his own house. He could play as much as he could draw, not very well according to professional standards, but much better than could have been expected. I myself showed a taste for music at an early age, and old Mr. Pontifex on finding it out, as he soon did, became partial to me in consequence.

It may be thought that with so many irons in the fire he could hardly be a thriving man, but this was not the case. His father had been a day labourer, and he had himself begun life with no other capital than his good sense and good constitution; now, however, there was a goodly show of timber about his yard, and a look of solid comfort over his whole establishment.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century and not long before my father came to Paleham, he had taken a farm, about ninety acres, thus making a considerable rise in life. Along with the farm there went an old-fashioned but comfortable house with the charming garden and an orchard. The carpenter's business was now carried on in one of the outhouses that had once been part of some conventual buildings, the remains of which could be seen in what was called the Abbey Close. The house itself, embosomed in honeysuckles and creeping roses, was an ornament to the whole village, nor were its internal arrangements less exemplary than its outside was ornamental. Report said that Mrs. Pontifex starched the sheets for her best bed, and I can well believe it.

How well do I remember her parlour half filled with the organ which her husband had built, and scented with a withered apple or two from the *pyrus japonica* that grew outside the house; the picture of the prize ox over the chimney-piece, which Mr. Pontifex himself had painted; the transparency of the man coming to show light to a coach upon a snowy night, also by Mr. Pontifex; the little old man and little old woman who told the weather; the china shepherd and shepherdess; the jars of feathery flowering grasses with a peacock's feather or two among them to set them off, and the china bowls full of dead rose leaves dried with bay salt. All has long since vanished and become a memory, faded but still fragrant to myself.

Nay, but her kitchen—and the glimpses into a cavernous cellar beyond it, wherefrom came gleams

from the pale surfaces of milk cans, or it may be of the arms and face of a milkmaid skimming the cream; or again her storeroom, where among other treasures she kept the famous lipsalve which was one of her especial glories, and of which she would present a shape yearly to those whom she delighted to honour. She wrote out the recipe for this and gave it to my mother a year or two before she died, but we could never make it as she did. When we were children she used sometimes to send her respects to my mother, and ask leave for us to come and take tea with her. Right well she used to ply us. As for her temper, we never met such a delightful old lady in our lives; whatever Mr. Pontifex may have had to put up with, we had no cause for complaint, and then Mr. Pontifex would play to us upon the organ, and we would stand round him open-mouthed and think him the most wonderfully clever man that ever was born, except of course our papa.

Mrs. Pontifex had no sense of humour, at least I can call to mind no signs of this, but her husband had plenty of fun in him, though few would have guessed it from his appearance. I remember my father once sent me down to his workshop to get some glue, and I happened to come when old Pontifex was in the act of scolding his boy. He had got the lad—a pudding-headed fellow—by the ear and was saying, "What? Lost again—smothered o'wit." (I believed it was the boy who was himself supposed to be a wandering lad, and who was thus addressed as lost.) "Now, look here, my lad," he continued, "some boys are born stupid, and thou art one of them; some achieve stupidity—

that's thee again, Jim—thou wast both born stupid and hast greatly increased thy birthright—and some" (and here came a climax during which the boy's head and ear were swayed from side to side) "have stupidity thrust upon them, which, if it please the Lord, shall not be thy case, my lad, for I will thrust stupidity from thee, though I have to box thine ears in doing so," but I did not see that the old man really did box Jim's ears, or do more than pretend to frighten him, for the two understood one another perfectly well. Another time I remember hearing him call the village rat-catcher by saying, "Come hither, thou three-days-and-three-nights, thou," alluding, as I afterwards learned, to the rat-catcher's periods of intoxication; but I will tell no more of such trifles. My father's face would always brighten when old Pontifex's name was mentioned. "I tell you, Edward," he would say to me, "old Pontifex was not only an able man, but he was one of the very ablest men that ever I knew."

This was more than I as a young man was prepared to stand. "My dear father," I answered, "what did he do? He could draw a little, but could he to save his life have got a picture into the Royal Academy exhibition? He built two organs and could play the Minuet in *Samson* on one and the March in *Scipio* on the other; he was a good carpenter and a bit of a wag; he was a good old fellow enough, but why make him out so much abler than he was?"

"My boy," returned my father, "you must not judge by the work, but by the work in connection with the surroundings. Could Giotto or Filippo Lippi, think

you, have got a picture into the Exhibition? Would a single one of those frescoes we went to see when we were at Padua have the remotest chance of being hung, if it were sent in for exhibition now? Why, the Academy people would be so outraged that they would not even write to poor Giotto to tell him to come and take his fresco away. Phew!" continued he, waxing warm, "if old Pontifex had had Cromwell's chances he would have done all that Cromwell did, and have done it better; if he had had Giotto's chances he would have done all that Giotto did, and done it no worse; as it was, he was a village carpenter, and I will undertake to say he never scamped a job in the whole course of his life."

"But," said I, "we cannot judge people with so many 'ifs.' If old Pontifex had lived in Giotto's time he might have been another Giotto, but he did not live in Giotto's time."

"I tell you, Edward," said my father with some severity, "we must judge men not so much by what they do, as by what they make us feel that they have it in them to do. If a man has done enough either in painting, music or the affairs of life, to make me feel that I might trust him in an emergency he has done enough. It is not by what a man has actually put upon his canvas, nor yet by the acts which he has set down, so to speak, upon the canvas of his life that I will judge him, but by what he makes me feel that he felt and aimed at. If he has made me feel that he felt those things to be lovable which I hold lovable myself I ask no more; his grammar may have been imperfect,

but still I have understood him; he and I are *en rapport;* and I say again, Edward, that old Pontifex was not only an able man, but one of the very ablest men I ever knew."

Against this there was no more to be said, and my sisters eyed me to silence. Somehow or other my sisters always did eye me to silence when I differed from my father.

"Talk of his successful son," snorted my father, whom I had fairly roused. "He is not fit to black his father's boots. He has his thousands of pounds a year, while his father had perhaps three thousand shillings a year towards the end of his life. He is a successful man; but his father, hobbling about Paleham Street in his grey worsted stockings, broad brimmed hat and brown swallow-tailed coat was worth a hundred of George Pontifexes, for all his carriages and horses and the airs he gives himself."

"But yet," he added, "George Pontifex is no fool either." And this brings us to the second generation of the Pontifex family with whom we need concern ourselves.

HE IS NOT DEAD

[Lovers of Stevenson are interested in the publication of what appears to be an authentic and hitherto undiscovered poem by "R. L. S." It has turned up in *The Messenger*, of South Africa, whose editors vouch for its authenticity. It was brought to South Africa by a Scotchman, whose uncle, a close friend of Stevenson's, had received it from the poet on the death of a common friend. The poem follows]:

"Though he that, ever kind and true,
Kept stoutly step by step with you,
Your whole long lusty lifetime through,
Be gone a while before;
Yet, doubt not, soon the season shall restore,
Your friend to you.

"He has but turned a corner; still
He pushes on with right good will,
Thru mire and marsh, by heugh and hill,
The self-same arduous way
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

"He is not dead, this friend; not dead,
But on some road, by mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearer to the end;
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face, this friend
You fancy dead.

"Push gayly on, brave heart, the while
You travel forward mile by mile,

He loiters, with a backward smile,
Till you can overtake;
And strains his eyes to search his wake
Or, whistling as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile. R. L. S."

AFTERMATH*

SIEGFRIED SASSOON

Have you forgotten yet? . . .
For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city-ways:
And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
Like clouds in the lit heavens of life; and you're a man reprieved to go,
Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.
But the past is just the same—and War's a bloody game. . . .

Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look down, and swear by the slain of the War that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at Mametz—
The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on parapets?
Do you remember the rats; and the stench

* Taken by permission from "Picture-Show," by Siegfried Sassoon. Copyrighted by E. P. Dutton and Company, New York.

Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench—
And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?
Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?"

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?
Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads—those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet? . . .
Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you'll never forget.

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL*

(The Man from Kent)

WILLIAM MORRIS

Sometimes I am rewarded for fretting myself so much about present matters by a quite unasked-for pleasant dream. I mean when I am asleep. This dream is as it were a present of an architectural peep-show. I see some beautiful and noble building new made, as it were for the occasion, as clearly as if I were awake; not vaguely or absurdly, as often happens in dreams, but with all the detail clear and reasonable. Some Elizabethan house with its scrap of earlier fourteenth-century building, and its later degradations of Queen Anne and Silly Billy and Victoria, marring but not destroying it, in an old village once a clearing amid the sandy woodlands of Sussex. Or an old and unusually curious church, much church-wardened, and beside it a fragment of fifteenth-century domestic architecture amongst the not unpicturesque lath and plaster of an Essex farm, and looking natural enough among the sleepy elms and the meditative hens scratching about in the litter of the farmyard, whose trodden yellow straw comes up to the very jambs of the richly carved Norman doorway of the church. Or sometimes 'tis a splendid collegiate church, untouched by restoring parson and architect, standing amid an island of shapely trees and flower-beset cottages of thatched

* Courtesy of Thos. B. Mosher, Portland, Me.

grey stone and cob, amidst the narrow stretch of bright green water-meadows that wind between the sweeping Wiltshire downs, so well beloved of William Cobbett. Or some new-seen and yet familiar cluster of houses in a grey village of the upper Thames overtopped by the delicate tracery of a fourteenth-century church; or even sometimes the very building of the past untouched by the degradation of the sordid utilitarianism that cares not and knows not of beauty and history: as once, when I was journeying (in a dream of the night) down the well-remembered reaches of the Thames betwixt Streatley and Wallingford, where the foothills of the White Horse fall back from the broad stream, I came upon a clear-seen mediæval town standing up with roof and tower and spire within its walls, grey and ancient, but untouched from the days of its builders of old. All this I have seen in the dreams of the night clearer than I can force myself to see them in dreams of the day. So that it would have been nothing new to me the other night to fall into an architectural dream if that were all, and yet I have to tell of things strange and new that befell me after I had fallen asleep.

. . . . . .

My dream grew thin, and I woke (as I thought) to find myself lying on a strip of wayside waste by an oak copse just outside a country village.

I got up and rubbed my eyes and looked about me, and the landscape seemed unfamiliar to me, though it was, as to the lie of the land, an ordinary English low-country, swelling into rising ground here and

there. The road was narrow, and I was convinced that it was a piece of Roman road from its straightness. Copses were scattered over the country, and there were signs of two or three villages and hamlets in sight besides the one near me, between which and me there was some orchard-land, where the early apples were beginning to redden on the trees. Also, just on the other side of the road and the ditch which ran along it, was a small close of about a quarter of an acre, neatly hedged with quick, which was nearly full of white poppies, and, as far as I could see for the hedge, had also a good few rosebushes of the bright-red nearly single kind, which I had heard are the ones from which rose-water used to be distilled. Otherwise, the land was quite unhedged, but all under tillage of various kinds, mostly in small strips. From the other side of a copse not far off rose a tall spire white and brand-new, but at once bold in outline and unaffectedly graceful, and most distinctly English in character. This, together with the unhedged tillage and a certain unwonted trimness and handiness about the enclosures of the garden and orchards, puzzled me for a minute or two, as I did not understand, new as the spire was, how it could have been designed by a modern architect; and I was of course used to the hedged tillage and tumble-down bankrupt-looking surroundings of our modern agriculture. So that the garden-like neatness and trimness of everything surprised me. After a minute or two that surprise left me entirely; and if what I saw and heard afterwards seems strange to you, remember that it did not seem strange to me at

the time, except where now and again I shall tell you of it. Also, once for all, if I were to give you the very words of those who spoke to me you would scarcely understand them, although their language was English too, and at the time I could understand them at once.

Well, as I stretched myself and turned my face toward the village, I heard horse-hoofs on the road, and presently a man and horse showed on the other end of the stretch of road and drew near at a swinging trot with plenty of clash of metal. The man soon came up to me, but paid me no more heed than throwing me a nod. He was clad in armour of mingled steel and leather, a sword girt to his side, and over his shoulder a long-handled bill-book. His armour was fantastic in form and well wrought; but by this time I was quite used to the strangeness of him, and merely muttered to myself, "He is coming to summon the squire to the leet"; so I turned toward the village in good earnest. Nor, again, was I surprised at my own garments, although I might well have been from their unwontedness. I was dressed in a black cloth gown reaching to my ankles, neatly embroidered about the collar and cuffs, with wide sleeves gathered in at the wrists; a hood with a sort of bag hanging down from it was on my head, a broad red leather girdle round my waist, on one side of which hung a pouch embroidered very prettily and a case made of hard leather cashed with a hunting scene, which I knew to be a pen and ink case; on the other side a small sheath-knife, only an arm in case of dire necessity.

Well, I came into the village, where I did not see (nor by this time expected to see) a single modern building, although many of them were nearly new, notably the church, which was large, and quite ravished my heart with its extreme beauty, elegance, and fitness. The chancel of this was so new that the dust of the stone still lay white on the midsummer grass beneath the carvings of the windows. The houses were almost all built of oak frame-work filled with cob or plaster well whitewashed; though some had their lower stories of rubble-stone, with their windows and doors of well-moulded freestone. There was much curious and inventive carving about some of them; and though some were old and much worn, there was the same look of deftness and trimness, and even beauty, about every detail in them which I noticed before in the field-work. They were all roofed with oak shingles, mostly grown as grey as stone; but one was so newly built that its roof was yet pale and yellow. This was a corner house, and the corner post of it had a carved niche wherein stood a gaily painted figure holding an anchor—St. Clement to wit, as the dweller in the house was a blacksmith. Half a stone's throw from the east end of the churchyard wall was a tall cross of stone, new like the church, the head beautifully carved with a crucifix amidst leafage. It stood on a set of wide stone steps, octagonal in shape, where three roads from other villages met and formed a wide open space on which a thousand people or more could stand together with no great crowding.

All this I saw, and also that there was a goodish

many people about, women and children, and a few old men at the doors, many of them somewhat gaily clad, and that men were coming into the village street by the other end to that by which I had entered, by twos and threes, most of them carrying what I could see were bows in cases of linen yellow with wax or oil; they had quivers at their backs, and most of them a short sword by their left side, and a pouch and a knife on the right; they were mostly dressed in red or brightish green or blue cloth jerkins, with a hood on the head generally of another colour. As they came nearer I saw that the cloth of their garments was somewhat coarse, but stout and serviceable. I knew, somehow, that they had been shooting at the butts, and, indeed, I could still hear a noise of men thereabout, and even now and then when the wind set from that quarter the twang of the bowstring and the plump of the shaft in the target.

I leaned against the churchyard wall and watched these men, some of whom went straight into their homes and some loitered about still; they were rough-looking fellows, tall and stout, very black some of them, and some red-haired, but most had hair burnt by the sun into the color of tow; and, indeed, they were all burned and tanned and freckled variously. Their arms and buckles and belts and the finishings and hems of their garments were all what we should now call beautiful, rough as the men were; nor in their speech was any of that drawling snarl or thick vulgarity which one is used to hear from labourers in civilization; not that they talked like gentlemen

either, but full and round and bold, and they were merry and good-tempered enough; I could see that, though I felt shy and timid amongst them.

One of them strode up to me across the road, a man some six feet high, with a short black beard and black eyes and berry-brown skin, with a huge bow in his hand bare of the case, a knife, a pouch, and a short hatchet, all clattering together at his girdle.

"Well, friend," said he, "thou lookest partly mazed, what tongue hast thou in thine head?"

"A tongue that can tell rhymes," said I.

"So I thought," said he. "Thirstest thou any?"

"Yea, and hunger," said I.

And therewith my hand went into my purse, and came out again with but a few small and thin silver coins with a cross stamped on each, and three pellets in each corner of the cross. The man grinned.

"Aha!" said he, "is it so? Never heed it, mate. It shall be a song for a supper this fair Sunday evening. But first, whose man art thou?"

"No one's man," said I, reddening angrily; "I am my own master."

He grinned again.

"Nay, that's not the custom of England, as one time belike it will be. Methinks thou comest from heaven down, and hast had a high place there too."

He let his bow fall on to his shoulder, caught my right hand in his and gave it a great grip, while his left hand fell among the gear at his belt, and I could see that he half drew his knife.

"Well, brother," said he, "stand not here hungry

in the highway when there is flesh and bread in the 'Rose' yonder. Come on."

And with that he drew me along toward what was clearly a tavern door, outside which men were sitting on a couple of benches and drinking meditatively from curiously shaped earthen pots glazed green and yellow, some with quaint devices on them.

A LULLABY*

G. R. Glasgow

Because some men in khaki coats
  Are marching out to war,
Beneath a torn old flag that floats
  As proudly as before;
Because they will not stop nor stay,
  But march with eager tread,
A little baby far away
  Sleeps safely in her bed.

Because some grim, gray sentinels
  Stand always silently,
Where each full shadow falls and swells,
  Upon a restless sea;
Because their lonely watch they keep,
  With keen and wakeful eyes,
A little child may safely sleep
  Until the sun shall rise.

*Used by courtesy of *Chamber's Journal*, Edinburgh, Scotland.

Because some swift and shadowy things
Hold patient guard on high,
Like birds or sails or shielding wings
Against a stormy sky;
Because a strange light spreads and sweeps
Across a darkened way,
A little baby softly sleeps
Until the dawn of day.

THE COLORS*

Frank O. Brigham, Lieut. U. S. A. S. (A. E. F.),
Oakland, Cal.

I was in Paris on the 14th of July [1918]. It was a wonderful day in every way. The early morning was very dull and gray, but by the time the parade was started there was not a cloud in the sky. I never expect to see another spectacle like it unless I am fortunate enough to see an Allied entry into Berlin. Half the world—yes, more than that—was represented in line and represented by the best that each nation could bring forward. As the colors of each nation went by, Paris seemed to get more and more excited until I believed that they had reached the absolute heights of enthusiasm.

English, Belgian, Italian, all of them took the city by storm, but away off down the line I heard a hum that steadily grew louder and sounded above all the rest of the noise, a hum that somehow or other got

inside of me and made me stand a little straighter, and then about a block away I saw a flash of color, and oh! how wonderful it looked to me for the color resolved itself into the "Colors"; and then, my dear people, I thought the heavens had broken loose. I have never in my life heard such an outburst of noise. It was not the high shouting that one usually hears, but a roar that started away down and gradually increased until when it broke the very windows rattled. It sounded like the organized yell of a million rooters, and then just as quickly as it had started it died down, and amid an absolute silence and with every civilian hat off, every man in uniform at a stiff salute, the colors of the United States of America went by.

It was awe-inspiring. It seemed to me in every heart there was a blessing for that bit of bunting, and on every lip a prayer for its safety. I cannot describe my own feelings. I am not ashamed to admit that my eyes were far from dry, and many others were in the same condition. I wonder if that welcome was heard in Berlin, and, if so, whether some of the more prophetic did not understand it for what it was to them—the first mutterings of a storm that will break and destroy them.

A CHANGE OF AIR*

HENRY VAN DYKE

There were three neighbors who lived side by side in a certain village. They were bound together by the contiguousness of their back yards and front porches, and by a community of interest in taxes and water-rates and the high cost of living. They were separated by their religious opinions; for one of them was a Mystic, and the second was a Sceptic, and the other was a suppressed Dyspeptic who called himself an Asthmatic.

These differences were very clear to them, and laid the foundations of a lasting friendship in a nervous habit of interminable argument on all possible subjects. Their wives did not share in these disputations because they were resolved to be neighborly, and they could not conceive a difference of opinion without a personal application. So they called one another Clara and Caroline and Katharine, and kissed audibly whenever they met, but they were careful to confine their conversation to topics upon which they had only one mind, such as the ingratitude of domestic servants.

The husbands, however, as often as they could get together without the mollifying influence of the feminine presence, continued their debates with delightful ferocity, finding matter in each event of life, though clear, and especially in those which had not

* From "The Unknown Quantity," by Henry van Dyke. Copyright, 1912, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the author and the publishers.

yet occurred. So they had a very happy time, and their friendship deepened from day to day.

"I can see your point of view," one of them would say, after an apparently harmless proposition had been advanced. "Perhaps so," the other would reply, clinging desperately to the advantage of the first service in definitions, "but you certainly do not understand it."

Whereupon the third had the pleasure of showing that neither of the others knew what he was talking about. This invariably resulted in their combining against him, and usually to his gain, because he was able to profit by the inconsistencies of their double play.

But of all earthly pleasures, as Sancho Panza said, there cometh in the end satiety. The neighbors, after several years of refreshing colloquial combat, felt an alarming decline of virility and the approach of an anæmic peace. Their arguments grew monotonous, remote, repetitious, amounting to little more than a bald statement of position: "Here I stand"—"There you stand"—"There he stands"—"What is the use of talking about it?" The salt and pepper had vanished from their table of conversation, and as each man silently chewed his own favorite cereal, they all felt as if the banqueting-days were ended and each must say to the others:

"Grow old apart from me,
The worst is yet to be."

One night as they were about to separate, long before midnight, without a single spirited controversy,

they looked at one another sadly, as men who felt the approach of a common misfortune.

"The trouble is," said the Mystic, who disliked nothing so much as solitude, "we do not meditate enough, and so the springs of our inspiration from the Oversoul are running dry."

"The trouble is," said the Sceptic, whose doubts were more dogmatic than dogmas, "that our fixed ideas are choking the feed-pipes of our minds."

"The trouble is," wheezed the Asthmatic, whose suppressed dyspepsia gave him an enormous appetite, "modern life is demoralised, especially in domestic service. In the last month my wife has had five cooks, and she whom she now has is not a cook. Hygiene is the basis of sound thinking."

This sudden and unexpected renewal of the joy of disputation cheered them greatly, and they discussed it for several hours, arriving, as usual, at the same practical conclusions from the most diverse premises.

They all agreed that the trouble *was*.

To cure it nothing could be better than a change of air. So they resolved to make a little journey together.

They went first to New York, and the size of it impressed them immensely. The Sceptic was delighted with the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, because, as he said, it was so unmistakably human. The Mystic was delighted with the theatres, because, as he said, most of the plays seemed so superhuman. The Asthmatic was delighted with the subway, because, as he said, the ventilation was so satisfactory. It was like

eating bread-pudding on a steam-boat; you knew exactly what you were getting; all the microbes were blended, and they neutralised each other.

Their next point of visitation was Chicago, where they had heard that a new Literary School was arising with a noise like thunder out of the lake. They attended many club-meetings, and revolved rapidly in the highest literary circles, coming around invariably to the point from which they had started.

"This is tiresome," said the Mystic; "the Oversoul is not in it."

"It is narrowing," said the Sceptic; "these people are the most bigoted unbelievers I ever saw."

"It is unwholesome," said the Asthmatic, "but I think I could digest the stuff if I could only breathe more easily. This wind is too strong for me."

So they agreed to go to Philadelphia for a rest. The clerk in the Colonial Hotel to which they repaired assured them that the house was crowded—he had only one room, a parlour, which he could fit up with three beds if they would accept it.

The room was large and old-fashioned. A tall bookcase with glass doors stood against the wall. The three beds were arranged, side by side, in the middle of the room. "This is like home," cried the neighbors, and they lay until midnight in a sweet ferocity of dispute over the moral character of Benjamin Franklin.

A couple of hours later the Asthmatic was awakened from sound sleep by an attack of short breathing.

"Open the window," he gasped; "I am choking to death."

The Mystic sprang from bed and groped along the wall for the electric-light button, but could not find it. Then he groped for the window and his hand touched the glass.

"It is fastened," he cried; "I can't find the catch. It will not move up or down."

"I shall die," groaned the Asthmatic, "unless I have air. Break the window-pane!"

So the Mystic felt for the footstool, over which he had just stubbed his toes, and used the corner of it to smash the glass.

"Ah," said the Asthmatic, with a long sigh of relief, "I am better. There is nothing like fresh air."

Then they all went to sleep again.

The morning roused them slowly, and they lay on their backs looking around the room. The windows were closed and the shades drawn.

But the glass door of the bookcase had a great hole in it!

"You see!" said the Mystic. "It was the faith cure. The Oversoul cured you."

"Not at all," said the Sceptic. "It was the doubt cure. The way to get rid of a thing is to doubt it."

"I think," said the Asthmatic, "that it was the nightmare, and that miscellaneous cooking is the cause of human misery. We have travelled enough, and yet we have found no better air than we left at home."

So they went back to the certain village and continued their disputations very happily for the rest of their lives.

OUR CLAN*

GRANTLAND RICE, THIRD ARMY, U. S. A.

To those who turn our way
Across the distant route—
To those who count each day
Unheeding Time doles out—
To those who watch and wait
Beyond the sea-girt span—
Whose dreams still hold the Western Gate—
Gentlemen—OUR CLAN!

To that which overhead
Now flutters at the Rhine—
Whose rippling rolls of red
Still shield the Staff and Line—
Whose glory is no wraith
From lowland up to crag—
Heart-emblem of our final faith—
Gentlemen—THE FLAG!

To those who may not take
The great ship, homeward bound—
To those in Honor's wake
Who hold the silent mound—
Who, by the cross-marked sword,
Stained hills and valleys red—
Who stay to keep eternal guard—
Gentlemen—OUR DEAD!

* *The Stars and Stripes,* Friday, January 10, 1919. Used by permission.

AN APPRECIATION OF W. H. HUDSON*

JOHN GALSWORTHY

I take up my pen for this foreword with the fear of one who knows that he cannot do justice to his subject, and the trembling of one who would not, for a good deal, set down words unpleasing to the eye of him who wrote "Green Mansions," "The Purple Land," and all those other books which have meant so much to me. For of all living authors—now that Tolstoi has gone—I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson. Why do I love his writing so? I think because he is, of living writers that I read, the rarest spirit, and has the clearest gift of conveying to me the nature of that spirit. Writers are to their readers little new worlds to be explored; and each traveler in the realms of literature must needs have a favorite hunting ground, which, in his good will—or perhaps merely in his egoism—he would wish others to share with him.

The great and abiding of most of us writers are twofold: We are, as worlds, rather common tramping ground for our readers, rather tame territory; and as guides and dragomans thereto we are too superficial, lacking clear intimacy of expression; in fact—like guide or dragoman—we cannot let folk into the real secrets, or show them the spirit, of the land.

* From John Galsworthy's introduction to "Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest," by W. H. Hudson. Copyright, 1916, by Alfred A. Knopf, and used by permission.

Now Hudson, whether in a pure romance like this "Green Mansions," or in that romantic piece of realism "The Purple Land," or in books like "Idle Days in Patagonia," "Afoot in England," "The Land's End," "Adventures Among Birds," "A Sheperd's Life," and all his other nomadic records of communing with men, birds, beasts, and Nature, has a supreme gift of disclosing not only the thing he sees but the spirit of his vision. Without apparent effort he takes you with him into a rare, free, natural world, and always you are refreshed, stimulated, enlarged, by going there.

He is, of course, a distinguished naturalist, probably the most acute, broad-minded, and understanding observer of Nature, living. And this, in an age of specialism, which loves to put men into pigeon-holes and label them, has been a misfortune to the reading public, who, seeing the label Naturalist, pass on and take down the nearest novel. Hudson has indeed the gifts and knowledge of a Naturalist, but that is a mere fraction of his value and interest. A really great writer such as this is no more to be circumscribed by a single word than America by the part of it called New York. The expert knowledge which Hudson has of Nature gives to all his work backbone and surety of fibre, and to his sense of beauty an intimate actuality. But his real eminence and extraordinary attraction lie in his spirit and philosophy. We feel from his writings that he is nearer to Nature than other men, and yet more truly civilized. The competitive towny culture, the queer up-to-date commercial knowingness with which we are so busy coating ourselves, simply will not stick

to him. A passage in his "Hampshire Days" describes him better than I can: "The blue sky, the brown soil beneath, the grass, the trees, the animals, the wind, and rain, and stars are never strange to me; for I am in and of and am one of them; and my flesh and the soil are one, and the heat in my blood and in the sunshine are one, and the winds and the tempests and my passions are one. I feel the 'strangeness' only with regard to my fellow men, especially in towns, where they exist in conditions unnatural to me, but congenial to them. . . . In such moments we sometimes feel a kinship with, and are strangely drawn to, the dead, who are not as these; the long, long dead, the men who knew not life in towns, and felt no strangeness in sun and wind and rain." This unspoiled unity with Nature pervades all his writings; they are remote from the fret and dust and pettiness of town life; they are large, direct, free. . . .

But Hudson is not, as Tolstoi was, a conscious prophet; his spirit is freer, more wilful, whimsical—almost perverse—and far more steeped in love of beauty. If you called him a prophet he would stamp his foot at you—as he will at me if he reads these words; but his voice is prophetic, for all that, crying in a wilderness, out of which, at the call, will spring up roses here and there, and the sweet-smelling grass. I would that every man, woman, and child in England were made to read him; and I would that you in America would take him to heart. He is a tonic, a deep refreshing drink, with a strange and wonderful flavor; he is a mine of new interests, and ways of

thought instinctively right. As a simple narrator he is well-nigh unsurpassed; as a stylist he has few, if any, living equals. And in all his work there is an indefinable freedom from any thought of after-benefit —even from the desire that we should read him. He puts down what he sees and feels, out of sheer love of the thing seen, and the emotion felt; the smell of the lamp has not touched a single page that he ever wrote. That alone is a marvel to us who know that to write well, even to write clearly, is a woundly business, long to learn, hard to learn, and no gift of the angels. Style should not obtrude between a writer and his reader; it should be servant, not master. To use words so true and simple, that they oppose no obstacle to the flow of thought and feeling from mind to mind, and yet by juxtaposition of word-sounds set up in the recipient continuing emotion or gratification—this is the essence of style; and Hudson's writing has pre-eminently this double quality. From almost any page of his books an example might be taken. Here is one no better than a thousand others, a description of two little girls on a beach: "They were dressed in black frocks and scarlet blouses, which set off their beautiful small dark faces; their eyes sparkled like black diamonds, and their loose hair was a wonder to see, a black mist of cloud about their heads and necks composed of threads fine as gossamer, blacker than jet, and shining like spun glass—hair that looked as if no comb or brush could ever tame its beautiful wildness. And in spirit they were what they seemed: such a wild, joyous, frolicsome spirit, with such grace and fleetness,

one does not look for in human beings, but only in birds or in some bird-like volatile mammal—a squirrel or a spider-monkey of the tropical forest, or the chinchilla of the desolate mountain slopes; the swiftest, wildest, loveliest, most airy and most vocal of small beasties," or this, as the quintessence of a sly remark: "After that Manuel got on to his horse and rode away. It was black and rainy, but he had never needed moon or lantern to find what he sought by night, whether his own house, or a fat cow—also his own, perhaps." So one might go on quoting felicity for ever from this writer. He seems to touch every string with fresh and uninked fingers; and the secret of his power lies, I suspect, in the fact that his words: "Life being more than all else to me . . ." are so utterly true.

I do not descant on his love for simple folk and simple things, his championship of the weak, and the revolt against the cagings and cruelties of life, whether to men or birds or beasts, that springs out of him as if against his will; because, having spoken of him as one with a vital philosophy or faith, I don't wish to draw red herrings across the main trail of his worth to the world. His work is a vision of natural beauty and of human life as it might be, quickened and sweetened by the sun and the wind and the rain, and by fellowship with all the other forms of life—the truest vision now being given to us, who are more in want of it than any other generation has ever been. A very great writer; and—to my thinking—the most valuable our age possesses.

MY ADVENTURES IN VENEZUELA*

W. H. Hudson

"Now that we cool," he said, "and regret that we hurt each other, I am not sorry that it happened. I deserved your reproach: a hundred times I have wished to tell you the whole story of my travels and adventures among the savages, and one of the reasons which prevented me was the fear that it would have an unfortunate effect on our friendship. That was precious, and I desired above everything to keep it. But I must think no more about that now. I must think only of how I am to tell you my story. I will begin at a time when I was twenty-three. It was early in life to be in the thick of politics, and in trouble to the extent of having to fly my country to save my liberty, perhaps my life."

Every nation, someone remarks, has the government it deserves, and Venezuela certainly has the one it deserves and that suits it best. We call it a republic, not only because it is not one, but also because a thing must have a name; and to have a good name, or a fine name, is very convenient—especially when you want to borrow money. If the Venezuelans, thinly distributed over an area of half a million square miles, mostly illiterate peasants, half-breeds, and indigenes, were educated, intelligent men, zealous only for the

* From "Green Mansions: A Romance of the Tropical Forest," by W. H. Hudson. Copyright, 1916, by Alfred A. Knopf, New York, and used by permission.

public weal, it would be possible for them to have a real republic. They have instead a government of cliques, tempered by revolution; and a very good government it is, in harmony with the physical conditions of the country and the national temperament. Now it happens that the educated men, representing your higher classes, are so few that there are not many persons unconnected by ties of blood or marriage with prominent members of the political groups to which they belong. By this you will see how easy and almost inevitable it is that we should become accustomed to look on conspiracy and revolt against the regnant party—the men of another clique—as only in the natural order of things. In the event of failure such outbreaks are punished, but they are not regarded as immoral. On the contrary, men of the highest intelligence and virtue among us are seen taking a leading part in these adventures. Whether such a condition of things is intrinsically wrong or not, or would be wrong in some circumstances and is not wrong, because inevitable, in others, I cannot pretend to decide; and all this tiresome prolusion is only to enable you to understand how I—a young man of unblemished character, not a soldier by profession, not ambitious of political distinction, wealthy for that country, popular in society, a lover of social pleasures, of books, of nature, actuated, as I believed, by the highest motives, allowed myself to be drawn very readily by friends and relations into a conspiracy to overthrow the government of the moment, with the object of replacing it by more worthy men—ourselves, to-wit.

Our adventure failed because the authorities got wind of the affair and matters were precipitated. Our leaders at the moment happened to be scattered over the country—some were abroad; and a few hot-headed men of the party, who were in Caracas just then, and probably feared arrest, struck a rash blow; the President was attacked in the street and wounded. But the attackers were seized, and some of them shot on the following day. When the news reached me I was at a distance from the capital, staying with a friend on an estate he owned on the River Quebrada Honda, in the State of Guarico, some fifteen to twenty miles from the town of Zaraza. My friend, an officer in the army, was a leader in the conspiracy; and as I was the only son of a man who had been greatly hated by the Minister of War, it became necessary for us both to fly for our lives. In the circumstances we could not look to be pardoned, even on the score of youth.

Our first decision was to escape to the sea-coast; but as the risk of a journey to La Guayra, or any other port of embarkation on the north side of the country, seemed too great, we made our way in a contrary direction to the Orinoco, and downstream to Angostura. Now, when we had reached this comparatively safe breathing-place—safe, at all events, for the moment—I changed my mind about leaving or attempting to leave the country. Since boyhood I had taken a very peculiar interest in that vast and almost unexplored territory we possess south of the Orinoco, with its countless unmapped rivers and trackless forests; and in its savage inhabitants, with their ancient customs

and character, unadulterated by contact with Europeans. To visit this primitive wilderness had been a cherished dream; and I had to some extent even prepared myself for such an adventure by mastering more than one of the Indian dialects of the northern states of Venezuela. And now, finding myself on the south side of our great river, with unlimited time at my disposal, I determined to gratify this wish. My companion took his departure towards the coast, while I set about making preparations and hunting up information from those who had travelled in the interior to trade with the savages. I decided eventually to go back up-stream, and penetrate to the interior in the western part of Guayana, and the Amazonian territory bordering on Colombia and Brazil, and to return to Angostura in about six months' time. I had no fear of being arrested in the semi-independent, and in most part savage region, as the Guayana authorities concerned themselves little enough about the political upheavals at Caracas.

The first five or six months I spent in Guayana, after leaving the city of refuge, were eventful enough to satisfy a moderately adventurous spirit. A complaisant Government employé at Angostura had provided me with a passport, in which it was set down (for few to read) that my object in visiting the interior was to collect information concerning the native tribes, the vegetable products of the country, and other knowledge which would be of advantage to the Republic; and the authorities were requested to afford me protection and assist me in my pursuits.

I ascended the Orinoco, making occasional expeditions to the small Christian settlements in the neighborhood of the right bank, also to the Indian villages; and travelling in this way, seeing and learning much, in about three months I reached the River Meta. During this period I amused myself by keeping a journal, a record of personal adventures, impressions of the country and people, both semi-civilised and savage; and as my journal grew, I began to think that on my return at some future time to Caracas, it might prove useful and interesting to the public, and also procure me fame; which thought proved pleasurable and a great incentive, so that I began to observe things more narrowly and to study expression. But the book was not to be.

From the mouth of the Meta I journeyed on, intending to visit the settlement of Atahapo, where the great River Guaviare, with other rivers, empty themselves into the Orinoco. But I was not destined to reach it, for at the small settlement of Manapuri I fell ill of a low fever; and here ended the first half-year of my wanderings, about which no more need be told.

A more miserable place than Manapuri for a man to be ill of a low fever in could not well be imagined. The settlement, composed of mean hovels, with a few large structures of mud, or plastered wattle, thatched with palm leaves, was surrounded by water, marsh, and forest, the breeding-place of myriads of croaking frogs and of clouds of mosquitoes; even to one in perfect health existence in such a place would have been a burden.

A POOR GENTLEMAN*

GEORGE GISSING

It was in the drawing-room, after dinner. Mrs. Charman, the large and kindly hostess, sank into a chair beside her little friend, Mrs. Loring, and sighed a question.

"How do you like Mr. Tymperley?"

"Very nice. Just a little peculiar."

"Oh, he is peculiar! Quite original. I wanted to tell you about him before we went down, but there wasn't time. Such a very old friend of ours. My dear husband and he were at school together—Harrovians. The sweetest, the most affectionate character! Too good for this world, I'm afraid; he takes everything so seriously. I shall never forget his grief at my poor husband's death.—I'm telling Mrs. Loring about Mr. Tymperley, Ada."

She addressed her married daughter, a quiet young woman who reproduced Mrs. Charman's good-natured countenance, with something more of intelligence, the reflective serenity of a higher type.

"I'm sorry to see him looking so far from well," remarked Mrs. Weare, in reply.

"He never had any color, you know, and his life . . . But I must tell you," she resumed to Mrs. Loring. "He's a bachelor, in comfortable circumstances, and—

*From "The House of Cabinets." Copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co., and used by special permission.

would you believe it?—he lives quite alone in one of the distressing parts of London. Where is it, Ada?"

"A poor street in Islington."

"Yes. There he lives, I'm afraid in shocking lodgings—it must be so unhealthy—just to become acquainted with the life of the poor people, and be helpful to them. Isn't it heroic? He seems to have given up his whole life to it. One never meets him anywhere; I think ours is the only house where he's seen. A noble life! He never talks about it. I'm sure you would never have suspected such a thing from his conversation at dinner?"

"Not for a moment," answered Mrs. Loring, astonished. "He wasn't very gossipy—I gathered that his chief interests were fretwork and foreign politics."

Mrs. Weare laughed. "The very man! When I was a little girl he used to make all sorts of pretty things for me with his fret-saw; and when I grew old enough, he instructed me in the balance of Power. It's possible, mamma, that he writes leading articles.

"My dear, anything is possible with Mr. Tymperley. And such a change, this, after his country life. He had a beautiful little house near ours, in Berkshire. I really can't help thinking that my husband's death caused him to leave it. He was so attached to Mr. Charman! When my husband died, and we left Berkshire, we altogether lost sight of him—oh, for a couple of years. Then I met him by chance in London. Ada thinks there must have been some sentimental trouble."

"Dear mama," interposed the daughter, "it was you, not I, who suggested that."

"Was it? Well, perhaps it was. One can't help seeing that he has gone through something. Of course it may be only pity for the poor souls he gives his life to. A wonderful man!"

When masculine voices sounded at the drawing-room door, Mrs. Loring looked curiously for the eccentric gentleman. He entered last of all. A man of more than middle height, but much bowed in the shoulders; thin, ungraceful, with an irresolute step and a shy demeanor; his pale-grey eyes, very soft in expression, looked timidly this way and that from beneath brows nervously bent, and a self-obliterating smile wavered upon his lips. His hair had begun to thin and to turn grey, but he had a heavy mustache, which would better have sorted with sterner lineaments. As he walked—or sidled—into the room, his hands kept shutting and opening, with rather ludicrous effect. Something which was not exactly shabbiness, but a lack of luster, of finish, singled him among the group of men; looking closer, one saw that his black suit belonged to a fashion some years old. His linen was irreproachable, but he wore no sort of jewellery, one little black stud showing on his front, and, at the cuffs, solitaires of the same simple description.

He drifted into a corner, and there would have sat alone, seemingly at peace, had not Mrs. Weare presently moved to a seat beside him.

"I hope you won't be staying in town through August, Mr. Tymperley?"

"No!—Oh, no!—Oh, no. I think not!"

"But you seem uncertain. Do forgive me if I say

that I'm sure you need a change. Really, you know, you are not looking quite the thing. Now, can't I persuade you to join us at Lucerne! My husband would be pleased—delighted to talk with you about the state of Europe. Give us a fortnight—do!"

"My dear Mrs. Weare, you are kindness itself! I am deeply grateful. I can't easily express my sense of your most friendly thoughtfulness. But, the truth is, I am half engaged to other friends. Indeed, I think I may almost say that I have practically . . . yes, indeed, it amounts to that."

He spoke in a thinly fluting voice, with a preciseness of enunciation akin to the more feebly clerical, and with smiles which became almost lachrymose in their expressiveness as he dropped from phrase to phrase of embarrassed circumlocution. And his long bony hands writhed together till the knuckles were white.

"Well, so long as you are going away. I'm so afraid lest your conscientiousness should go too far. You won't benefit anybody, you know, by making yourself ill."

"Obviously not!—Ha, ha!—I assure you that fact is patent to me. Health is a primary consideration. Nothing more detrimental to one's usefulness than an impaired . . . Oh, to be sure, to be sure!"

"There's the strain upon your sympathies. That must affect one's health, quite apart from an unhealthy atmosphere."

"But Islington is not unhealthy, my dear Mrs. Weare! Believe me, the air has often quite a tonic quality. We are so high, you must remember. If only

we could subdue in some degree the noxious exhalations of domestic and industrial chimneys!—Oh, I assure you, Islington has every natural feature of salubrity."

Before the close of the evening there was a little music, which Mr. Tymperley seemed much to enjoy. He let his head fall back, and stared upwards; remaining rapt in that posture for some moments after the music ceased, and at length recovering himself with a sigh.

When he left the house, he donned an overcoat considerably too thick for the season, and bestowed in the pockets his patent-leather shoes. His hat was a hard felt, high in the crown. He grasped an ill-folded umbrella, and set forth at a brisk walk, as if for the neighboring station. But the railway was not his goal, nor yet the omnibus. Through the ambrosial night he walked and walked, at a steady pace of one accustomed to pedestrian exercise; from Notting Hill Gate to the Marble Arch; from the Marble Arch to New Oxford Street; thence by Theobald's Road to Pentonville, and up, and up, until he attained the heights of his own salubrious quarter. Long after midnight he entered a narrow byway, which the pale moon showed to be decent, though not inviting. He admitted himself with a latch-key to a little house which smelt of glue, lit a candle-end which he found in his pocket, and ascended two flights of stairs to a back bedroom, its size eight feet by seven and a half. A few minutes more, and he lay sound asleep.

Waking at eight o'clock—he knew the time by a bell that clanged in the neighborhood—Mr. Tymperley

clad himself with nervous haste. On opening his door, he found lying outside a tray, with the materials of a breakfast reduced to its lowest terms: half a pint of milk, bread, butter. At nine o'clock he went downstairs, tapped civilly at the door of the front parlor, and by an untuned voice was bidden enter. The room was occupied by an oldish man and a girl, addressing themselves to the day's work of plain bookbinding.

"Good morning to you, sir," said Mr. Tymperley, bending his head. "Good morning, Miss Suggs. Bright! Sunny! How it cheers one!"

He stood rubbing his hands, as one might on a morning of sharp frost. The bookbinder, with a dry nod for greeting, forthwith set Mr. Tymperley a task, to which that gentleman zealously applied himself. He was learning the elementary processes of the art. He worked with patience, and some show of natural aptitude, all through the working hours of the day.

To this pass had things come with Mr. Tymperley, a gentleman of Berkshire, once living in comfort and modest dignity on the fruit of sound investments. Schooled at Harrow, a graduate of Cambridge, he had meditated the choice of a profession until it seemed, on the whole, too late to profess anything at all; and, as there was no need of such exertion, he settled himself to a life of innocent idleness, hard by the country-house of his wealthy and influential friend, Mr. Charman. Softly the years flowed by. His thought turned once or twice to marriage, but a profound diffidence withheld him from the initial step; in the end, he knew himself born for bachelorhood, and with that

estate was content. Well for him had he seen as clearly the delusiveness of other temptations! In an evil moment he listened to Mr. Charman, whose familiar talk was of speculation, of companies, of shining percentages. Not on his own account was Tymperley lured; he had enough and to spare; but he thought of his sister, married to an unsuccessful provincial barrister, and of her six children, whom it would be pleasant to help, like the opulent uncle of fiction, at their entering upon the world. In Mr. Charman he put blind faith, with the result that one morning he found himself shivering on the edge of ruin; the touch of confirmatory news, and over he went.

No one was aware of it but Mr. Charman himself, and he, a few days later, lay sick unto death. Mr. Charman's own estate suffered inappreciably from what to his friend meant sheer disaster. And Mr. Tymperley breathed not a word to the widow; spoke not a word to any one at all, except with the lawyer, who quietly wound up his affairs, and the sister whose children must needs go without avuncular aid. During the absence of his friendly neighbors after Mr. Charman's death, he quietly disappeared.

The poor gentleman was then close upon forty years old. There remained to him a capital which he durst not expend; invested, it bore him an income upon which a laborer could scarce have subsisted. The only possible place of residence—because the only sure place of hiding—was London, and to London Mr. Tymperley betook himself. Not at once did he learn the art of combating starvation with minim resources.

During his initiatory trials he was once brought so low, by hunger and humiliation, that he swallowed something of his pride, and wrote to a certain acquaintance, asking counsel and indirect help. But only a man in Mr. Tymperley's position learns how vain is well-meaning advice, and how impotent is social influence. Had he begged for money, he would have received, no doubt, a cheque, with words of compassion; but Mr. Tymperley could never bring himself to that.

He tried to make profit of his former amusement, fretwork, and to a certain extent succeeded, earning in six months half a sovereign. But the prospect of adding one pound a year to his starveling dividends did not greatly exhilarate him.

All this time he was of course living in absolute solitude. Poverty is the great secluder—unless one belongs to the rank which is born to it; a sensitive man who no longer finds himself on equal terms with his natural associates, shrinks into loneliness, and learns with some surprise how very willing people are to forget his existence. London is a wilderness abounding in anchorites—voluntary or constrained. As he wandered about the streets and parks, or killed time in museums and galleries (where nothing had to be paid), Mr. Tymperley often recognized brethren in seclusion; he understood the furtive glance which met his own, he read the peaked visage, marked with understanding sympathy, the shabby-genteel apparel. No interchange of confidences between these lurking mortals; they would like to speak, but pride holds them aloof; each goes on his silent and unfriendly way, until, by

good luck, he finds himself in hospital or workhouse, when at length the tongue is loosed, and the sore heart pours forth its reproach of the world.

Strange knowledge comes to a man in this position. He learns wondrous economies, and will feel a sort of pride in his ultimate discovery of how little money is needed to support life. In his old days Mr. Tymperley would have laid it down as an axiom that 'one' cannot live on less than such-and-such an income; he found that 'a man' can live on a few coppers a day. He became aware of the prices of things to eat, and was taught the relative virtues of nutriment. Perforce a vegetarian, he found that a vegetable diet was good for his health, and delivered to himself many a scornful speech on the habits of the carnivorous multitude. He of necessity abjured alcohols, and straightway longed to utter his testimony on a teetotal platform. These were his satisfactions. They compensate astonishingly for the loss of many kinds of self-esteem.

But it happened one day that, as he was in the act of drawing his poor little quarterly salvage at the Bank of England, a lady saw him and knew him. It was Mr. Charman's widow.

"Why, Mr. Tymperley, what has become of you all this time? Why have I never heard from you? Is it true, as some one told me, that you have been living abroad?"

So utterly was he disconcerted, that in a mechanical way he echoed the lady's last word: "Abroad."

"But why didn't you write to us?" pursued Mrs.

Charman, leaving him no room to say more. "How very unkind! Why did you go away without a word? My daughter says that we must have unconsciously offended you in some way. Do explain! Surely there can't have been anything——"

"My dear Mrs. Charman, it is I alone who am to blame. I . . . the explanation is difficult; it involves a multiplicity of detail. I beg you to interpret my unjustifiable behavior as—as pure idiosyncrasy."

"Oh, you must come and see me. You know that Ada's married? Yes, nearly a year ago. How glad she will be to see you again. So often she has spoken of you. When can you dine? To-morrow?"

"With pleasure—with great pleasure."

"Delightful!"

She gave her address, and they parted.

Now, a proof that Mr. Tymperley had never lost all hope of restitution to his native world lay in the fact of his having carefully preserved an evening-suit, with the appropriate patent-leather shoes. Many a time had he been sorely tempted to sell these seeming superfluities; more than once, towards the end of his pinched quarter, the suit had been pledged for a few shillings; but to part with the supreme symbol of respectability would have meant despair—a state of mind alien to Mr. Tymperley's passive fortitude. His jewellery, even watch and chain, had long since gone; such gauds are not indispensable to a gentleman's outfit. He now congratulated himself on his prudence, for the meeting with Mrs. Charman had delighted as much as it embarrassed him, and the prospect of an evening in so-

ciety made his heart glow. He hastened home; he examined his garb of ceremony with anxious care, and found no glaring defect in it. A shirt, a collar, a necktie must needs be purchased; happily he had the means. But how explain himself? Could he confess his place of abode, his startling poverty? To do so would be to make an appeal to the compassion of his old friends, and from that he shrank in horror. A gentleman will not, if it can possibly be avoided, reveal circumstances likely to cause pain. Must he, then, tell or imply a falsehood. The whole truth involved a reproach of Mrs. Charman's husband—a thought he could not bear.

The next evening found him still worrying over this dilemma. He reached Mrs. Charman's house without having come to any decision. In the drawing-room three persons awaited him: the hostess, with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Weare. The cordiality of his reception moved him all but to tears; overcome by many emotions, he lost his head. He talked at random; and the result was so strange a piece of fiction, that no sooner had he evolved it than he stood aghast at himself.

It came in reply, to the natural question where he was residing.

"At present"—he smiled fatuously—"I inhabit a bed-sitting-room in a little street up at Islington."

Dead silence followed. Eyes of wonder were fixed upon him. But for those eyes, who knows what confession Mr. Tymperley might have made? As it was . . .

"I said, Mrs. Charman, that I had to confess to an eccentricity. I hope it won't shock you. To be brief, I have devoted my poor energies to social work. I live among the poor, and as one of them, to obtain knowledge that cannot be otherwise procured."

"Oh, how noble!" exclaimed the hostess.

The poor gentleman's conscience smote him terribly. He could say no more. To spare his delicacy, his friends turned the conversation. Then or afterwards, it never occurred to them to doubt the truth of what he had said. Mrs. Charman had seen him transacting business at the Bank of England, a place not suggestive of poverty; and he had always passed for a man somewhat original in his views and ways. Thus was Mr. Tymperley committed to a singular piece of deception, a fraud which could not easily be discovered, and which injured only its perpetrator.

Since then about a year had elapsed. Mr. Tymperley had seen his friends perhaps half a dozen times, his enjoyment of their society pathetically intense, but troubled by any slightest allusion to his mode of life. It had come to be understood that he made it a matter of principle to hide his light under a bushel, so he seldom had to take a new step in positive falsehood. Of course he regretted ceaselessly the original deceit, for Mrs. Charman, a wealthy woman, might very well have assisted him to some not undignified mode of earning his living. As it was, he had hit upon the idea of making himself a bookbinder, a craft somewhat to his taste. For some months he had lodged in the bookbinder's house; one day courage came to him, and he

entered into a compact with his landlord, whereby he was to pay for instruction by a certain period of unremunerated work after he became proficient. That stage was now approaching. On the whole, he felt much happier than in the time of brooding idleness. He looked forward to the day when he would have a little more money in his pocket and no longer dread the last days of the quarter, with supperless nights.

Mrs. Weare's invitation to Lucerne cost him pangs. Lucerne! Surely it was in some former state of existence that he had taken delightful holidays as a matter of course. He thought of the many lovely places he knew, and so many dream-landscapes; the London streets made them infinitely remote, utterly unreal. His three years of gloom and hardship were longer than all the life of placid contentment that came before. Lucerne! A man of more vigorous temper would have been maddened at the thought; but Mr. Tymperley nursed it all day long, his emotions only expressing themselves in a little sigh or a sadly wistful smile.

Having dined so well yesterday, he felt it his duty to expend less than usual on to-day's meals. About eight o'clock in the evening, after a meditative stroll in the air which he had so praised, he entered the shop where he was wont to make his modest purchases. A fat woman behind the counter nodded familiarly to him, with a grin at another customer. Mr. Tymperley bowed, as was his courteous habit.

"Oblige me," he said, "with one new-laid egg, and a small, crisp lettuce."

"Only one to-night, eh?" said the woman.

"Thank you, only one," he replied, as if speaking in a drawing-room. "Forgive me if I express a hope that it will be, in the strict sense of the word, new-laid. The last, I fancy, had got into that box by some oversight—pardonable in the press of business."

"They're always the same," said the fat storekeeper. "We don't make no mistakes of that kind."

"Ah! Forgive me! Perhaps I imagined——"

Egg and lettuce were carefully deposited in a little handbag he carried, and he returned home. An hour later, when his meal was finished and he sat on a straight-backed chair meditating in the twilight, a rap sounded at his door, and a letter was handed to him. So rarely did a letter arrive for Mr. Tymperley that his hand shook as he examined the envelope. On opening it, the first thing he saw was a check. This excited him still more; he unfolded the written sheet with agitation. It came from Mrs. Weare, who wrote thus:—

My dear Mr. Tymperley,—After our talk last evening, I could not help thinking of you and your beautiful life of self-sacrifice. I contrasted the lot of these poor people with my own, which, one cannot but feel, is so undeservedly blest and so rich in enjoyments. As a result of these thoughts, I feel impelled to send you a little contribution to your good work—a sort of thank-offering at the moment of setting off for a happy holiday. Divide the money, please, among two or three of your most deserving pensioners; or, if you see fit, give it all to one. I cling to the hope that we may see you at Lucerne.—With very kind regards.

The check was for five pounds. Mr. Tymperley held it up by the window, and gazed at it. By his present

standards of value five pounds seemed a very large sum. Think of what one could do with it! His boots —which had been twice repaired—would not decently serve him much longer. His trousers were in the last stage of presentability. The hat he wore (how carefully tended!) was the same in which he had come to London three years ago. He stood in need, verily, of a new equipment from head to foot; and in Islington five pounds would more than cover the whole expense. When, pray, was he likely to have such a sum at his free disposal?

He sighed deeply, and stared about him in the dusk.

The check was crossed. For the first time in his life Mr. Tymperley perceived that the crossing of a check may occasion its recipient a great deal of trouble. How was he to get it changed? He knew his landlord for a suspicious curmudgeon, and refusal of the favour, with such a look as Mr. Suggs knew how to give, would be sore humiliation; besides, it was very doubtful whether Mr. Suggs could make any use of the check himself. To whom else could he apply? Literally, to no one in London.

Well, the first thing to do was to answer Mrs. Weare's letter. He lit his lamp and sat down at the crazy little deal table; but his pen dipped several times into the ink before he found himself able to write.

Dear Mrs. Weare,—

Then, so long a pause that he seemed to be falling asleep. With a jerk, he bent again to his task.

With sincere gratitude I acknowledge the receipt of your most kind and generous donation. The money . . .

Again his hand lay idle for several minutes.

shall be used as you wish, and I will render to you a detailed account of the benefits conferred by it.

Never had he found composition so difficult. He felt that he was expressing himself wretchedly; a clog was on his brain. It cost him an exertion of physical strength to conclude the letter. When it was done, he went out, purchased a stamp at a tobacconist's shop, and dropped the envelope into the post.

Little slumber had Mr. Tymperley that night. On lying down, he began to wonder where he should find the poor people worthy of sharing in his benefaction. Of course he had no acquaintance with the class of persons of whom Mrs. Weare was thinking. In a sense, all the families round about were poor, but—he asked himself—had poverty the same meaning for them as for him? Was there a man or woman in this grimy street who, compared with himself, had any right to be called poor at all? An educated man forced to live among the lower classes arrives at many interesting conclusions with regard to them; one conclusion long since fixed in Mr. Tymperley's mind was that the 'suffering' of those classes is very much exaggerated by outsiders using a criterion quite inapplicable. He saw around him a world of coarse jollity, of contented labor, and of brutal apathy. It seemed to him more than probable that the only person in this street conscious of poverty, and suffering under it, was himself.

From a nightmarish dozing, he started with a vivid thought, a recollection which seemed to pierce his brain. To whom did he owe his fall from comfort and

self-respect, and all his long miseries? To Mrs. Weare's father. And, from this point of view, might the check for five pounds be considered as mere restitution? Might it not strictly be applicable to his own necessities?

Another little gap of semi-consciousness led to another strange reflection. What if Mrs. Weare (a sensible woman) suspected, or even had discovered, the truth about him. What if she secretly meant the money for his own use?

Earliest daylight made this suggestion look very insubstantial; on the other hand, it strengthened his memory of Mr. Charman's virtual indebtedness to him. He jumped out of bed to reach the check, and for an hour lay with it in his hand. Then he rose and dressed mechanically.

After the day's work he rambled in a street of large shops. A bootmaker's arrested him; he stood before the window for a long time, turning over and over in his pocket a sovereign—no small fraction of the ready coin which had to support him until dividend day. Then he crossed the threshold.

Never did man use less discretion in the purchase of a pair of boots. His business was transacted in a dream; he spoke without hearing what he said; he stared at objects without perceiving them. The result was that not till he had got home, with his easy old footgear under his arm, did he become aware that the new boots pinched him most horribly. They creaked too; heavens! how they creaked! But doubtless all new boots had these faults; he had forgotten; it was so long since he had bought a pair. The fact was, he

felt dreadfully tired, utterly worn out. After munching a mouthful of supper he crept into bed.

All night long he warred with his new boots. Footsore, he limped about the streets of a spectral city, where at every corner some one seemed to lie in ambush for him, and each time the lurking enemy proved to be no other than Mrs. Weare, who gazed at him with scornful eyes and let him totter by. The creaking of the boots was an articulate voice, which ever and anon screamed at him a terrible name. He shrunk and shivered and groaned; but on he went, for in his hand he held a crossed check, which he was bidden to get changed, and no one would change it. What a night!

When he woke his brain was heavy as lead; but his meditations were very lucid. Pray, what did he mean by that insane outlay of money, which he could not possibly afford, on a new (and detestable) pair of boots? The old would have lasted, at all events, till winter began. What was in his mind when he entered the shop? Did he intend . . .? Merciful heavens!

Mr. Tymperley was not much of a psychologist. But all at once he saw with awful perspicacity the moral crisis through which he had been living. And it taught him one more truth on the subject of poverty.

Immediately after his breakfast he went downstairs and tapped at the door of Mr. Suggs' sitting-room.

"What is it?" asked the bookbinder, who was eating his fourth large rasher, and spoke with his mouth full.

"Sir, I beg leave of absence for an hour or two this morning. Business of importance needs attention."

Mr. Suggs answered, with the grace natural to his

order, "I s'pose you can do as you like. I don't pay you nothing."

The other bowed and withdrew.

Two days later he again penned a letter to Mrs. Weare. It ran thus:—

The money which you so kindly sent, and which I have already acknowledged, has now been distributed. To ensure a proper use of it, I handed the check, with clear instructions, to a clergyman in this neighbourhood, who has been so good as to jot down, on the sheet enclosed, a memorandum of his beneficiaries, which I trust will be satisfactory and gratifying to you.

But why, you will ask, did I have recourse to a clergyman. Why did I not use my own experience, and give myself the pleasure of helping poor souls in whom I have a personal interest—I who have devoted my life to this mission of mercy?

The answer is brief and plain. I have lied to you.

I am not living in this place of my free will. I am not devoting myself to works of charity. I am—no, no, I was—merely a poor gentleman, who, on a certain day, found that he had wasted his substance in a foolish speculation, and who, ashamed to take his friends into his confidence, fled to a life of miserable obscurity. You see that I have added disgrace to misfortune. I will not tell you how very near I came to something still worse.

I have been serving an apprenticeship to a certain handicraft which will, I doubt not, enable me so to supplement my own scanty resources that I shall be in better circumstances than hitherto. I entreat you to forgive me, if you can, and henceforth to forget

Yours unworthily,

S. V. Tymperley.

EACH AMERICAN'S OFFERING*

CALVIN DILL WILSON, Glendale, Ohio

Great land for which our fathers bled,
That men might live with unbowed head,
Now to thine altars, without price,
I bring my all for sacrifice.

For thee, America, I'd die
And with thine elder soldiers lie;
That harm be far from thy blest shore
I offer here my life and store.

That thy pure flag be free from stain
I'll stand where all the bullets rain.
What is my life or what am I
That I should fear for thee to die?

Accept me in thine hour of need;
Give me the joy for thee to bleed;
Great mother, hear my earnest prayer
And let me boldly do my share.

Give me a heart, an iron will,
That's worthy of the fathers still,
As son of them who cast out kings
And died that men be more than things.

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In thy wide bosom grant a grave,
A resting place among the brave,
And near thy heart, where heroes slept,
That thou in hour of stress be kept.

Avert, O God, the need of sword;
But, called, may I not shrink, O Lord.
Forever, fronting both our shores,
May taintless flag guard all our doors.

THE ZONE OF PARIS*

ARNOLD BENNETT

From the balcony you look down upon massed and variegated tree-tops as though you were looking down upon a valley forest from a mountain height. Those trees, whose hidden trunks make alleys and squares, are rooted in the history of France. On the dusty gravel of the promenade which runs between the garden and the street a very young man and a girl, tiny figures, are playing with rackets at one of those second-rate ball games beloved by the French *petite bourgeoisie*. Their jackets and hats are hung on the corner of the fancy wooden case in which an orange-tree is planted. They are certainly perspiring in the heavy heat of the early morning. They are also certainly in love. This

* From "Over There," by Arnold Bennett. Copyright by George H. Doran Company, and used by permission.

lively dalliance is the preliminary to a day's desk-work. It seems ill-chosen, silly, futile. The couple have forgotten, if they ever knew, that they are playing at a terrific and long-drawn moment of crisis in a spot sacred to the finest civilization.

From the balcony you can see, close by, the Louvre, with its sculptures extending from Jean Goujon to Carpeaux; the Church of St. Clotilde, where César Franck for forty years hid his genius away from popularity; the railway station of the Quai d'Orsay, which first proved that a terminus may excite sensations as fine as those excited by a palace or a temple; the dome of the Invalides; the unique façades, equal to any architecture of modern times, to the north of the Place de la Concorde, where the Ministry of Marine has its home. Nobody who knows Paris, and understands what Paris has meant and still means to humanity, can regard the scene without the most exquisite sentiments of humility, affection, and gratitude. It is impossible to look at the plinths, the mouldings, the carving of the Ministry of Marine and not be thrilled by that supreme expression of national art. . . .

And all this escaped! That is the feeling which one has. All this beauty was menaced with disaster at the hands of beings who comprehended it even less than the simple couple playing ball, beings who have scarcely reached the beginnings of comprehension, and who joined a barbaric ingenuousness to a savage cruelty. It was menaced, but it escaped. Perhaps no city was ever in acuter peril; it escaped by a miracle, but it did escape. It escaped because tens of thousands

of soldiers in thousands of taxi-cabs advanced more rapidly than any soldiers could be expected to advance.

"The population of Paris has revolted and is hurrying to ask mercy from us!" thought the reconnoitring simpletons in Taubes, when they noted beneath them the incredible processions of taxi-cabs going north. But what they saw was the Sixth Army, whose movement changed the campaign, and perhaps the whole course of history.

"A great misfortune has overtaken us," said a German officer the next day. It was true. Greater than he suspected. . . .

The horror of what might have happened, the splendour of what did happen, mingle in the awed mind as you look over the city from the balcony. The city escaped. And the event seems vaster and more sublime than the mind can bear.

The streets of Paris have now a perpetual aspect of Sunday morning; only the sound of church-bells is lacking. A few of the taxi-cabs have come back; but all the auto-buses without exception are away behind the front. So that the traffic is forced underground, where the railways are manned by women. A horse-bus, dug out of the past, jogs along the most famous boulevard in the world like a country diligence, with a fat, laughing peasant-woman clinging to its back-step and collecting fare-moneys into the immense pocket of her black apron. Many of the most expensive and unnecessary shops are shut; the others wait with strange meekness for custom. But the provision shops and all the sturdy cheap shops of the poor go

on naturally, without any self-consciousness, just as usual. The pavements show chiefly soldiers in a wild, new variety of uniforms, from pale blue to black, imitated and adapted from all sources, and especially from England—and widows and orphans. The number of young girls and women in mourning, in the heavy mourning affected by the Latin race, is enormous. This crape is the sole casualty list permitted by the French War Office. It suffices. Supreme grief is omnipresent; but it is calm, cheerful, smiling. Widows glance at each other with understanding, like initiates of a secret and powerful society. . . .

Never was Paris so disconcertingly odd. And yet never was it more profoundly itself. Between the slow realization of a monstrous peril escaped and the equally slow realization of its power to punish, the French spirit, angered and cold, knows at last what the French spirit is. And to watch and share its mood is positively ennobling to the stranger. Paris is revealed under an enchantment. On the surface of the enchantment the pettinesses of daily existence persist queerly.

FRANCE'S TRIBUTE TO THE UNITED STATES*

MARTIN GREEN

The circumstances requisite to the awakening of any mind to the beauty and appeal of the American national anthem were all present in the beautiful church of the Madeleine in Paris on Memorial Day of this year [1918]. A mass for the repose of the souls of Americans who had died fighting for France had been arranged by members of the American colony in Paris and officers of the United States army. Other memorial services were held in Paris and in other cities in France that day, but that in the Madeleine was the most impressive and held the widest appeal because, while it had been planned by Americans, the details and the execution were all in the hands of French clergy and laymen, and the venerable Cardinal of Rheims, who had remained in his devastated city since the beginning of the war to watch over his ruined cathedral, had agreed to deliver the memorial address.

The great auditorium of the church was packed from the altar rail to the doors at 10 o'clock in the morning. Outside a crowd of thousands swarmed on the steps and spread out into the open space where the Rue Royale joins the Grand Boulevards. The congregation was made up largely of men in uniform and women in mourning. The uniforms were those of all

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the Allied armies, and there were present many high officers whose gold and silver insignia and decorations glittered in the flood of artificial light which streamed from elaborate candelabra suspended from the ceiling.

The Church of the Madeleine has the best choir in Paris. In the membership of the choir is a boy soprano who has a voice of remarkable sweetness and power.

Music is furnished by the great organ, which is equipped with an echo arrangement, and by an orchestra of violins, cellos, bass viols and harps. The orchestra and choir are stationed in a choir loft toward the front of the church.

The memorial mass was a beautiful ceremony. The Germans were shelling Paris with their long distance gun on Memorial Day, and the ceremonies in the church were punctuated several times by the noise of the explosions of a shell arriving in the city from a gun placed sixty miles away. One of these dramatic interruptions took place during the elevation of the host. A shell exploded near the church as the officiating priest raised his arms to deliver the blessing. Not a bowed head was raised, not a movement of alarm was made in the tightly packed congregation or in the throng outside. Later in the day one of the German shells struck the rear of the church and decapitated the statue of a saint in a niche in the wall, but, during the morning services the German explosives fell far enough away to convey to the worshippers only a message from the enemy.

The composure of the congregation under shell fire was in itself remarkable because on Good Friday, dur-

ing a service in the Church of St. Gervais, in another part of Paris, great loss of life had been caused by a German shell which crashed through the roof. The quiet thousands, bowed in prayer as missiles of death were hurled in their direction, furnished a striking illustration of the spirit of the Allies—a spirit undaunted and beyond the reach of Kulturized terror.

Toward the close of the mass there was a pause. The congregation inside and outside the edifice was kneeling. Through the open door came the subdued hum of the street life of Paris.

Suddenly the organ began a soft prelude. There was something familiar in the rippling music which followed the passage of the hands of the musician over the keys. The orchestra in part took up the music and then the boy with the glorious voice, a white-clad little figure at the front of the organ loft, began to sing.

Instantly the worshippers arose! American officers stood at salute, their eyes directed toward an American flag which, touching the colors of France, hung suspended over the altar. French officers quickly raised their hands to their foreheads and British and Belgian and Italian soldiers joined in the tribute to the Stars and Stripes.

"Oh, say, can you see," sang the boy, "by the dawn's early light, what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming."

There was a sympathetic, almost caressing inflection in the pure but penetrating tones of the little singer.

At the conclusion of the solo the entire singing choir and the orchestra joined in a pulsating dramatic ex-

position of the music that lies in our national anthem. But it was not until the notes of this vocal and instrumental effort had died away that we Americans received the real thrill of the day—a thrill which was shared by men and women of all bloods and nationalities in the standing, attentive throng.

The great organ took up the air of the anthem.

The violins followed, then the harps; gradually the full strength of the orchestra was invoked and finally the organ chimed in, and the choir added its volume of boys' and men's voices and the very walls of the church vibrated with the crashing conclusion, "Oh, say, does the Star Spangled Banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

At the conclusion of the tribute to the United States and the soldiers of this land who have given their lives for France I looked about me rather shamefacedly, for I had been rubbing the back of my hand across my eyes. The man to my right was crying. Tears were streaming down the cheeks of the American to my left. Women all about held handkerchiefs to their eyes. Tears glistened on the lashes of an American General close by. French officers were moved to tears and unashamed. In the rear of the church a crowd of American girls wearing the uniforms of war workers were sobbing without restraint. Not until the ceremony on the altar was resumed and the music of the mass took the place of the strains of the Star Spangled Banner was the strain broken.

Finally the Cardinal of Rheims, clad in his purple robes of office, ascended to the pulpit and faced the

congregation. He is a man in whose face is combined the expressions of a soldier and a priest. In simple but eloquent words he voiced the gratitude of the French people to the United States. He paid a brief, touching tribute to the heroes who had come across the seas to die for the cause of liberty. He stretched out his arms in blessing. The memorial service was over, and to all who had attended the Star Spangled Banner had been reborn.

JOYCE KILMER*

A visit to the grave of Joyce Kilmer, the soldier-poet and member of the New York *Times* staff, who was killed on July 30 [1918], in France, is thus described in a letter to a friend in New York by Alexander Woollcott, who left his post as dramatic critic of the *Times* to serve his country abroad:

"Three days after the tide of battle had moved on toward the Vesle, I made my way across the sloping meadow just above the Ourcq and, in the name of all of us of the *Times* family, placed a spray of cypress on Joyce Kilmer's grave. Grantland Rice and I searched till we found it. He lies buried beside Lieutenant Oliver Ames at the edge of a little copse that is known as the Wood of the Burned Bridge, so close to the hurling Ourcq that, standing by the graveside, you could throw a pebble into its waters. Straight to the north, perhaps ten minutes' walk up the unforgettable

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hill, lies what is left of Seringes, the tragic, half-obliterated village that Yankee troops captured the night before Kilmer was killed.

"He was killed at the height of the great battle, killed in the climax of what I suppose was the mightiest week his regiment had ever known. Two days before, at the dawn of a misty Sunday, they had made a most gallant and irresistible charge across the river and up the hill, charging in the face of machine-gun fire that was withering, charging to all the wild battlecries they knew. Then followed the five-day fight for the mastery of the heights, and it was in that fight that Kilmer fell.

"He was at the very front and he was there not because he had to be but because he wanted to be. He had been working as a Sergeant in the regimental intelligence section, working under the regimental intelligence officer, who thought the world of him. It was work that gave his excellent mind plenty to do and he loved it. He had relished so much the chance for service it gave him during the first days of the offensive in Champagne that, later, when his regiment was crouching for the attack across the Ourcq and he found his own battalion would not be in the lead, he asked and received permission to offer his services to the battalion that would be in the lead.

"So it happened that he was close to the Major's elbow when the battalion adjutant was killed and, in the emergency of the battle, without commission or appointment, he was serving as a sort of aid to the battalion commander, when a machine gun bullet

dropped him. That commander is one of those who feel that there are times when the temper of the line and the pitch of the battle call for the Major's presence at the very front; that, no matter what the books and the orthodox tacticians may say, there are times when the old man must be seen in front of his troops. Where the Major went, Kilmer went too, and it was thus he was killed.

"I wish I could find words adequate to tell you how deep and genuine was the regiment's sense of loss in his death. I was with them in the woods the day they came out of the line to catch their breaths, and the news of Kilmer's death greeted me at every turn. The Captain under whom he had been serving for several months, the Major at whose side he fell, stray cooks, doughboys, runners—all shook their heads sorrowfully and talked among themselves of what a good soldier he had been and what an infinite pity it was that the bullet had had to single him out. And in such days as these, there are no platitudes of polite regret. When men, good men and close pals, are falling about you by hundreds, when every man in the regiment has come out of the fight the poorer for the loss of not one but many friends, there is no time to say pretty things about a man just because he exists no longer. Death is too common to distinguish any one. So the glowing praise and admiration I heard for Joyce was real—every word of it. I should be proud if any one ever talked of me as I heard dozens talk of him.

"They all knew his verse. I never get over my surprise at finding that all soldiers read verse, and most

of them write it. Most of them carry a little notebook in which they set down their own couplets and also copy off any poem that has touched or amused them.

"I found any number of men who had only to fish about in their tattered blouses to bring out the copy of a poem Kilmer wrote in memory of some of their number who were killed by a shell in March. I made my own copy from the grimy pages of one proffered diary, and I put it in for you to see, though it occurs to me it may have been published in the States long since. You will see that there is a refrain which calls for bugle notes, and I am told that at the funeral services, where the lines were first read, the desperately sad notes of 'Taps' sounded faintly from a distant grove when the refrain invoked them. The lines were read by Joyce's own beloved Father Duffy, and those who were there told me the tears streamed down the face of every boy in the regiment. They just blubbered.

"I have put aside among my papers a detailed, small-scale map which shows the Ourcq battlefield and has Kilmer's grave marked on it. Some day, when I may forward such a document, I will send it to you and you can send it to Mrs. Kilmer, if you think it would please her to have it.

"I wish I could reconstruct for you that rainswept battlefield as I saw it. After we had turned our backs on the pitiful ruins of Seringes, there was nothing to remind us of war save the boom of the cannon heard faintly from the direction of the Vesle and there on

the horizon the sentinel balloons swaying ever so slightly in the wind. You must remember that all this countryside had been quite outside the blasting path of the armies only ten weeks before, so that only its villages and the forests that have received a concentration from the big guns are really deeply scarred. This is not the bleak, blasted heath of such a veteran front as the Chemin des Dames, but rather such a fair, rolling country as our own Berkshires, with fields still golden with unharvested wheat. For Kilmer's grave I might have gathered poppies from the field or an armful of Queen Anne's Lace, but as I picked my way through the unspeakably foul and battered streets of Seringes, it occurred to me to crawl over the shell-wrecked churchyard wall and get a branch from the cypress there.

"Then, when I found the grave, I say I need not have brought anything, so eloquent was the grave itself of affection in the making of it. The sod was so trim, the green cross of sod across its surface shaped and patted with such painstaking care. It was marked, of course, by a wooden cross, and on this was written 'Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.' Then, after his company and regiment were inscribed, there was just the line, 'Killed in Action—July 30, 1918.'

The poem by Kilmer mentioned by Mr. Woollcott is as follows:

ROUGE BOUQUET*

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
  Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
  Nor taste the Summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
  Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free
  And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
  The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor,
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

*From "Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters." Edited by Robert Cortes Holliday. Copyright, 1918, George H. Doran Co., publishers.

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
  On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there
  His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
  The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
  From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle notes
  That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are
And your memory shine like the morning star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

FOR JOYCE KILMER

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

Dear Joyce, when they have asked about you,
  Proudly I answered "Over there!—
True poet always, now true soldier,
  Doing his laughing deadly share."

Now, cried across the leafy morning,
  Comes the great bitter news—ah! where,
Joyce, are you now, beloved comrade?
  Again I answer, "Over there."

I SHALL NOT BE AFRAID*

ALINE KILMER

I shall not be afraid any more,
  Either by night or day;
What would it profit me to be afraid,
  With you away?

Now I am brave. In the dark night alone
  All through the house I go

*Taken by permission from "Candles That Burn," by Aline Kilmer. Copyright, 1919, by George H. Doran Company, publishers.

Locking the doors and making windows fast
When sharp winds blow.

For there is only sorrow in my heart:
There is no room for fear;
But how I wish I were afraid again,
My dear, my dear!

TO THE DEAD KNIGHT*

William P. F. Ferguson

Sleep well, dead lad, Knight of the Azure Blue!
Sleep well, thy stately sleep amid the bloom!
Love holds thee dear; Faith hails thee leal and true;
Proud Honor weaves rich chaplets for thy tomb.

Dead in the splendor of thy golden youth,
Dead in the promise of thy dawning day,
Yet ne'er to die, immortalized in Truth,
A living star in Freedom's sky alway!

Deathless to ride, in never-ending flight,
Through vaulted domes of spanless spaces far,
Close to the founts of quenchless, radiant light,
Where, glory-crowned, God's fadeless heroes are.

*Courtesy of Venango [Pa.] *Daily Herald.*

They hold thee not—these hills where thou wast born,
  Nor yet these hearts that love thee, warm and dear;
Now art thou ray of that eternal morn
  That breaks in ceaseless splendor, year on year.

'TIS DONE*

HENRY VAN DYKE

'Tis done
  At last!
The victory won,
  The dissonance of warfare past!

O Music mourn the dead
Whose loyal blood was shed,
  And sound the taps for every hero slain;
Then lead into the song
That made their spirit strong,
  And tell the world they did not die in vain.

Thank God we can see, in the glory of morn,
  The invincible flag that our fathers defended;
And our hearts can repeat what the heroes have sworn,
  That war shall not end till the war-lust is ended.

*From "The Red Flower." Copyright, 1917, by Charles Scribner's Sons, and used by permission.

Then the bloodthirsty sword shall no longer be lord
Of the nations oppressed by the conqueror's horde,
But the banners of freedom shall peacefully wave
O'er the world of the free and the lands of the brave.

LEST WE FORGET*

WILLIAM P. HUNTER

"Lend me your wings, oh, wind,"
That I may fly
Up through the boundless reaches of the sky
And gather stars, to strew the graves where lie
Our soldier dead, stilled in Death's majesty
With new culled star-dust.

"Lend me your song, oh, nightingales,"
That I may sing
Of daring deeds, and that the world may ring
Of heroism, sacrifice, the widow's wails,
And echo thrill the earth and heaven through,
That man and all God's angels may be true,
That "golden notes from out a silver horn"
May sound my song of songs to nations yet unborn,
Lest they forget.

*Courtesy of Scranton *Times*.

"Lend me your perfume, flower, leaf, and blade,"
That I may burn
A fitting, sweeter incense to these dead
Than ever yet has burned or shed its light
On honor's roll, that all may read aright
The story of their deeds in mankind's fight
For Liberty.

"Lend me your tints, oh, rainbow,"
For the flag—
Your twin that floats so proudly o'er the land
Where freedom and humanity go hand in hand,
Where brother-love and honor, more than gold,
And gentleness to weakness, ever hold
Their place; lend me your tints, if needs be, to renew
Our flag's proud message in its every hue,
And star and fold.

A BOY SOLDIER'S PRAYER*

MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

God, I have the excitement here,
The thrill, and all the peasants cheering
And crowding in from far and near
—She has the silence and her fearing.

* From "The Drums in Our Street." Copyright, 1918, by The Macmillan Company. Used by special permission.

And I have youth to make the most
Of this adventure. She is old.
Each perilous hour of mine's a ghost
That haunts her with its news untold.

We only give ourselves, and we
Have songs and drums to keep it high,
Our courage. But the mothers see
Their children go to live or die.

And soon I'll have the trenches, and
The men, the banter and the jesting;
The joy I'll hardly understand
Of perilous, wondrous questing.

The search for something great in life,
Some heroism in my soul,
Even in the mud, the noise of strife
There in our crowded hole.

God, don't mind me, I ask of you,
I've all the comrades, and the lark;
And men, beside me, coming too,
If I must go into the Dark.

* * * * * * *

But in a house back from the street
Where honeysuckles with their stir
Make the yard Spring, you'll find a sweet
Tired woman. God, be good to her.

THE SOLDIER

RUPERT BROOKE

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

BUT A SHORT TIME TO LIVE

Leslie Coulson

[Rupert Brooke, Alan Seegar, Francis Ledwidge are poets who have given up their lives that Democracy might live. To their names must be added that of another, Leslie Coulson, a London newspaper man. Follows his last poem]:

Our little hour—how swift it flies
When poppies flare and lilies smile;
How soon the fleeting minute dies,
Leaving us but a little while
To dream our dream, to sing our song,
To pick the fruit, to pluck the flower,
The Gods—They do not give us long—
One little hour.

* * * * * * *

Our little hour—how short a time
To wage our wars, to fan our fates,
To take our fill of armored crime,
To troop our banner, storm the gates.
Blood on the sword, our eyes blood-red,
Blind in our puny reign of power,
Do we forget how soon is sped
One little hour?

Our little hour—how soon it dies;
How short a time to tell our beads,
To chant our feeble Litanies,
To think sweet thoughts, to do good deeds.
The altar lights grow pale and dim,
The bells hang silent in the tower—
So passes with the dying hymn
Our little hour.

YESTERDAY'S GRIEF*

KATHERINE LEE BATES

The rain that fell a-yesterday is ruby on the roses,
Silver on the poplar leaf, and gold on willow stem;
The grief that chanced a-yesterday is silence that incloses
Holy loves where time and change shall never trouble them.

The rain that fell a-yesterday makes all the hillsides glisten,
Coral on the laurel and beryl on the grass;
The grief that chanced a-yesterday has taught the soul to listen
For whispers of eternity in all the winds that pass.

O faint of heart, storm beaten, this rain will gleam to-morrow,
Flame within the columbine and jewels on the thorn,
Heaven in the forget-me-not; though sorrow now be sorrow,
Yet sorrow shall be beauty in the magic of the morn.

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MEMORIAL DAY

Secretary Weeks

"Lest we forget, there comes a time in the spring of each year when the Nation turns from its business and industry and its citizens lay aside the implements of their professions and trades to gather in the secluded and shady paths of our national cemeteries to do honor to the Nation's dead. It is a day when we turn our faces to the past instead of the future and recall the deeds of the heroic dead, whose sacrifices have made and preserved us a nation.

"I do not think we could adopt a more beautiful way of remembering our dead than the annual custom of placing flowers on the graves of those who have passed through the gateway; and it is on Memorial Day, in the presence of our dead, that Americans can renew their faith in our ideals and institutions and reaffirm their pledge of unceasing loyalty to the Republic."

MY FIRST VOTE*

Rev. William Carter, D.D.

I am a man! Of years a score and one
Have given to me their strong maturity.
From wisdom's font my mind hath well been stored,
From heaven my heart. And now my natal day
Has dawned and life hath, ruthless, thrust me forth
Across her threshold to the world's great mart.

I am a man! The world looks now to me
For manhood's marks and all his highest ways.
Pride, place and power attract my eager eyes,
But duty calls and I must e'en obey
Till it shall lead me to the very brink
Of self-forgetfulness, ambition's foe.

I am a man! The State puts in my hand
A slip of pure, white paper undefiled
By touch of any unclean, sordid thing.
Shall I defile a thing so fair, and taint
It with the soil of treason, or stand firm
And make it purer by a pure man's deed?

I am a man! God puts into my hand
The issue of an opportunity
For some tried soul. Shall I the issue foil
And make it barren as a dead tree's bough?
Or make it burgeon with the ripened fruit
Of man's good will unto his brother man?

* Copyright, 1916, by *The Sun* (N. Y.), and used by their permission and that of the author.

I am a man! What then's my heritage?
And what my chance upon the world's great stage?
A chance to help th' oppressed both far and near!
A chance to smite all wrong with iron hand!
A chance to serve my God with heart sincere!
A chance, aye, God, to serve my fellow man!

THE LIVING FLAME OF AMERICANISM*

FRANKLIN K. LANE

We have made stintless sacrifices during this war; sacrifices of money, and blood sacrifices; sacrifices in our industries; sacrifices of time, and effort, and preferment, and prejudice. Much of that sacrifice shall be found vain if we do not prepare to draw to ourselves those later comers who are at once our opportunity and our responsibility—a responsibility which invokes and fortifies the noblest qualities of national character.

There is in every one of us, however educated and polished, a secret, selfish, arrogant ego, and there is in every one of us also a real nobility. In this war I could see that there came out immediately a finer man —a better self; that better self we must keep alive.

* This inspiring address by the late Franklin K. Lane was delivered at Washington while he was Secretary of the Interior, just after the armistice (Nov. 11, 1918), and at the outset of the Americanization movement. His friends regard it as his greatest speech.

We expect that man to seek out his immigrant neighbor and say, "I am your friend. Be mine as well. Let me share in the wisdom, and instruct me in the arts and crafts you have brought from other lands, and I shall help you to succeed here." There is no difficulty in this, if our attitude is right. Americanism is entirely an attitude of mind; it is the way we look at things that makes us Americans.

What is America? There is a physical America and there is a spiritual America. And they are so interwoven that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins.

Some time ago I met a man who is one of the advisers of the President of China, and he told me of a novel suggestion which he thought might be adopted in that new republic—that they should have a qualifying examination for members of Congress; that every man who announced himself as a candidate should prove that he knew what his country was, who its people were, what resources it had, what its prospects were and what its relations with foreign countries had been.

If I could have my way I would say to the man in New York: "Come with me and I will show you America," or I would say to the man in San Francisco, "Come with me and I will show you America." I would give to this man whom I wished to Americanize (after he had learned the language of this land) a knowledge of the physical America, not only to gain his admiration for its strength, for its resources, and for what it could do against the world, but to awaken

his pride in this as a land of hope, as a land in which men had won out.

I would take this man across the continent. I would show him the 8,000,000 farms which went to feed Europe in her hour of need. I would take him out to Utah, and show him that mountain of copper they are tearing down at the rate of 38,000 tons per day. I would take him to the highest dam in the world, in Idaho, and I would let him see the water come tumbling down and being transformed into power, and that power being used to pump water again that spreads over the fields and makes great gardens out of what, ten years ago, was the driest of deserts.

I would take this man down South and I would show him some of its schools. I would take him up North and I would show him the cut-over lands of Wisconsin and Michigan, which are waste and idle. I would take him into New York and show him the slums and the tenements. I would show him the kind of sanitation that exists in some of our cities. I would show him the good and the bad. I would show him the struggle that we are making to improve the bad conditions. I would tell him, not that America is perfect, not that America is a finished country, but I would say to him, "America is an unfinished land. Its possibilities will never end, and your chance here, and the chances of your children, will always be in ratio to your zeal and ambition." I would tell him that we dare believe that America will ever remain unfinished; that no one can say when we shall have reclaimed all our lands, or found all our minerals, or

made all our people as happy as they might be. But —I would add—out of our beneficent, political institutions, out of the warmth of our hearts, out of our yearning for higher intellectual accomplishment, there shall be ample space and means for the fulfillment of dreams for further growth, for constant improvement. That is our ambition.

I would have that man see America from the reindeer ranches of Alaska to the Everglades of Florida. I would make him realize that we have within our soil every raw product essential to the conduct of any industry. I would take him 3,000 miles from New York (where stands the greatest university in the world) to the second greatest university, where seventy years ago there was nothing but a deer pasture. I would try to show to him the great things that have been accomplished by the United States—250,000 miles of railroad, 240,000 schools and colleges, water powers, mines, furnaces, factories, the industrial life of America, the club life of America, the sports of America, the baseball game in all its glory.

And I would give to that man a knowledge of America that would make him ask the question "How did this come to be?" And then he would discover that there was something more to our country than its material strength.

It has a history. It has a tradition. I would take that man to Plymouth Rock and I would ask, "What does that rock say to you?" I would take him down on the James River, to its ruined church, and I would ask, "What does that little church say to you?" And

I would take him to Valley Forge, and point out the huts in which Washington's men lived, 3,000 of them struggling for the independence of our country. And I would ask, "What do they mean to you? What caused these colonists to suffer as they did—willingly?"

And then I would take him to the field of Gettysburg and lead him to the spot where Lincoln delivered his immortal address, and I would ask him, "What does that speech mean to you? Not how beautiful it is, but what word does it speak to your heart? How much of it do you believe?"

And then I would take him to Santiago de Cuba and I would ask, "What does that bay mean to you?" And I would take him over to the Philippines, where 10,000 native teachers every day teach 600,000 native children the English language, and I would bring him back from the Philippines to the Hawaiian Islands.

In Honolulu during the war a procession of school children passed before me and presented me with the flags of their countries. Every race was represented, from New Zealand clear along the whole western side of the Pacific. They laid at my feet twenty-six flags.

I went from there to Mauna Loa, where I visited a school, a typical school, in which there were Filipinos, Javanese, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Samoans, Australians, Americans, Koreans. I said to the pupils, "Can anyone tell me why we are at war?" A little girl thirteen years old, half Chinese and half Hawaiian, rose and said: "I think I can, sir." We were upon the side of the mountain, looking out over the Pacific, and the only communication with the civilized world was

across that ocean. "We are in this war," the child said, "because we want to keep the seas free—because we want to help those who need help." And I have yet to hear a better answer given. I would show this man whom I wished to Americanize, finally, how these children, whether Japanese or American, no matter what their origin, stood every morning before the American flag, and raised their little hands, and pledged themselves to one language, one country, and one God now and forever.

And then I would bring him back to this country and say, "Grasp the meaning of what I have shown you and you will know then what Americanism is. It is not 110,000,000 people alone, it is 110,000,000 people who have lived through struggle, and who have arrived through struggle, and who have won through work." Let us never forget that!

There is a sentimentality which would make it appear that in some millennial day man will not work. If some such calamity ever blights us, then man will fail, and fall back. God is wise. His first and His greatest gift to man was the obligation cast upon him to labor. When he was driven out of the Garden of Eden, it was the finest, the most helpful thing that could have happened to the race. For when man passed that gate, he met a world in chaos, a world that challenged his every resource; a world that, alike, beckoned him on and sought to daunt him, a world that said, "If you will think, if you will plan, if you can persist, then I will yield to you. If you are without fibre, if you are content with your ignorance, if

you surrender to fear, if you succumb to doubt, I shall overwhelm you."

The march of civilization is the epic of man as a workingman, and that is the reason why labor must always be held high. We have nothing previous that does not represent struggle. We have nothing of lasting value that does not represent determination. We have nothing admirable which does not represent self-sacrifice. We have no philosophy except the philosophy of confidence, of optimism, of faith in the righteousness of the contest we have made against nature.

We are to conquer this land in that spirit, and in that spirit we are to conquer other lands, for this our spirit is one that, like a living flame, goes abroad. Or I might compare it to some blessed wind—some soft, sweet wind that carried a benison across the Pacific and the Atlantic. We must keep alive in ourselves the thought that this spirit is Americanism—that it is robust, dauntless, kindly, hearty, fertile and irresistible, and that through it men win out against all adversity. That is what has made us great.

This spirit is sympathetic. It is compelling. It is revealing. It is, above all, just. The one peculiar quality in our institutions is, that not alone in our hearts, but out of our hearts, has grown a means by which man can acquire justice for himself.

That is the reason, my Russian friend, my Armenian friend, why this country is a home to you. Bring your music, bring your art, bring all your soulfulness, your ancient experience, to the melting pot, and let it enrich

our mettle. We welcome every spiritual influence, every cultural urge, and in turn we want you to love America as we love it, because it is holy ground—because it serves the world.

Our boys went across the water—never let us hesitate to speak their glorious names in pride—our boys went across the water, because they were filled with the spirit that has made America; a spirit that meets challenge; a spirit that wants to help. Combine these two qualities and you have the essence of Americanism—a spirit symbolized by the Washington Monument; that clean, straight arm lifted to Heaven in eternal pledge that our land shall always be independent and free.

STRIVE TO EXCEL*

President Harding

I have come to the conclusion that the greatest achievement is a sense of being helpful to others. If you can blend in your lives the consciousness of service you have wrought the greatest thing in the world.

You have been brought into a little closer contact with government, and the tendency in popular government is to lose faith to a certain degree when you are

* Excerpt from an address delivered to the graduation class of the Harding High School, Marion, Ohio, January 20, 1921.

brought close to it. But popular government is a normal thing and there is no real autocracy in it.

You have heard the Czar referred to as an autocrat, but he was merely the mouthpiece of an autocratic Government. You have also heard the Kaiser spoken of as an autocrat, but he merely was the head of an autocratic system.

There is no autocracy of power in America except as the people have it in their own hands.

You young men and women are coming into full citizenship and I would ask you to strive for excellence. The worst doctrine is that of building everything on a foundation of mediocrity. That is why America rejected internationality, because that meant the destruction of national aspiration. That is the trouble with the doctrine and practice of socialism. When you adopt mediocrity your lives are failures.

Strive to excel. I care not what pursuit you are in. It is no discredit not to excel, but it is not to strive to excel.

In a short time I am going to leave you. I am going to assume great responsibility. It is not to be mine alone, however, because the President is only the instrument through which the popular will is invoked.

For thirty years I have been listening to public sentiment, and every public servant who listens to the call of the soul of America is sure to get along. I firmly believe the soul of America is right. I firmly believe in the destiny of America, and I am going to my tasks with full confidence, and I hope, in a few

years, to come back and find you in the full citizenship and consciousness with which you have fulfilled your duties as members of the Harding High.

OUR DUTY*

Cardinal Gibbons

The paramount duty of American citizens in the present crisis is a hearty and loyal obedience to the constituted authorities. Be slow to criticise. Remember that you view the situation from one angle, your rulers contemplate it from various angles. They have lights and sources of information that are closed to you.

Your judgment of the Administration and your criticism of their official acts should be always subordinated to a generous and wholesouled submission to their rulings. It is theirs to command as it is yours to obey.

And in manifesting your loyalty to your country, you will be pursuing a sacred and honorable course and you will be following the invariable traditions of your fathers from the foundation of the republic.

I thank God that we live in a country where liberty is granted without license and authority is exercised without despotism, where the Government holds

* Address at Camp Meade, Md., Oct. 28, 1917.

over us the ægis of its protection without interfering with the God-given rights of conscience.

The United States has succeeded in solving the difficult problem of reconciling legitimate authority with individual freedom. We have no union between church and state. But this does not imply any antagonism between the two powers. Church and state amicably move in parallel lines, helping each other in their respective fields of labor.

The question is often asked, "Will the republic endure?" I have a firm and an abiding faith in the perpetuity of the nation. She has successfully weathered many a tumultuous tempest in the past, and with God's help she will triumphantly ride over the storms that now assail her.

But if our country, with her glorious institutions, is to survive, her survival must rest on a stronger basis than on the genius of our statesmen, the wisdom of our laws and the patriotism of our people. If she is to endure she must stand on the eternal principles of truth and justice and righteousness. She must rest on a devout recognition of an overruling Providence who has created all things by His power, governs all things by His wisdom, whose guiding hand directs the affairs of nations and of men, without whom not even a bird can fall to the ground.

Our hope for the future welfare of the country must rest on downright honesty in our dealings with other nations.

Is it not true, my brethren, that this devout recognition of the moral governor of the world is the spirit

that has guided every Chief Magistrate of the nation and his official family from the foundation of the republic? Have not all our Presidents, from Washington to Wilson, recognized and invoked the aid of heaven in their inaugural proclamations? Is it not also the custom of every one of them to invite the citizens of the United States to assemble in their respective houses of worship on Thanksgiving Day to give thanks to "the Giver of every perfect gift," for the material and spiritual blessings vouchsafed to the country and to invoke a continuance of divine favors? And is not the general observance of the Christian Sabbath throughout the land a living evidence that this is a Christian country relying on the protection of the Lord of hosts?

And the President has just issued a proclamation exhorting the people of the United States to assemble to-day in prayer to implore our Heavenly Father to bring this terrible war to a happy termination.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, the people whom He has chosen for His own inheritance."

My brethren, you are in the habit of listening every day to the praises of the great Americans who have distinguished themselves by their martial deeds, or by their civic and Christian virtues. You are all proud of being countrymen of a Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, of a Marshall and Taney, of Clay and Webster, of a Carroll, an England, a Kendrick, and Hughes, and a host of other men less known to fame.

But do not be satisfied with praising other men who have honored church or state by their good deeds.

Accomplish something yourselves in your day. Each of you has also a mission from God. Do not shine by reflected light. Go then and make a name for yourselves so that generations to come may record your good deeds. And if your actions will not be sounded by the trumpet of earthly fame, what is far better, let them be worthy of having the approval of God and your conscience and of being inscribed with credit to you in the imperishable Book of Life.

May the Lord of Hosts so guide the counsels of our rulers in the present crisis that their efforts may be crowned by an honorable, a speedy and a permanent peace.

THE ROOSEVELT WATCHWORD

[From a speech by Theodore Roosevelt at Carnegie Hall, March 20, 1912.]

The leader for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is, spend and be spent. It is a little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for

it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men. If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do as little if we merely set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material wellbeing of all of us.

COL. ROOSEVELT'S LAST MESSAGE TO AMERICA

[What was the last public statement by Colonel Roosevelt was read Sunday night, January 6, 1919, at an "all-American concert," at the Hippodrome, under the auspices of the American Defence Society, of which he was honorary president. It read]:

"I cannot be with you and so all I can do is to wish you godspeed.

"There must be no sagging back in the fight for Americanism merely because the war is over. There are plenty of persons who have already made the assertion that they believe the American people have a short memory and that they intend to revive all the foreign associations which most directly interfere with the complete Americanization of our people.

"Our principle in this matter should be absolutely

simple. In the first place we should insist that if the immigrant who comes here does in good faith become an American and assimilates himself to us he shall be treated on an exact equality with every one else, for it is an outrage to discriminate against any such man because of creed or birthplace or origin. But this is predicated upon the man's becoming in very fact an American and nothing but an American. If he tries to keep segregated with men of his own origin and separated from the rest of America, then he isn't doing his part as an American.

"There can be no divided allegiance at all.

"We have room for but one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile. We have room for but one language here and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans, of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding house; and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

Colonel Roosevelt died a few hours after this message was delivered. He was born in 1858.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

LEONARD WOOD

Theodore Roosevelt is dead, but his spirit, his example, live after him, and will ever be a strong influence for better individual and national life. We have lost a great leader in a crisis in the nation's life, a leader who always placed the people's interest before all others, a leader who defended his country, arms in hand in war, freely offering his life, as have his sons in this war and as he himself tried to do. His death at this time is a national calamity, depriving the nation of his wise counsel, his conscientious and courageous leadership, which feared nothing so much as wrong, or failure to do his duty. His life, his ideals, his accomplishments will always be an inspiration to those who see in service to humanity, in unselfish endeavor and in duty done, life's reward.

His voice is silent, but his influence for good lives on. His spirit will march in the van of our armies in war, and in peace it will strengthen our righteous efforts.

True patriot, model citizen, devoted husband and father, wise leader, best type of American, such was Theodore Roosevelt—the world can ill spare him.

THE NATION TO ITS FOREIGN-BORN*

ELIAS LIEBERMAN

Front face! Are you prepared to do your part?
Come here and tell me so; I know you can.
Stand straight and answer squarely, heart to heart;
You're not a grain of dust to step on, man!
Look up! The truth! I mean to try you out
When passion's heat is white, to search you through
And see if anywhere there lives a doubt
To whom and where your loyalty is due.

You're stanchly true? Then breathe a holy vow
That, come what may, your soul will cling to me.
I sheltered you, when first you came, and, now,
I want your faith and deeds, if need there be.
But if your thoughts go fondly back to where,
A subject once, you are your potted meat,
Or where you scraped and bowed to kings, why there
You must return. You cannot stand white heat.

There is no middle course for loyalty.
And love should never waver. She who nursed
Your brawn and brain and soul, who dubbed you free,
Should stand alone in love, in duty first.
All this you stand resolved to pledge anew?
You call to witness Him that rules above?
Then rise, Sir Knight, my future rests on you,
On all your utter faith, your utter love!

* From "Paved Streets." Copyright, 1917, by the Cornhill Company, and used by special permission of the author and the publisher.

NO DUAL ALLEGIANCE

General Pershing

It appears that certain evil influences have again risen to poison the public mind and that an effort is being made to weaken the ties that bind us to those who fought in the Great War for the same principles for which we fought. Under the circumstances it is especially fitting that we assemble together to rekindle in our hearts our devotion to our Country and our Flag.

Ours was a righteous uprising at the horror of wanton outrage committed against the innocent. Patriotism ran high in every hamlet. Loyal men, women, and children everywhere vied with each other in patriotic effort. The service of our armies abroad was characterized throughout by unselfishness, intelligence, and aggression. But I need not recount to you the unparalleled deeds of valor of that army, and only may add that it nobly represented everything that you stand for, as shoulder to shoulder with the gallant allies it carried your flag to victory.

Shall subtle propaganda again lift its poisonous head to weaken our friendship? Are those who made the supreme sacrifice no longer to be remembered amongst us?

America shall remain steadfast in her attitude against aggression, and she shall insist that outlaw nations be held to the full responsibility and pay the full penalty of their misdeeds, to the end that in future

all nations with such inclinations may know the cost of such crimes against civilization.

In America there can be no place for those who, while claiming equal citizenship with us and enjoying its blessed privileges under our flag, yet continue their allegiance to another country.

There can be no such thing as a dual allegiance in America. Under no guise can this country be made the breeding place for intrigue. We welcome all those who honestly desire to become American citizens and adopt America as their own, but we abhor the intriguer who at the same time would secretly plot against us and our best interests.

NEWER SONS OF AMERICA*

JOHN VALENTE

[Written by the son of an Italian immigrant, for the last four years a member of the English staff at the University of Pittsburg.]

America! our hour has too arrived,
And we who are your sons, if not in blood,
No less your sons in spirit and in soul,
With pride and loving eyes lift up our gaze
Unto your face. No parting love we know;
No love but peace and filial love for you—
Our great devotion to your great ideals.
Our fathers braved the perils of a sea,
And humble came upon your friendly shores;
For you have stood, and beauteous shall you stand,

* Courtesy of the *American Leader*.

A beacon light upon a mighty rock,
And signal to the people of the earth.
No narrow mission of a race is yours.
You know no East nor West, nor strife of creeds,
Nor lost traditions—but one mighty call
Of Freedom . . . Now you have arisen, fair
Yet terrible. Again lift up your torch!
And in your name we stand your loyal sons,
And dying, sing in praise your flaming soul,
America! . . .

A GOVERNMENT OF LAW

ALVIN M. OWSLEY, *Commander-in-Chief, American Legion*

"To-day we stand facing the supreme challenge of American history. We are facing for decision the question of world civilization. Before America can give to all the peoples the example and sustaining strength necessary for their good, she must make sure of her own existence.

"Forces of much strength, commonly called radical, are advocating the destruction of our country. Anarchy is knocking at the door to be let in. Some one must meet the challenge and defeat its champions. We are witnesses every day to overt acts of disregard for law and order. Ours is a Government founded upon law, and when the law fails, our Gov-

ernment will fail and we will go like the ancient empires of Europe to be lost in the passing of the ages.

"During the early days of the war many aliens claimed exemption from military service because of their foreign birth—now they claim their right to force foreign ideas upon Americans because they are still here. If I mistake not we have need for some more 'Soviet Arks' to sail the seas, carrying back to Europe every disturber of American peace and industry. We have no place in America for the anarchist, Soviet, or communist."

CARDINAL GIBBONS

"I said at the beginning, 'Young man, expect great things.' And I say it again at the end. I have lived almost three times as long as the average age of your readers. I have watched men climb up to success, hundreds of them; and of all the elements that are important for success, the most important is Faith. Those who throw up their hands in discouragement when the first snow falls, fail to profit when the sunshine of spring returns. And no great thing comes to any man unless he has courage, even in dark days, to expect great things; to expect them of himself, of his fellow men of America, and of God."

THANKSGIVING IN FRANCE, 1918*

Victory, won by the American soldiers in hard fighting and at the cost of great sacrifices, was the Thanksgiving Day gift to the American nation and the American army, Gen. Pershing declared in a Thanksgiving Day address at General Headquarters to-day [Nov. 28]. The debt of gratitude to Lafayette has been paid and the invader has been driven back in defeat.

The American commander in chief paid tribute to the dead and wounded, urged the soldiers to thank God for the victory, and declared that a new vision of duty to God and country has come to us all. American mothers, he said, await with loving hearts the homecoming of their gallant sons.

The text of Gen. Pershing's address follows:

"Fellow soldiers, never in the history of our country have we, as a people, come together with such full hearts as on this greatest of all Thanksgiving days. The moment throbs with emotion, seeking to find full expression. Representing the high ideals of our countrymen and cherishing the spirit of our forefathers, who first celebrated this festival of Thanksgiving, we are proud to have repaid a debt of gratitude to the land of Lafayette and to have lent our aid in saving civilization from destruction.

"The unscrupulous invader has been driven from the devastated scenes of his unholy conquest. The tide of conflict which during the dark days of midsum-

*Courtesy of the *New York Herald.*

mer threatened to overwhelm the allied forces has been turned into glorious victory. As the sounds of battle die away and the beaten foe hurries from the field, it is fitting that the conquering armies should pause to give thanks to the God of battles, Who has guided our cause aright.

Victory a Hard Won Gift

"Victory was our goal. It is a hard won gift of the soldier to his country. Only the soldier knows the cost of a gift we now present to the nation. As soldiers inspired by every spiritual sentiment, we have each silently prayed that the success of righteousness should be ours.

"To-day, with thankfulness, we humbly acknowledge that His strength has given us the victory. We are thankful that the privilege has been given to us to serve in such a cause.

"In this hour of Thanksgiving our eternal gratitude goes out to those heroes who loved liberty better than life, who sleep yonder where they fell: to the maimed whose honorable scars testify stronger than words to their splendid valor, and to the brave fellows whose strong relentless blows finally crushed the enemy's power.

"Nor in our prayers shall we forget the widow who freely gave the husband more precious than her life, nor those who, in hidden heroism, have impoverished themselves to enrich the cause, nor our comrades who in more obscure posts here and at home have furnished by their toil to the soldiers at the front.

"To many fame has come. New names have been inscribed on the roll of the immortals. To all have come a new outlook on life, a clearer perspective regarding its obligations, a more exalted conception of duty and honor and a deeper sense of responsibility to the nation and to God.

"May we give thanks that unselfish service has given us this new vision, that we are able to return to our fireside and our country with higher aims and a firmer purpose alike enabling to ourselves and to those who have held long vigil and have prayed for us that we might worthily represent them.

"This spirit that has won the victory is to become a permanent and indispensable mainstay of peace and happiness. It is not a matter of individual choice, but of obligation, that we should proudly carry it back with us. If the glory of our military service has been a spontaneous offering of loyalty it is too priceless to be cast aside by indulgence and too sacred not to be cherished always.

"Our nation awaits the return of its soldiers believing in the stability of character that has come from self-discipline and self-sacrifice. Confident of the new power that the stern school of war and discipline has brought to each of us, American mothers await with loving hearts their gallant sons.

"Great cause indeed have we to thank God for trials successfully met and victories won. Still more should we thank Him for the golden future, with its wealth of opportunity and its hope of a permanent universal peace."

LIBERTY'S CHAMPIONS

Elihu Root

It is one of the best qualities of human nature that makes us, as we enjoy the blessings of freedom of intellect, freedom of religion, freedom of action, look back with gratitude to the men who sacrificed themselves in the long struggle of the ages for these things. Whether they be martyrs at the stake, or Cameronians in the Highlands of Scotland, or Huguenots in the Cévennes, or lawyers pleading for justice against popular clamor and disapproval, or brave men fighting in the defense of their country's liberty, we are all grateful to them because our blessings came from their noble sacrifice.

My friends, so sure am I that liberty and security in this land of ours depend upon the destruction and abandonment of the hated principle of national aggrandisement and immorality, and the enthronement of the principles of national responsibility and morality, that for all the countless generations to come after us in our dear land, I am grateful with all my heart to those men who are fighting in the trenches in France and Belgium and Russia and Italy and the Balkans to-day for the liberty and peace of my children's children.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER*

[Editorial, N. Y. *Times, Nov.* 11, 1921.]

The Unknown American has come home—come home without name or age, without birthplace, East or West or North or South, without a place in all the continent that can call him its own, without father or mother, sister or brother or friend, without ancestry, without posterity, without rank or office, without vocation, except that of serving his country and the cause to which it asked him to offer his life. What skill was in his hand, what speech was on his lips, what dream or ambition was in his mind, what love was in his heart, no mortal will ever know. He, the homeless, parentless, friendless one, has come back to find America herself his mother, teacher, friend, and her own "God's acre" his permanent home. The ship that brought him was greater than King Arthur's dusky barge with the "three queens with crowns of gold" upon the decks "dense with stately forms." It was a ship once the flagship of an Admiral. The greatest citizens of his time have stood with bared heads in his presence, though he was but a youth when his years ended. The greatest Generals of the world have saluted him, though he may have been but a private. The poets have sung his praise. Beyond all this tribute of presence and speech, a hundred million men, women and children will pause to-day in thought of him and pay an homage more eloquent than speech.

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But, in winning all this honor, he has lost not only his life but also his identity. He has stripped himself of everything that identifies his mortality on putting on immortality. Yet by sacrificing his identity not only has he shared it with every American who lies in France, and indeed with every American who perished on land or sea in the great war, but he has let every American at home find his or her hero in the casket of the Unknown. If one could but see the character of man who rises in each person's thought in the moments of silence to-day, one would be able to see in the composite the ideal living American evoked from the unknown dead. This nameless American, defined in a hundred million different ways, would yet be distinguishable as an American. He would have the same basic virtues as his comrades, Britain's Unknown Warrior, who lies in Westminster Abbey, close by the memorials of Shakespeare and Milton; the French Poilu Inconnu, buried beneath the Arc de Triomphe; the unidentified Italian, placed in the monument of King Emmanuel, and all the other Unknowns who will ultimately walk the corridors of time along with the greatest of the Known. But, though joining the Immortals as one who comes unnamed, our soldier would be recognized as an American; for the individual unknown American, whatever his parentage, becomes the known American by his daring habit of hopefulness, by his carelessness of self, by his restless mobility, by his pioneering ways, by his youthfulness of spirit. As Marshal Foch said when nearing America, he felt that he was approaching the "land of youth."

The sergeant who designated with a handful of flowers, in Châlons-sur-Marne, the plain wood coffin—one of four—which held the body of him who was to be borne back to America, had no such task as the suitor who stood before the caskets of gold and silver and lead in Portia's palace, for all four of the coffins had bodies of unknown Americans who "had given and hazarded" all they had. The three who were returned to their nameless graves were none the less deserving of the honors that have fallen upon the dust of their comrade, to whose coffin the withered flowers still clung as it was borne ashore at Washington. Indeed, if one of the three taken back to Romagne had been a college boy and remembered his Greek history, he might have had solace in recalling that those who fought most valiantly at Marathon were buried in the fields where they fell and were not brought to Athens, the capital, to be near those who heard the oration of Pericles.

The Unknown Soldier has come home, and in his coming has made universal the sense of exaltation, gratitude and pride which kinsmen and fellow-townsmen have in honoring their own known dead. To-day the whole nation, mourning in solemn and united recognition of a sacrifice which it has shared with other nations, through those whom this Unknown Soldier represents, has reached a new and, for the moment, cloudless height, whence to catch a glimpse of America's duty to her dead, whose worth, having displayed itself in deeds, can be sufficiently rewarded only "by honors also shown by deeds."

An old Danube song has the refrain: "Then the

soldier spoke from his deep, dark grave: I am content." If this can be the voice from the grave of the Nameless Soldier in Arlington as the morrow of the conference dawns and the new chapter in the world's history begins to be written, then the supreme glory will indeed have come near his dust.

BACK HOME AGAIN*

GRANTLAND RICE

["Another ship, bringing American dead back home from France, is expecting to dock in the next few days." . . .]

The ghost of a sergeant growls—"Fall In"—
Where crosses lean to a drab March rain.
There are restless feet as the gray mists spin
By the Meuse and Marne, by the Ourcq and Aisne.
With rusty rifle and rotting boot
They break from the clay their souls abhor;
"Right Dress!" and "Front!" With the old salute,
"All present, sir, or accounted for."

Their tattered khaki is mired and torn
Where stains once came from a crimson fount.
Their packs are gone and their shoes are worn,
But they're only ghosts, so it doesn't count.
They are only ghosts, but an ancient glow
As bright as a red dawn down the glen
Has caught their eyes, as they whisper low,
"Orders are in—and it's home again."

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Home again—by the long, long trail,
Through shattered valley and blasted track,
Where they stood in front of the leaden hail,
Moving on to the next attack.
A story now that is overtold,
And one, perhaps, that may weary you,
But day by day as the thunder rolled
The lengthening line of the crosses grew.

Then from their coverlets of grass
They watched the seasons come and go.
They saw the poppies bloom and pass,
And bloom again in a crimson row,
While they still dreamed of one great day
Where, from their barracks built of loam,
Their silent tramp would find the way
That led again to the hills of home.

You may not mark their eager zest,
Their cheering shouts—their wild hurrahs—
Who see their broken clay at rest
Beneath the Flag's protecting stars,
And yet dead soldiers have their dreams
That even leap the alien sea,
Of ancient lanes, and singing streams,
And summer skies that used to be.

The war is over and out of mind,
And we have forgotten—you and I—
Most of the mates who stayed behind
To see the poppies bloom and die
And bloom again, in endless store,
Until by mounted plain and glen
A sergeant growls "Fall In" once more—
As lost lanes whisper "Home again!"

EXCERPT FROM THE WAR MESSAGE OF APRIL 2, 1917

Woodrow Wilson

[This famous message to the Congress was delivered in the Hall of Representatives, Washington, before a joint session of the House and the Senate, on the evening of April 2. The members of the Supreme Court of the United States and the diplomatic corps were also present. Very deliberately the President read his message to this brilliant assemblage. Intense interest, marked by silence, soon gave way to whole-hearted approval and ended in long and tumultuous applause. The message explains itself. It set forth everything that had gone before in our relations with Germany and it pointed out the pathway of the future. With luminous clearness and in unforgetable words it expressed the Spirit of America.]

Gentlemen of the Congress:—I have called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious, very serious, choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making. . . .

The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the tested foundations of political liberty. We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one

of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of nations can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish object, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion, and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the Governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor. The Austro-Hungarian Government has, indeed, avowed its unqualified indorsement and acceptance of the reckless and lawless submarine warfare, adopted now without disguise by the Imperial German Government, and it has therefore not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, the Ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but that Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna. We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our right.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness

because we act without animus, not with enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible Government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reëstablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us, however hard it may be for them for the time being to believe that this is spoken from our hearts. We have borne with their present Government through all these bitter months because of that friendship, exercising a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible.

We shall happily still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live among us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are most of them as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose. If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance.

But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own Governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured.

God helping her, she can do no other.

A SONG OF DERIVATIONS*

ALICE MEYNELL

I come from nothing; but from where
Come the undying thoughts I bear?
  Down, through long links of death and birth,
  From the past poets of the earth.
My immortality is there.

I am like the blossom of an hour.
But long, long vanished sun and shower
  Awoke my breath i' the young world's air
  I track the past back everywhere
Through seed and flower and seed and flower.

Or I am like a stream that flows
Full of the cold springs that arose
  In morning lands, in distant hills;
  And down the plain my channel fills
With melting of forgotten snows.

Voices, I have not heard, possessed
My own fresh songs; my thoughts are blessed
  With relics of the far unknown.
  And mixed with memories not my own
The sweet streams throng into my breast.

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Before this life began to be,
The happy songs that wake in me
  Woke long ago and far apart.
  Heavily on this little heart
Presses this immortality.

ON THE GEORGIA COAST*

The ketch drifted into the serene inclosure of the bay as silently as the reflections moving over the mirrorlike surface of the water. Beyond a low arm of land that hid the sea the western sky was a single, clear yellow; farther on the left the pale, incalculably old limbs of cypress, their roots bare, were hung with gathering shadows as delicate as their own faint foliage. The stillness was emphasized by the ceaseless murmur of the waves breaking on the far, seaward bars.

John Woolfolk brought the ketch up where he intended to anchor and called to the stooping, white-clad figure in the bow: "Let go!" There was an answering splash, a sudden rasp of hawser, the booms swung idle, and the yacht imperceptibly settled into her berth. The wheel turned impotently; and, absent-minded, John Woolfolk locked it. He dropped his long form on a near-by, carpet-covered folding chair. He was tired. His sailor, Poul Halvard, moved about with

* From "Wild Oranges," by Joseph Hergesheimer. Copyright, 1918, by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

a noiseless and swift efficiency; he rolled and cased the jib, and then, with a handful of canvas stops, secured and covered the mainsail and proceeded aft to the jigger. Unlike Woolfolk, Halvard was short—a square figure with a smooth, deep-tanned countenance, colorless and steady, pale blue eyes. His mouth closed so tightly that it appeared immovable, as if it had been carved from some obdurate material that opened for the necessities of neither speech nor sustenance.

Tall John Woolfolk was darkly tanned, too, and had a grey gaze, by turns sharply focused with bright black pupils and blankly introspective. He was garbed in white flannels, with bare ankles and sandals, and an old, collarless silk shirt, with sleeves rolled back on virile arms incongruously tattooed with gauzy green cicadas.

He stayed motionless while Halvard put the yacht in order for the night. The day's passage through twisting inland waterways, the hazard of the tides on shifting flats, the continual concentration on details at once trivial and highly necessary, had been more wearing than the cyclone the ketch had weathered off Barbuda the year before. They had been landbound since dawn; and all day John Woolfolk's instinct had revolted against the fields and wooded points, turning toward the open sea.

Halvard disappeared into the cabin; and, soon after, a faint, hot air, the smell of scorched metal, announced the lighting of the vapor stove, the preparations for supper. Not a breath stirred the surface of the bay. The water, as clear and hardly darker than the dark-

ening air, lay like a great amethyst clasped by its dim corals and the arm of the land. The glossy foliage that, with the exception of a small silver beach, choked the shore might have been stamped from metal. It was, John Woolfolk suddenly thought, amazingly still. The atmosphere, too, was peculiarly heavy, languorous. It was laden with the scents of exotic, flowering trees; he recognized the smooth, heavy odor of oleanders and the clearer, higher breath of orange blossoms.

He was idly surprised at the latter; he had not known that orange groves had been planted and survived in Georgia. Woolfolk gazed more attentively at the shore, and made out, back of the luxuriant tangle, the broad white façade of a dwelling. A pair of marine glasses lay on the deck at his hand; and, adjusting them, he surveyed the face of a distinguished ruin. The windows on the stained wall were broken in—they resembled the blank eyes of the dead; storms had battered loose the neglected roof, leaving a corner open to sun and rain; he could see through the foliage lower down great columns fallen about a sweeping portico.

The house was deserted, he was certain of that—the melancholy wreckage of a vanished and resplendent time. Its small principality, flourishing when commerce and communication had gone by water, was one of the innumerable victims of progress and of the concentration of effort into huge impersonalities. He thought he could trace other even more complete ruins, but his interest waned. He laid the glasses back upon the deck. The choked bubble of boiling water

sounded from the cabin, mingled with the irregular sputter of cooking fat and the clinking of plates and silver as Halvard set the table. Without, the light was fading swiftly; the wavering cry of an owl quivered from the cypress across the water, and the western sky changed from paler yellow to green. Woolfolk moved abruptly, and, securing a bucket to the handle of which a short rope had been spliced and finished with an ornamental Turk's-head, he swung it overboard and brought it up half full. In the darkness of the bucket the water shone with a faint phosphorescence. Then from a basin he lathered his hands with a thick, pinkish paste, washed his face, and started toward the cabin.

He was already in the companionway when, glancing across the still surface of the bay, he saw a swirl moving into view about a small point. He thought at first that it was a fish, but the next moment saw the white, graceful silhouette of an arm. It was a woman swimming. John Woolfolk could now plainly make out the free, solid mass of her hair, the round, smoothly turning shoulder. She was swimming with deliberate ease, with a long, single overarm stroke; and it was evident that she had not seen the ketch. Woolfolk stood, his gaze level with the cabin top, watching her assured progress. She turned again, moving out from the shore, then suddenly stopped. Now, he realized, she saw him.

The swimmer hung motionless for a breath; then, with a strong, sinuous drive, she whirled about and made swiftly for the point of land. She was visible

for a short space, low in the water, her hair wavering in the clear flood, and then disappeared abruptly behind the point, leaving behind—a last, vanishing trace of her silent passage—a smooth, subsiding wake on the surface of the bay.

John Woolfolk mechanically descended the three short steps to the cabin. There had been something extraordinary in the woman's brief appearance out of the odorous tangle of the shore, with its ruined habitation. It had caught him unprepared, in a moment of half weary relaxation, and his imagination responded with a faint question to which it had been long unaccustomed. But Halvard, in crisp white, standing back of the steaming supper viands, brought his thoughts again to the day's familiar routine and preparation for the night.

The cabin was divided through its forward half by the center-board casing, and against it a swinging table had been elevated, an immaculate cover laid, and the yacht's china, marked in cobalt with the name "Gar," placed in a polished and formal order. Halvard's service from the stove to the table was as silent and skillful as his housing of the sails; he replaced the hot dishes with cold, and provided a glass bowl of translucent preserved figs.

Supper at an end, Woolfolk arose and returned to the deck. Night had fallen on the shore, but the water still held a pale light; in the east the sky was filled with an increasing, cold radiance. It was the moon, rising swiftly above the flat land. The moonlight grew in intensity, casting inky shadows of the spars and

cordage across the deck, making the light in the cabin a reddish blur by contrast. The icy flood swept over the land, bringing out with a new emphasis the close, glossy foliage and broken façade—it appeared unreal, portentous. The odors of the flowers, of the orange blossoms, uncoiled in heavy, palpable waves across the water, accompanied by the owl's fluctuating cry. The sense of imminence increased, of a *genius loci* unguessed and troublous, vaguely threatening in the perfumed dark.

OUR DEMOCRACY'S PERIL

ARTHUR T. HADLEY, President Emeritus of Yale University

[From an address to the entering students in Yale, September, 1919.]

Two years ago we engaged in a war which was to make the world safe for democracy. The war is over, but the perils of democracy seem as great in 1919 as they did in 1917. The danger that free institutions will be crushed by armed force from outside is indeed less, but the danger that they will break down through the war of misunderstandings and passions within each community is greater than ever.

This is no new experience. The democracies of the past have had more to fear from foes within than from foes without. The French republic of 1792 was strong enough to withstand the combined assaults of Great Britain, Prussia, Austria and Russia, but it was shaken

to its foundation by the excesses of the Terror and was finally brought to an end by the incompetence of the Directory. The English Commonwealth of the seventeenth century was able to laugh at the threats of foreign Powers. It was undermined by the ignorance or fanaticism of its own component elements.

Look at Venice or Florence, Rome or Athens, and we see the same story repeated, the same lesson reinforced. People whose morals have been based on authority instead of reason, on fear instead of love, need to have their constitutional law administered by rulers of whom they are afraid. Give political freedom to a group of men who are not accustomed to govern themselves and far-sighted management of public affairs becomes an impossibility from the start. If such men remain under the sway of the religion of their fathers, the name of liberty becomes a cloak for the excesses of fanaticism. If they break loose from that sway they are led to the yet worse excesses of anarchism. Self-government is impossible without intelligent unselfishness.

There are three different kinds of lessons a student may learn. He may increase his range of knowledge so as to become a broader man, a man of culture in the truest and best sense of the word. He may lay the foundation for greater success in the calling which he expects to pursue in after life so as to become a more efficient man, a man grounded in the theory of his profession. Or he may try to get certain habits and methods of work which will enable him to see straight and to view things in their right size, to become, ac-

cording to the measure of his powers, a man of vision and judgment.

There has been an attempt to classify the subjects of school and college study on this basis, as cultural or vocational or disciplinary subjects. But we have to do with a deeper distinction than that of subject matter. The purpose of the student himself, and the ability of the teacher to help him to realize that purpose, count for more than the particular subject chosen in determining what sort of lessons he learns from it.

It is this third sort of education, the discipline that gives us power to see straight, that is all-important as a preparation for right living and a basis for democracy. Culture is a valuable thing, and the more we can have of it the better. But the history of the Italian Renaissance shows how men can devote themselves so exclusively to culture that they become bad citizens. Professional efficiency is a valuable thing and it is good to lay the foundations for it as early as we can. But the example of Germany shows us how a nation can develop professional efficiency to the very highest degree and yet miss altogether the habits and powers of mind which are essential to political freedom and right conduct.

Vision and judgment are the things that make a people great and that qualify a man to be a leader among freemen. And while they are not things which can be taught by a college instructor except in a limited degree, they are in a surprisingly large degree things which can be learned by a college student if he will set himself to the work.

MIXING*

The anchorite is, perhaps, not wholly obsolete. It may be that he survives differently. We might doubt whether a Simeon Stylites could long maintain any effect of being aloof in a modern world. Invention has favored curiosity, and withdrawal begins to imply a sturdier resolution and more of ingenuity than it once implied. Moreover, a newer ethics stresses urgently, and sometimes insultingly, the special virtue of mingling.

The phrase "glad-hand artist" may be intended to mark an emphasis of technic on the part of the practitioner, yet it does not specifically accuse the rituals of civility nor put any slur on the general righteousness of mixing. Few excesses can be so irritating as an excess of cordiality, and few expressions are under so imperative a need to conceal their art as that art which undertakes to reconcile human contacts. Envy, too, will play its part. It will be quick to catch the exaggeration; it will be suspicious of motive, and above all alertly critical of ineptness and intrusion. There is always room for the pusher. All decency rises in resentment of the wrong way and the wrong time, and of the bounder insensibility that spoils so many moments. But the basic morality of mixing is maintained with an American insistence. It is made clear beyond debate that mixing pays.

* From "The Latest Things and Other Things," by Alexander Black. Copyright, 1922, by Harper and Brothers. Used by special permission of the author and the publishers.

Systems of etiquette, plausible and portable, are profusely sold in recognition of a need for facility in formulas of introduction and greeting. Memory systems thrive on an eloquently described terror resulting from forgetting names. To be able to say, with a spontaneous readiness, because you have filled your head with an alarm-clock machinery of identification, "Mr. Watson, meet my friend Mr. Pinkley of Peoria," is held up as an ideal indispensable to every young man who wishes to get on. There is so much to be said for the ability to recall that Mr. Watson *is* Mr. Watson, as well as for the supplementary miracle of being sure that your friend from Peoria is Pinkley, that the device assuring so happy a consummation has much to justify its sheer weight. Remembering faces and qualities is no substitute. One can't introduce by a face. The name is necessary, and if it is necessary even a cumbersome implement for seizing it may have more than a debatable utility. Politics and business both imply the name gift. "He met me once in Minneapolis eighteen years ago," we are told of a politician, "and here to-day he was out with, 'How are you, Mr. Marsh?', on the instant." Equally marvelous agilities are related of the geniuses of business. Whether it is by virtue of a gift or a purchase, a name-gathering facility is proved to be profitable. We may stand appalled before the requirements. We may be able to fancy the machinery or the effort, and conclude that if we could remember all the names we couldn't remember anything else, but the immense convenience of the names stands forth as indisputably comfortable.

Aside from any such matters of detail, reasonable mixing can scarcely be questioned as a civilized habit. Many a recluse has extolled the practice. It would be late in the day to urge mingling as a means of understanding, a means not to be matched for its peculiar enlightenments by any substitute process. But when this that is obvious is accompanied by the implication that personal mingling is the only means of understanding, when we see an ideal of individual development predicated wholly on such mixing, when we encounter a glad-hand culture complacent in its surface wisdom and its cheerful willingness not to know anything but vocalized life, this term mixer may well give us a turn.

We may be reminded, for example, that it is possible to meet more minds than can come with a touch of the hand, and that physical association, in the present ordering of life, is but a minority influence in the possible development of character. Those who "mix" most widely and effectively are those who also read.

Naturally the "practical" specialist in mixing forgets books. On sudden challenge he would indicate the reader as representing quite the opposite sort of thing. "His head in a book"—thus the father or mother who wants the boy to get out and meet people. That the book could represent a veritable meeting would be in many circumstances a notion of astounding novelty. As in meetings with people, meetings in books have their grades of significance, but the influential reality of the contact is a truth that needs, perhaps, only some convincing emphasis to lift a little of the opprobrium

from reading. The parent wise enough to wish that a youngster might meet decent persons would be likely to wish for an equivalent good fortune in books, but the same wisdom, pardoning something to the spirit of youth in the choice of companions, should not ask youth to meet in books personalities and ideas too formidable for its years. In any case, what children should read, quite beyond the matter of approval (biography is rich in evidences of the futilities of disapproval), is a question that confesses the hazards of influence, and since influence is admitted, it is amazing that the parallel should so seldom be recognized, and book-mixing receive consideration for the practical bearings of its influence.

We are accustomed to suggest that many a book, resting between elbows on an attic floor, has shaped a life, or even a nation. We are able without contradiction to show how books have established religions and precipitated revolutions. That Bolshevism began in a book is the sort of fact that is capable, in certain quarters, of increasing skepticism as to the vaunted benefits of reading. Yet with whatever reactions, books do come in for recognition after the event. Even an utterly practical mind will, for example, acknowledge that the boy Lincoln's mixing with books had very important results. So long as we speak in terms of history, or of biographic revelation, book power will not be denied; in fact, sentimentalism likes to dwell upon the idea, though it prefers, for strictly dramatic reasons, that the book shall be the *Lives of the Saints* or at least *Pilgrim's Progress,* unless the subject person

has at last been elected sheriff or has arrived securely in the steel business, in which event one of those rhapsodies about Napoleon fits rather well.

A present boy is another affair. A present boy is not to be depended upon for an enthusiasm about Christian martyrs or any of those themes so impressively mentioned in biography as having instigated the careers of the successful. In all probability he shows a disposition in favor of Nick Carter. He is bitterly accused of having no taste for books that would improve him, and of preferring the movies to any books whatever. And when he becomes a man it is expected he will declare on his own account that he has no time to read.

Having no time to read is seldom stated as a dilemma. It is supposed to express a business in more practical fields. A corking story about "success" is all very well. Something with zip in it. But a whole evening for some dry thing—who has time for that with so much "mixing" to do? These bookish people unfit themselves for the rough and tumble of business.

That book reading should be left so largely to women is mentioned as indicating not that women have more intelligence, but that they have more time. If a better culture is deduced from a better reading, most men are adept at relinquishing the honors on the ready theory that they have no time for culture; moreover, culture is ever under the suspicion of being a lady-like sort of thing that doesn't get you anywhere.

The theory of not having time has one important bearing—it relieves men of the obligation to read the

talked-about book and avoids the stigma that rests so heavily upon those who have the time and fail. Many people live in a vast fear of being caught in a haven't-read-it minority, and of the parallel misery of reading something that no one ever speaks of. In defensive reading only the noisy is necessary. Defensive travel carries the same compulsion. You see only the things upon which you will be cross-examined by those who have also traveled defensively. Thus one sort of mixing forbids reading and another sort enforces it; both see obligation and neither sees privilege. Book reading as a privilege, as an enlarger of life, as a mental mixing that has vital and extraordinary possibilities, is left to the discovery and enjoyment of minds with an unbruised initiative. The young are likely to own this initiative. As a birthright it is always in peril, not only from false teaching or false example, but from contemptuous pressure. In the matter of book reading, most men seem to live on the interest of an early investment. No rhapsodic mood should lead the champion of literature to overlook the strain upon the world's workers or dismiss too quickly the question of an easy choice in the brief period of possible recreation permitted by the average American's business habits. Yet it is the driven worker in particular who has most to get from the right book. American business may be a fast game, but it is no more exhausting than the labor of those who in a day of vastly longer labor nourished their minds by the light of a candle. Books that have shaped lives still live, and are still being written by and about the great of the earth.

If one were writing an "inspirational" message it might be pardonable to say to young or old: "When you mix, mix with all sorts and conditions, for the good of your soul. But don't omit the big ones. The world's greatest are worth meeting. Your chances of meeting them in the flesh may not be good. And if you do meet them you may get only a fragment of their attention, a mere hint of what lies in them. Yet the great men you are free to meet in books give you their best. You may choose your time. You may meet them without embarrassment. You may listen without hurry. You may leave them and come back. You will know that you have had access to the greatest forces of all time and that you are the better fitted to measure other forces, to understand to-day by a better knowledge of yesterday, to profit by the ordinary contacts of your own life, to be yourself more of a force in the world, to enjoy more your most persistent companion—yourself. And you will be able to call yourself a real mixer."

PLAY AND WORK IN THE SOUTH SEAS*

One day I was frolicking with a little spirited urchin, some six years old, who chased me with a piece of bamboo about three feet long, with which he occasionally belaboured me. Seizing the stick from him, the idea happened to suggest itself, that I might make for the youngster, out of the slender tube, one

*From TYPEE, Life in the South Seas, by Herman Melville.

of those nursery muskets with which I had sometimes seen children playing. Accordingly, with my knife I made two parallel slits in the cane several inches in length, and cutting loose at one end the elastic strip between them, bent it back and slipped the point into a little notch made for the purpose. Any small substance placed against this would be projected with considerable force through the tube, by merely springing the bent strip out of the notch.

Had I possessed the remotest idea of the sensation this piece of ordnance was destined to produce, I should certainly have taken out a patent for the invention. The boy scampered away with it, half delirious with ecstasy, and in twenty minutes afterwards I might have been seen surrounded by a noisy crowd—venerable old grey-beards—responsible fathers of families—valiant warriors—matrons—young men—girls and children, all holding in their hand bits of bamboo, and each clamouring to be served first.

For three or four hours I was engaged in manufacturing pop-guns, but at last made over my good-will and interest in the concern to a lad of remarkably quick parts, whom I soon initiated into the art and mystery.

Pop, Pop, Pop, Pop, now resounded all over the valley. Duels, skirmishes, pitched battles, and general engagements were to be seen on every side. Here, as you walk along a path which led through a thicket, you fell into a cunningly laid ambush, and became a target for a body of musketeers whose tattooed limbs you could just see peeping into view through the

foliage. There, you were assailed by the intrepid garrison of a house, who levelled their bamboo rifles at you from between the upright canes which composed its sides. Farther on, you were fired upon by a detachment of sharpshooters. mounted upon the top of a pi-pi.

Pop, Pop, Pop, Pop! green guavas, seeds, and berries were flying about in every direction, and during this dangerous state of affairs I was half afraid that, like the man and his brazen bull, I should fall a victim to my own ingenuity. Like everything else, however, the excitement gradually wore away, though ever after occasional pop-guns might be heard at all hours of the day.

It was towards the close of the pop-gun war that I was infinitely diverted with a strange freak of Marheyo's.

I had worn, when I quitted the ship, a pair of thick pumps, which, from the rough usage they had received in scaling precipices and sliding down gorges, were so dilapidated as to be altogether unfit for use—so, at least, would have thought the generality of people, and so they most certainly were, when considered in the light of shoes. But things unserviceable in one way may with advantage be applied in another, that is, if one have genius enough for the purpose. This genius Marheyo possessed in a superlative degree, as he abundantly evinced by the use to which he put these sorely bruised and battered old shoes.

Every article, however trivial, which belonged to me, the natives appeared to regard as sacred; and I

observed that for several days after becoming an inmate of the house, my pumps were suffered to remain, untouched, where I had first happened to throw them. I remembered, however, that after a while I had missed them from their accustomed place; but the matter gave me no concern, supposing that Tinor—like any other tidy housewife, having come across them in some of her domestic occupations—had pitched the useless things out of the house. But I was soon undeceived.

One day I observed old Marheyo bustling about me with unusual activity, and to such a degree as almost to supersede Kory-Kory in the functions of his office. One moment he volunteered to trot off with me on his back to the stream; and when I refused, noways daunted by the repulse he continued to frisk about me like a superannuated house-dog. I could not for the life of me conjecture what possessed the old gentleman, until all at once, availing himself of the temporary absence of the household, he went through a variety of uncouth gestures, pointing eagerly down to my feet, and then up to a little bundle which swung from the ridge-pole overhead. At last I caught a faint idea of his meaning, and motioned him to lower the package. He executed the order in the twinkling of an eye, and unrolling a piece of tappa displayed to my astonished gaze the identical pumps which I thought had been destroyed long before and did not expect to see again.

I immediately comprehended his desires, and very generously gave him the shoes, which had become

quite mouldy, wondering for what earthly purpose he could want them.

The same afternoon I descried the venerable warrior approaching the house, with a slow stately gait, earrings in ears, and spear in hand, with this highly ornamental pair of shoes suspended from his neck by a strip of bark, and swinging backwards and forwards on his capacious chest. In the gala costume of the tasteful Marheyo, these calf-skin pendants ever after formed the most striking feature.

But to turn to something a little more important. Although the whole existence of the inhabitants of the valley seemed to pass away exempt from toil, yet there were some light employments which, although amusing rather than laborious as occupations, contributed to their comfort and luxury. Among these, the most important was the manufacture of the native cloth—"tappa,"—so well known, under various modifications, throughout the whole Polynesian Archipelago. As is generally understood, this useful and sometimes elegant article is fabricated from the bark of different trees. But, as I believe that no description of its manufacture has ever been given, I shall state what I know regarding it.

In the manufacture of the beautiful white tappa generally worn on the Marquesas Islands, the preliminary operation consists in gathering a certain quantity of the young branches of the cloth-tree. The exterior green bark being pulled off as worthless, there remains a slender fibrous substance, which is carefully stripped from the stick, to which it closely adheres. When a

sufficient quantity of it has been collected, the various strips are enveloped in a covering of large leaves, which the natives use precisely as we do wrapping-paper, and which are secured by a few turns of a line passed round them. The package is then laid in the bed of some running stream, with a heavy stone placed over it, to prevent its being swept away. After it has remained for two or three days in this state, it is drawn out, and exposed, for a short time, to the action of the air, every distinct piece being attentively inspected, with a view of ascertaining whether it has yet been sufficiently affected by the operation. This is repeated again and again, until the desired result is obtained.

When the substance is in a proper state for the next process, it betrays evidences of incipient decomposition; the fibres are relaxed and softened, and rendered perfectly malleable. The different strips are now extended, one by one, in successive layers, upon some smooth surface,—generally the prostrate trunk of a cocoa-nut tree,—and the heap thus formed is subjected, at every new increase, to a moderate beating, with a sort of wooden mallet, leisurely applied. The mallet is made of a hard heavy wood resembling ebony, is about twelve inches in length, and perhaps two in breadth, with a rounded handle at one end, and in shape is the exact counterpart of one of our four-sided razor-strops. The flat surfaces of the implement are marked with shallow parallel indentations, varying in depth on the different sides, so as to be adapted to the several stages of the operation. These marks produce the corduroy sort of stripes discernible in the

tappa in its finished state. After being beaten in the manner I have described, the material soon becomes blended in one mass, which, moistened occasionally with water, is at intervals hammered out, by a kind of gold-beating process, to any degree of thinness required. In this way the cloth is easily made to vary in strength and thickness, so as to suit the numerous purposes to which it is applied.

When the operation last described has been concluded, the new-made tappa is spread out on the grass to bleach and dry, and soon becomes a dazzling whiteness. Sometimes, in the first stages of the manufacture, the substance is impregnated with a vegetable juice, which gives it a permanent color. A rich brown and a bright yellow are occasionally seen, but the simple taste of the Typee people inclines them to prefer the natural tint.

The art of printing the tappa is unknown upon the Marquesas Islands.

In passing along the valley, I was often attracted by the noise of the mallet, which, when employed in the manufacture of the cloth, produces at every stroke of its hard, heavy wood, a clear ringing, and musical sound, capable of being heard at a great distance. When several of these implements happen to be in operation at the same time, and near one another, the effect upon the ear of a person, at a little distance, is really charming.

THE MEANING OF AMERICA

My Creed

I believe in America because of her Ideals, worked out in institutions that are just.

> She gives to everyone the right to rise;
> To take a part in making equal laws;
> To hold his neighbor equal to himself;
> To speak the truth and to resent a lie;
> To serve no man as master, but by toil to earn
> The right to call himself a man.

I believe in the world missions of American Ideals. By them, expressed in terms of nations:

> Right can be made to vanquish Force and Fraud;
> Justice to reign, sustained by potent law;
> The weaker states to live as live the strong.

I believe in America because she thinks in terms of justice, not of gain, and holds her noble heritage the RIGHT of all.

THE LAND OF FAERY*

MADISON CAWEIN

When dusk falls cool as a rained-on rose,
And a tawny tower the twilight shows,
With the crescent moon, the silver moon, the curved
new moon in a space that glows,
A turret window that grows a-light;
There is a path that my Fancy knows,
A glimmering, shimmering path of night,
That far as the Land of Faery goes.

And I follow the path, as Fancy leads,
Over the mountains, into the meads,
Where the firefly cities, the glowworm cities, the
fairy cities are strung like beads,
Each city a twinkling star:
And I live a life of valorous deeds,
And march with the Faery King to war,
And ride with his knights on milk-white steeds.

Or it's there in the whirl of their life I sit,
Or dance in their houses with starlight lit,
Their blossom houses, their flower houses, their elfin
houses, of fern-leaves knit,
With fronded spires and domes:
And there it is that my lost dreams flit,
And the ghost of my childhood, smiling, roams
With the faery children so dear to it.

* From "The Giant and the Star." Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Copyright, 1909, by Madison Cawein and used by special permission of the author.

And it's there I hear that they all come true,
The faery-stories, whatever they do—
Elf and goblin, dear elf and goblin, loved elf and
goblin and all the crew
Of witch and wizard and gnome and fay,
And prince and princess, that wander through
The storybooks we have put away,
The faerytales that we loved and knew.

The face of Adventure lures you there,
And the eyes of Danger bid you dare,
While ever the bugles, the silver bugles, the far-off
bugles of Elfland blare,
The fairy trumpets to battle blow;
And you feel their thrill in your heart and hair,
And you fain would follow and mount and go
And march with the Faeries anywhere.

And she—she rides at your side again,
Your little sweetheart whose age is ten:
She is the princess, the fairy princess, the princess
fair that you worshipped when
You were a prince in a faerytale;
And you do great deeds as you did them then,
With your magic spear, and enchanted mail,
Braving the dragon in his den.

And you ask again,—"Oh, where shall we ride,
Now that the monster is slain, my bride?"
"Back to the cities, the firefly cities, the glowworm
cities where we can hide,
The beautiful cities of Faeryland.
And the light of my eyes shall be your guide,
The light of my eyes and my snow-white hand—
And there forever we two will abide."

A LONG, LONG WAY*

MADISON CAWEIN

It's a long, long way to the country, where
I wade and splash in the creek;
And a long, long way to the Ferncreek Fair,
The Fair where I was last week:
It's a long, long way to the end of the world,
Where the sun blows out his beams;
But the way is short, in your warm bed curled,
To the old, old Land of Dreams.

It's a long, long way to go up stairs
When you're down in the yard below;
And a long, long way where no boy cares
To ever want to go:
It's a long, long way to the world's far end,
Where the stars sit down with God;
But the way is short, so I comprehend,
To the wonderful Land of Nod.

It's a long, long way when you have to be dressed,
When you'd very much rather play;
And a long, long way, let it be confessed,
To leave where you'd rather stay:
It's a long, long way to the end of the Earth,
Where the night rolls dark and deep;
But the way is short, in your cozy berth,
To the far, far Land of Sleep.

*From "The Giant and the Star." Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. Copyright, 1909, by Madison Cawein, and used by special permission of the author.

It's a short, short way when you go to school,
  But a long, long way back home;
And my teacher says you can find a fool
  No matter where you roam:
It's a long, long way, so my father says,
  Till *some* folks see a jest;
But the longest way of all the ways
  Is the way to the Land of Rest.

THE NORTH THAT NEVER WAS*

Why should any one want to explore the Arctic further? The land up there is all covered with eternal ice; there is everlasting winter with intense cold; and the corollary of the everlastingness of the winter is the absence of summer and the lack of vegetation. The country, whether land or sea, is a lifeless waste of eternal silence. The stars look down with a cruel glitter, and the depressing effect of the winter darkness upon the spirit of man is heavy beyond words. On the fringes of this desolation live the Eskimos, the filthiest and most benighted people on earth, pushed there by more powerful nations farther south, and eking out a miserable existence amidst hardship.

This, with individual modifications, is the current picture of the Arctic, and this is substantially what we

* From "The Friendly Arctic," by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Copyright, 1921, by The Macmillan Co., and used by permission.

have to unlearn before we can read in a true light any story of Arctic exploration. . . .

Closely allied to the idea that all land in the north is covered with eternal ice and snow is the one that the climate is an everlasting winter of intense cold. Whether this is true is largely a matter of definition. A person brought up in Manitoba or Montana would be inclined to think that there is no winter in the south of England, while a native of Sicily or India might consider the climate of England all winter. We might begin by defining summer, and defining it as that season when ponds are unfrozen and the small rivers flow ice-free to the sea. This season may be five months long, as it is in the arctic circle north of Great Bear Lake in Canada; four months, as in Victoria Island; three months, as in Melville Island; or even shorter, as in the islands discovered by us to the north. But there is always a summer, the presence of birds, with the hum of bees and the buzz of insects more unpleasant and with green grass and flowers.

The question of whether the arctic winter is intensely cold is also a matter of definition. Temperature is a field where everything is comparative, even though you concede to the thermometric scale an absolute value. The Canadian government has for more than twenty years maintained a weather observatory at Herschel Island on the north coast of Canada, about two hundred miles beyond the arctic circle, and during that time the lowest temperature recorded has been 54 degrees below zero Fahrenheit. This may seem cold, and indeed is cold in comparison with Zululand or

England. But it is not cold when compared with certain permanently inhabited countries. Traveling south from Herschel Island less than two hundred miles you come to Fort Macpherson, for a long time the most northerly trading post of the Hudson's Bay Company, and here the temperature some winters drops as low as 68 degrees below zero. This is because, although going south, you are getting away from the moderating effect of the huge amount of unfrozen and comparatively warm water that underlies the ice of the polar sea and that forms a great radiator which prevents the temperature from dropping exceedingly low. Traveling again south from Fort Macpherson several hundred miles you come to the city of Dawson, the capital of the Yukon territory. This is a great mining center, although it no longer has a population of forty thousand people as in the days of its highest prosperity. Dawson is an ordinary town with buildings steam-heated and electrically lighted, and with all the ordinary activities of a place of four or five thousand population. There are shops where people buy and sell as they do in other climes, there are churches with people going to church, and there are little children toddling to school, all without any greater apparent discomfort, though the temperature sometimes drops to 65 degrees below zero, than you find in France or in North Carolina where the temperature goes a little below freezing. More hardship is felt, more complaint expressed, and there is more interference with the ordinary routine of life when snow falls in Paris than when Dawson is at its coldest.

A corollary to everlasting cold in the north is absence of summer heat. It is not easy to say which one of the common notions about the North is the least true, but it is hard to see how any idea can be more wrong than this one.

I spent the summer of 1910 from fifty to seventy-five miles north of the arctic circle in Canada, northeast of Great Bear Lake, and for six weeks the temperature rose to the vicinity of 90 degrees in the shade nearly every day. Neither did it fall low at night, for in that region the sun does not set and there is no respite through the cooling darkness. The sun beat down on us from a cloudless sky as it continued its monotonous circling, and all of my party agreed we had never in our experience suffered as much from cold as we suffered from heat that summer. The distress was augmented by the unbelievable numbers of pests of the insect world—mosquitoes, sandflies, horseflies, and so on. No one who has not been in the Arctic, or near it, has any idea what mosquitoes may be like. I have found it wise not to even try to explain, for although people are willing to believe any horror of the North if it centers around cold and ice, they lose faith in your responsibility if you try to tell them the truth about the northern mosquito.

Every summer the United States Weather Bureau reports temperature above 90 degrees in the shade at Fort Yukon, in Alaska, four miles north of the arctic circle. The maximum recorded there so far is 100 degrees in the shade.

SORROW THE ANGEL OF GOD*

It was a glorious night. The moon had sunk, and left the quiet earth alone with the stars. It seemed as if, in the silence and the hush, while we her children slept, they were talking with her, their sister—conversing of mighty mysteries in voices too vast and deep for childish human ears to catch the sound.

They awe us, these strange stars, so cold, so clear. We are as children whose small feet have strayed into some dim-lighted temple of the god they have been taught to worship but know not; and, standing where the echoing dome spans the long vista of the shadowy light, glance up, half hoping, half afraid to see some awful vision hovering there. And yet it seems so full of comfort and of strength, the night. In its great presence, our small sorrows creep away ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of evil and of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered head, and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and, though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone.

Sometimes our pain is very deep and real, and we stand before her very silent, because there is no language for our pain, only a moan. Night's heart is full

* From "Three Men in a Boat," by Jerome K. Jerome.

of pity for us; she cannot ease our aching; she takes our hand in hers, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and borne on her dark wings, we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence, all human life lies like a book before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the angels of God.

Only those who have worn the crown of suffering can look upon that wondrous light; and they, when they return, may not speak of it, or tell the mystery they know.

Once upon a time, through a strange country there rode some goodly knights, and their path lay by a deep wood, where tangled briers grew very thick and strong, and tore the flesh of them that lost their way therein. And the leaves of the trees that grew in the wood were very dark and thick, so that no ray of light came through the branches to lighten the gloom and sadness.

And, as they passed by that dark wood, one knight of those that rode, missing his comrades, wandered far away, and returned to them no more; and they, sorely grieving, rode on without him, mourning him as one dead.

Now, when they reached the fair castle toward which they had been journeying, they stayed there many days, and made merry; and one night, as they sat in cheerful ease around the logs that burned in the great hall, and drank a loving measure, there came the comrade they had lost, and greeted them. His clothes were ragged, like a beggar's, and many sad wounds

were on his sweet flesh, but upon his face there shone a great radiance of deep joy.

And they questioned him, asking him what had befallen him; and he told them how in the dark wood he had lost his way, and had wandered many days and nights, till, torn and bleeding, he had lain him down to die.

Then, when he was nigh unto death, lo! through the savage gloom there came to him a stately maiden, and took him by the hand and led him on through devious paths, unknown to any man, until upon the darkness of the wood there dawned a light such as the light of day was unto but as a little lamp unto the sun; and, in that wondrous light, our wayworn knight saw, as in a dream, a vision, and so glorious, so fair the vision seemed, that of his bleeding wounds he thought no more, but stood as one entranced, whose joy is deep as is the sea, whereof no man can tell the depth.

And the vision faded, and the knight, kneeling upon the ground, thanked the good saint who into that sad wood had strayed his steps, so he had seen the vision that lay there hid.

And the name of the dark forest was Sorrow; but of the vision that the good knight saw therein we may not speak nor tell.

DANIEL WEBSTER*

William Lyon Phelps

Daniel Webster belongs not merely to American history and to American literature; he is a world figure. He was a first-grade statesman, and he is one of the foremost orators of all time, in the class with Demosthenes, Cicero and Burke. His speeches show such a mastery of style as to give him a permanent place in literature.

Webster was born in New Hampshire in 1782. He had poor health in childhood, and forced physical inactivity gave him leisure for reading and private study. This love of books was one of the passions of his life, and during his school days at Exeter and his undergraduate career at Dartmouth, he read constantly, making a specialty of history—the best early training for political service. He attained no high rank in the prescribed curriculum, but was prominent among his college mates as a speaker and debater. When he was eighteen years old he delivered a Fourth of July oration at Hanover. He learned self-reliance by supporting himself through Dartmouth, teaching, writing and editing a newspaper. He was graduated in 1801, and in 1901, a week-long centenary celebration took place, an account of which the Dartmouth authorities incorporated in a volume that is invaluable to anyone interested in her greatest son.

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It is my belief that Webster's entire political career was consistent from first to last. I do not share the common opinion that in the speech of the seventh of March, 1850, he turned aside from his previous course. He was always for the Constitution and the Union, and that much-abused speech was not only absolutely in harmony with his previous utterances, it was the wisest, finest, most patriotic, and most unselfish act of his life. Remember the two words, *Constitution* and *Union*, and you have the key to his conduct from boyhood till death.

About the time when he became of age, he delivered an oration in which he insisted on strictly adhering to the Constitution, no matter what section of the country felt injured. This stand was prophetic.

He studied law in Boston and was admitted to the bar in 1805. During the next eight years he made many political speeches, in which he condemned the course taken by the National Government. It was fiercely unpopular in New England; but, said he, "it is now the law of the land, and we certainly are bound to regard it." Those were the days when many in New England talked hotly of secession. Webster sympathized with their grievances, but was totally opposed to the idea of disunion.

An Orator Who Looked the Part

He entered Congress from Massachusetts in 1813, at the age of thirty-one. Almost immediately he became one of the most powerful members of the House, being as conspicuous for brains as he was in appear-

ance. No one failed to feel the impact of a new intellectual force. His statesmanship was shown by his mastery of that most difficult of all problems, public finance. This complicated question cannot be settled by rhetoric, oratory or sentiment, but only by profound intelligence and prolonged study. He was always for sound money, and his services can hardly be overestimated.

It is the fashion just now to speak of Gladstone with contempt, as though he were nothing but a voice; it should be remembered that he, like Webster, was a leading authority on public finance. Such leadership comes only from cerebration.

Meanwhile Webster had risen to so high an eminence at the bar that he was universally regarded as one of the foremost lawyers in the United States. His position was still further strengthened by his notable argument in 1819 on the Dartmouth College Case, where he displayed complete familiarity with the facts and with legal technicalities, proved splendidly his loyalty to his alma mater and, by winning a decision, won for American colleges what now amounts to over a billion dollars. (The full Report of the Case of Dartmouth College was published at Portsmouth in 1819, and fills a volume of over four hundred pages.)

Webster was continually in public life from 1813 to his death in 1852. In 1827 he entered the Senate, in 1841 became Secretary of State, in 1845 was again in the Senate, and in 1850 once more Secretary of State. A notable record.

The famous triumvirate of Clay, Webster and Cal-

houn is unique in history, and it is interesting to remember how closely contemporary were their lives:

Henry Clay .....born 1777, died 1852
Daniel Webster .....born 1782, died 1852
John C. Calhoun .....born 1782, died 1850

Clay had extraordinary charm of manner and enjoyed the largest personal following that any candidate for office has held, except James G. Blaine, Theodore Roosevelt and William J. Bryan. But his presence was necessary to his speeches; it was he and not they that triumphed; they cannot stand alone. Calhoun was a remorseless logician, whose speeches are chains of argument, one paragraph leading to another. His integrity and his intellect lent them force; but their rigidity and austerity made them hard reading. Webster alone of the three combined logic with grace, weight with suppleness. His speeches belong to literature because they are still not only readable, but thrilling.

Most orators are like actors. When the generation that heard them has vanished, they vanish with it. But Webster's last words were prophetic—"I still live."

Never was there a man who better looked the part. He was as impressive as a mountain. The Olympian dignity of his features, his superb carriage, his magnificent voice have become a tradition. Dressed in the picturesque fashion of those days, the blue and buff garments surmounted by the tall beaver hat, he was more like a public institution than a man. For once, Nature did everything to make the individual complete, giving the massive mind a fitting sublimity

of corporeal expression. One has to go to Shakespeare for an adequate description:

"What a piece of work. . . . ! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

In his speech at the Dartmouth Centenary, the Hon. Samuel W. McCall said:

"There can be no doubt about the majesty of his personal presence. Business would be temporarily suspended when he walked down State Street, while people rushed to the doors and windows to see him pass. To the popular imagination he seemed to take up half the street. He stood nearly six feet, and seemed taller, and he had an enormous measurement around the chest. His head was one of the largest and noblest ever borne upon human shoulders. He had a dark complexion, a gunpowder complexion it was called, a broad and lofty brow and large black eyes, usually full of repose, but in moments of excitement blazing with terrible intensity. One of his severest critics, Theodore Parker, declared his belief that since Charlemagne there had not been such a grand figure in Christendom. . . . He possessed as noble a voice as ever broke upon the human ear—a voice of great compass, usually high and clear, but capable of sinking into deep tones that thrilled the listener. He made himself heard by nearly fifty thousand people at Bunker Hill."

Thomas Carlyle, who met him at breakfast in London, said:

"I will warrant him one of the stiffest logic buffers and parliamentary athletes anywhere to be met with in our world at present, a grim, tall, broad-shouldered, yellow-skinned man, with brows like precipitous cliffs, and huge, black, dull, wearied yet unweariable-looking eyes under them; amorphous projecting nose, and the angriest shut mouth I have anywhere seen. A droop on the sides of the upper lip is quite mastiff-like—magnificent to look upon; it is so quiet withal. I guess I should like ill to be that man's nigger. However, he is a right clever man in his way, and has a husky sort of fun in him too; drawls in a handfast didactic manner about 'our republic institutions,' and so on, and so plays his part."

Carlyle also said: "His eyes are like dull anthracite furnaces—waiting only to be *blown*."

Webster was a constructive statesman, who changed the course of history by talking. Even before the year 1830 he saw the cloud of civil war, then no bigger than a man's hand. I think he realized that nothing could prevent that cloud from becoming a destructive tempest, and hence he devoted his life to insuring the safety of the Ship of State when the tempest should break. A statesman is like a physician; the country is his patient; it is his duty to keep his patient alive as long as possible. His speeches built up an idea of Union so strong that it finally withstood the utmost fury of attack.

HOW THE BRUSHWOOD MEN CAME TO THE CHATEAU OF VILLEFRANCHE*

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE

It was late ere Alleyne Edricson, having carried Sir Nigel the goblet of spiced wine which it was the knight's custom to drink after the curling of his hair, was able at last to seek his chamber. It was a stone-flagged room upon the second floor, with a bed in a recess for him, and two smaller pallets on the other side, on which Aylward and Hordle John were already snoring. Alleyne had knelt down to his evening orisons, when there came a tap at his door, and Ford entered with a small lamp in his hand. His face was deathly pale, and his hand shook until the shadows flickered up and down the wall.

"What is it, Ford?" cried Alleyne, springing to his feet.

"I can scarce tell you," said he, sitting down on the side of the couch, and resting his chin upon his hand. "I know not what to say or what to think."

"Has aught befallen you, then?"

"Yes, or I have been a slave to my own fancy. I tell you, lad, that I am all undone, like a fretted bow-string. Hark hither, Alleyne! it can not be that you have forgotten little Tita, the daughter of the old glass-stainer at Bordeaux?"

"I remember her well."

* From "The White Company," by Sir Conan Doyle. Courtesy of George Munro's Sons.

"She and I, Alleyne, broke the lucky groat together ere we parted, and she wears my ring upon her finger. 'Caro mio,' quoth she, when last we parted, 'I shall be near thee in the wars, and thy danger will be my danger.' Alleyne, as God is my help, as I came up the stairs this night I saw her stand before me, her face in tears, her hands out as though in warning—I saw it, Alleyne, even as I see those two archers upon their couches. Our very finger-tips seemed to meet, ere she thinned away like a mist in the sunshine."

"I would not give overmuch thought to it," answered Alleyne. "Our minds will play us strange pranks, and bethink you that these words of the Lady Tiphaine du Guesclin have wrought upon us and shaken us."

Ford shook his head.

"I saw little Tita as clearly as though I were back at the Rue des Apôtres at Bordeaux," said he. "But the hour is late, and I must go."

"Where do you sleep, then?"

"In the chamber above you. May the saints be with us all!"

He rose from the couch and left the chamber, while Alleyne could hear his feet sounding upon the winding stair. The young squire walked across to the window and gazed out at the moonlit landscape, his mind absorbed by the thought of the Lady Tiphaine, and of the strange words that she had spoken as to what was going forward at Castle Twynham. Leaning his elbows upon the stone-work, he was deeply plunged in reverie, when in a moment his thoughts were brought back to Villefranche and to the scene before him.

The window at which he stood was in the second floor of that portion of the castle which was nearest to the keep. In front lay the broad moat, with the moon lying upon its surface, now clear and round, now drawn lengthwise as the breeze stirred the waters. Beyond, the plain sloped down to a thick wood, while further to the left a second wood shut out the view. Between the two an open glade stretched, silvered in the moonshine, with the river curving across the lower end of it.

As he gazed, he saw of a sudden a man steal forth from the wood into the open clearing. He walked with his head sunk, his shoulders curved, and his knees bent, as one who strives hard to remain unseen. Ten paces from the fringe of trees he glanced around, and waving his hand, he crouched down, and was lost to sight among a belt of furze-bushes. After him there came a second man, and after him a third, a fourth, and a fifth, stealing across the narrow open space and darting into the shelter of the brushwood. Nine-and-seventy Alleyne counted of these dark figures flitting across the line of the moonlight. Many bore huge burdens upon their backs, though what it was that they carried he could not tell at the distance. Out of the one wood and into the other they passed, all with the same crouching, furtive gait, until the black bristle of trees had swallowed up the last of them.

For a moment Alleyne stood in the window, still staring down at the silent forest, uncertain as to what he should think of these midnight walkers. Then he bethought him that there was one beside him who

was fitter to judge on such a matter. His fingers had scarce rested upon Aylward's shoulder ere the bowman was on his feet, with his hand outstretched to his sword.

"Qui va?" he cried. "Holà! mon petit. By my hilt! I thought there had been a camisade."

"Come hither by the window, Aylward," said Alleyne.

"I have seen fourscore men pass from yonder shaw across the glade, and nigh every man of them had a great burden on his back. What think you of it?"

"I think nothing of it, mon camarade! There are as many masterless folk in this country as there are rabbits on Cowdray Down, and there are many who show their faces by night but would dance in a hempen collar if they stirred forth in the day. On all the French marches are droves of outcasts, reivers, spoilers, and draw-latches, of whom I judge that these are some, though I marvel that they should dare to come so nigh to the castle of the seneschal. All seems very quiet now," he added, peering out of the window.

"They are in the further wood," said Alleyne.

"And there they may bide. Back to rest, mon petit; for, by my hilt! each day now will bring its own work. Yet it would be well to shoot the bolt in yonder door, when one is in strange quarters. So!" He threw himself down upon his pallet, and in an instant was fast asleep.

It might have been about three o'clock in the morning when Alleyne was aroused from a troubled sleep by a low cry or exclamation. He listened, but, as he

heard no more, he set it down as the challenge of the guard upon the walls, and dropped off to sleep once more. A few minutes later he was disturbed by a gentle creaking of his own door, as though some one were pushing cautiously against it, and immediately afterward he heard the soft thud of cautious footsteps upon the stair which led to the room above, followed by a confused noise and a muffled groan. Alleyne sat up on his couch with all his nerves in a tingle, uncertain whether these sounds might come from a simple cause—some sick archer and visiting leech, perhaps—or whether they might have a more sinister meaning. But what danger could threaten them here in this strong castle, under the care of famous warriors, with high walls and a broad moat around them? Who was there that could injure them? He had well-nigh persuaded himself that his fears were a foolish fancy, when his eyes fell upon that which sent the blood cold to his heart and left him gasping, with hands clutching at the counterpane.

Right in front of him was the broad window of the chamber, with the moon shining brightly through it. For an instant something had obscured the light, and now a head was bobbing up and down outside, the face looking in at him, and swinging slowly from one side of the window to the other. Even in that dim light there could be no mistaking those features. Drawn, distorted and blood-stained, they were still those of the young fellow-squire who had sat so recently upon his own couch. With a cry of horror Alleyne sprung from his bed and rushed to the case-

ment, while the two archers, aroused by the sound, seized their weapons and stared about them in bewilderment. One glance was enough to show Edricson that his fears were but too true. Foully murdered, with a score of wounds upon him and a rope round his neck, his poor friend had been cast from the upper window and swung slowly in the night wind, his body rasping against the wall and his disfigured face upon a level with the casement.

"My God!" cried Alleyne, shaking in every limb. "What has come upon us? What devil's deed is this?"

"Here is flint and steel," said John, stolidly. "The lamp, Aylward! This moonshine softens a man's heart. Now we may use the eyes which God hath given us."

"By my hilt!" cried Aylward, as the yellow flame flickered up, "it is indeed young Master Ford, and I think that this seneschal is a black villain, who dare not face us in the day, but would murder us in our sleep. By the twang of string! if I do not soak a goose's feather with his heart's blood, it will be no fault of Samkin Aylward, of the White Company."

"But, Aylward, think of the men whom I saw yesternight," said Alleyne. "It may not be the seneschal. It may be that others have come into the castle. I must to Sir Nigel ere it be too late. Let me go, Aylward, for my place is by his side."

"One moment, mon gar. Put that steel head-piece on the end of my yew-stave. So! I will put it first through the door; for it is ill to come out when you can neither see nor guard yourself. Now, camarades,

out swords and stand ready! Holà, by my hilt! it is time that we were stirring!"

As he spoke, a sudden shouting broke forth in the castle, with the scream of a woman and the rush of many feet. Then came the sharp clink of clashing steel, and a roar like that of an angry lion—"Notre Dame du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!" The bowman pulled back the bolt of the door, and thrust out the head-piece at the end of the bow. A clash, the clatter of the steel-cap upon the ground, and, ere the man who struck could heave up for another blow, the archer had passed his sword through his body. "On, camarades, on!" he cried; and, breaking fiercely past two men who threw themselves in his way, he sped down the broad corridor in the direction of the shouting.

A sharp turning, and then a second one, brought them to the head of a short stair, from which they looked straight down upon the scene of the uproar. A square oak-floored hall lay beneath them, from which opened the doors of the principal guest-chambers. This hall was as light as day, for torches burned in numerous sconces upon the walls, throwing strange shadows from the tusked or antlered heads which ornamented them. At the very foot of the stair, close to the open door of their chamber, lay the seneschal and his wife; she with her head shorn from her shoulders, he thrust through with a sharpened stake, which still protruded from either side of his body. Three servants of the castle lay dead beside him, all torn and draggled, as though a pack of wolves had been

upon them. In front of the central guest-chamber stood Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel, half clad and unarmored, with the mad joy of battle gleaming in their eyes. Their heads were thrown back, their lips compressed, their blood-stained swords poised over their right shoulders, and their feet thrown out. Three dead men lay huddled together in front of them; while a fourth, with the blood squirting from a severed vessel, lay back with updrawn knees, breathing in wheezy gasps. Further back—all panting together, like the wind in a tree—there stood a group of fierce, wild creatures, bare-armed and bare-legged, gaunt, unshaven, with deep-set, murderous eyes and wild-beast faces. With their flashing teeth, their bristling hair, their mad leapings and screamings, they seemed to Alleyne more like fiends from the pit than men of flesh and blood. Even as he looked, they broke into a hoarse yell and dashed once more upon the two knights, hurling themselves madly upon their sword-points; clutching, scrambling, biting, tearing, careless of wounds if they could but drag the two soldiers to earth. Sir Nigel was thrown down by the sheer weight of them, and Sir Bertrand with his thunderous war-cry was swinging round his heavy sword to clear a space for him to rise, when the whistle of two long English arrows, and the rush of the squire and the two English archers down the stairs, turned the tide of the combat. The assailants gave back, the knights rushed forward, and in a very few moments the hall was cleared, and Hordle John had hurled the last of the wild men down the steep steps which led from the end of it.

"Do not follow them," cried Du Guesclin. "We are lost if we scatter. For myself I care not a denier, though it is a poor thing to meet one's end at the hands of such scum; but I have my dear lady here, who must by no means be risked. We have breathing-space now, and I would ask you, Sir Nigel, what it is that you would counsel?"

"By St. Paul!" answered Sir Nigel, "I can by no means understand what hath befallen us, save that I have been woken up by your battle-cry, and, rushing forth, found myself in the midst of this small bickering. Harrow and alas for the lady and the seneschal! What dogs are they who have done this bloody deed?"

"They are the Jacks, the men of the brushwood. They have the castle, though I know not how it hath come to pass. Look from this window into the bailey."

"By Heaven!" cried Sir Nigel, "it is as bright as day with the torches. The gates stand open, and there are three thousand of them within the walls. See how they rush and scream and wave! What is it that they thrust out through the postern door? My God! it is a man-at-arms, and they pluck him limb from limb, like hounds on a wolf. Now another, and yet another. They hold the whole castle, for I see their faces at the windows. See, there are some with great bundles on their backs."

"It is dried wood from the forest. They pile them against the walls and set them in a blaze. Who is this who tries to check them? By St. Ives! it is the good priest who spoke for them in the hall. He kneels, he prays, he implores! What! villains, would ye raise

hands against those who have befriended you? Ah, the butcher has struck him! He is down! They stamp him under their feet! They tear off his gown and wave it in the air! See now, how the flames lick up the walls! Are there none left to rally round us? With a hundred men we might hold our own."

"Oh, for my company!" cried Sir Nigel. "But where is Ford, Alleyne?"

"He is foully murdered, my fair lord."

"The saints receive him! May he rest in peace! But here come some at last who may give us counsel, for amid these passages it is ill to stir without a guide."

As he spoke, a French squire and the Bohemian knight came rushing down the steps, the latter bleeding from a slash across his forehead.

"All is lost!" he cried. "The castle is taken and on fire, the seneschal is slain, and there is naught left for us."

"On the contrary," quoth Sir Nigel, "there is much left to us, for there is a very honorable contention before us, and a fair lady for whom to give our lives. There are many ways in which a man might die, but none better than this."

It was clearly a time for action.

"You can tell us, Godfrey," said Du Guesclin to the French squire, "How came these men into the castle, and what succors can we count upon? By St. Ives! if we come not quickly to some counsel we shall be burned like young rooks in a nest."

The squire, a dark, slender stripling, spoke firmly and quickly, as one who was trained to swift action.

"There is a passage under the earth into the castle," said he, "and through it some of the Jacks made their way, casting open the gates for the others. They have had help from within the walls, and the men-at-arms were heavy with wine; they must have been slain in their beds, for these devils crept from room to room with soft step and ready knife. Sir Amory the Hospitaller was struck down with an ax as he rushed before us from his sleeping-chamber. Save only ourselves, I do not think that there are any left alive."

"What, then, would you counsel?"

"That we make for the keep. It is unused, save in time of war, and the key hangs from my poor lord and master's belt."

"There are two keys there."

"It is the larger. Once there, we might hold the narrow stair; and at least, as the walls are of a greater thickness, it would be longer ere they could burn them. Could we but carry the lady across the bailey, all might be well with us."

"Nay; the lady hath seen something of the work of war," said Tiphaine, coming forth, as white, as grave, and as unmoved as ever. "I would not be a hamper to you, my dear spouse and gallant friend. Rest assured of this, that if all else fail I have always a safeguard here"—drawing a small silver-hilted poniard from her bosom—"which sets me beyond the fear of these vile and blood-stained wretches."

"Tiphaine," cried Du Guesclin, "I have always loved you; and now, by Our Lady of Rennes! I love you more than ever. Did I not know that your hand

will be as ready as your words, I would myself turn my last blow upon you, ere you should fall into their hands. Lead on, Godfrey! A new golden pyx will shine in the minster of Dinan if we come safely through with it."

With Godfrey in the lead they proceeded cautiously in the direction of the corridors.

The attention of the insurgents had been drawn away from murder to plunder, and all over the castle might be heard their cries and whoops of delight as they dragged forth the rich tapestries, the silver flagons, and the carved furniture. Down in the court-yard half-clad wretches, their bare limbs all mottled with blood-stains, strutted about with plumed helmets upon their heads, or with the Lady Rochefort's silken gowns girt round their loins and trailing on the ground behind them. Casks of choice wine had been rolled out from the cellars, and starving peasants squatted, goblet in hand, draining off vintages which de Rochefort had set aside for noble and royal guests. Others, with slabs of bacon and joints of dried meat upon the ends of their pikes, held them up to the blaze or tore at them ravenously with their teeth. Yet all order had not been lost among them, for some hundreds of the better armed stood together in a silent group, leaning upon their rude weapons and looking up at the fire, which had spread so rapidly as to involve one whole side of the castle. Already Alleyne could hear the crackling and roaring of the flames, while the air was heavy with heat and full of the pungent whiff of burning wood.

How Five Men Held the Keep of Villefranche

Under the guidance of the French squire the party passed down two narrow corridors. The first was empty, but at the head of the second stood a peasant sentry, who started off at the sight of them, yelling loudly to his comrades.

"Stop him, or we are undone!" cried Du Guesclin, and had started to run, when Aylward's great war-bow twanged like a harp-string, and the man fell forward upon his face, with twitching limbs and clutching fingers. Within five paces of where he lay a narrow and little used door led out into the bailey. From beyond it came such a babel of hooting and screaming, horrible oaths and yet more horrible laughter, that the stoutest heart might have shrunk from casting down the frail barrier which faced them.

"Make straight for the keep!" said Du Guesclin, in a sharp, stern whisper. "The two archers in front, the lady in the center, a squire on either side, while we three knights shall bide behind and beat back those who press upon us. So! Now open the door, and God have us in His holy keeping!"

For a few moments it seemed that their object would be attained without danger, so swift and so silent had been their movements. They were half-way across the bailey ere the frantic, howling peasants made a movement to stop them. The few who threw themselves in their way were overpowered or brushed aside, while the pursuers were beaten back by the ready weapons of the three cavaliers. Unscathed they

fought their way to the door of the keep, and faced round upon the swarming mob, while the squire thrust the great key into the lock.

"My God!" he cried, "it is the wrong key."

"The wrong key!"

"Dolt, fool that I am! This is the key of the castle gate; the other opens the keep. I must back for it!"

He turned, with some wild intention of retracing his steps, but at the instant a great jagged rock, hurled by a brawny peasant, struck him full upon the ear, and he dropped senseless to the ground.

"This is key enough for me!" quoth Hordle John, picking up the huge stone, and hurling it against the door with all the strength of his enormous body. The lock shivered, the wood smashed, the stone flew into five pieces, but the iron clamps still held the door in its position. Bending down, he thrust his great fingers under it, and with a heave raised the whole mass of wood and iron from its hinges. For a moment it tottered and swayed, and then, falling outward, buried him in its ruin, while his comrades rushed into the dark archway which led to safety.

"Up the steps, Tiphaine!" cried Du Guesclin. "Now round, friends, and beat them back!"

The mob of peasants had surged in upon their heels, but the two trustiest blades in Europe gleamed upon that narrow stair, and four of their number dropped upon the threshold. The others gave back, and gathered in a half circle round the open door, gnashing their teeth and shaking their clenched hands at the defenders. The body of the French squire had been

dragged out by them and hacked to pieces. Three or four others had pulled John from under the door, when he suddenly bounded to his feet, and clutching one in either hand, dashed them together with such force that they fell senseless across each other upon the ground. With a kick and a blow he freed himself from two others who clung to him, and in a moment he was within the portal with his comrades.

Yet their position was a desperate one. The peasants from far and near had been assembled for this deed of vengeance ,and not less than six thousand were within or around the walls of the Château of Villefranche. Ill armed and half starved, they were still desperate men, to whom danger had lost all fears; for what was death that they should shun it to cling to such a life as theirs? The castle was theirs, and the roaring flames were spurting through the windows and flickering high above the turrets on two sides of the quadrangle. From either side they were sweeping down from room to room and from bastion to bastion in the direction of the keep. Faced by an army, and girt in by fire, were six men and one woman; but some of them were men so trained to danger and so wise in war that even now the combat was less unequal than it seemed. Courage and resource were penned in by desperation and numbers, while the great yellow sheets of flame threw their lurid glare over the scene of death.

"There is but space for two upon a step to give free play to our sword-arms," said Du Guesclin. "Do you stand with me, Nigel, upon the lowest. France

and England will fight together this night. Sir Otto, I pray you to stand behind us with this young squire. The archers may go higher yet and shoot over our heads. I would that we had our harness, Nigel!"

"Often have I heard my dear Sir John Chandos say that a knight should never, even when a guest, be parted from it. Yet it will be more honor to us if we come well out of it. We have a vantage, since we see them against the light, and they can scarce see us. It seems to me that they muster for an onslaught," said Sir Nigel.

"If we can but keep them in play," said the Bohemian, "it is likely that these flames may bring us succor if there be any true men in the country."

"Bethink you, my fair lord," said Alleyne to Sir Nigel, "that we have never injured these men, nor have we cause of quarrel against them. Would it not be well, if but for the lady's sake, to speak them fair and see if we may not come to honorable terms with them?"

"Not so, by St. Paul!" cried Sir Nigel. "It does not accord with mine honor, nor shall it ever be said that I, a knight of England, was ready to hold parley with men who have slain a fair lady and a holy priest."

"As well hold parley with a pack of ravening wolves," said the French captain. "Ha! Notre Dame du Guesclin! St. Ives! St. Ives!"

As he thundered forth his war-cry, the Jacks who had been gathering before the black arch of the gateway rushed in madly in a desperate effort to carry the staircase. Their leaders were a small man, dark

in the face, with his beard done up in two plaits, and another larger man, very bowed in the shoulders, with a huge club studded with sharp nails in his hand. The first had not taken three steps ere an arrow from Aylward's bow struck him full in the chest, and he fell coughing and spluttering across the threshold. The other rushed onward, and breaking between Du Guesclin and Sir Nigel, he dashed out the brains of the Bohemian with a single blow of his clumsy weapon. With three swords through him he still struggled on, and had almost won his way through them ere he fell dead upon the stair. Close at his heels came a hundred furious peasants, who flung themselves again and again against the five swords which confronted them. It was cut and parry and stab as quick as eye could see or hand act. The door was piled with bodies, and the stone floor was slippery with blood. The deep shout of Du Guesclin, the hard, hissing breath of the pressing multitude, the clatter of steel, the thud of falling bodies, and the screams of the stricken, made up such a medley as came often in after years to break upon Alleyne's sleep. Slowly and sullenly at last the throng drew off, with many a fierce backward glance, while eleven of their number lay huddled in front of the stair which they had failed to win.

"The dogs have had enough," said Du Guesclin.

"By St. Paul! there appear to be some very worthy and valiant persons among them," observed Sir Nigel. "They are men from whom, had they been of better birth, much honor and advancement might be gained.

Even as it is, it is a great pleasure to have seen them. But what is this that they are bringing forward?"

"It is as I feared," growled Du Guesclin. "They will burn us out, since they can not win their way past us. Shoot straight and hard, archers; for, by St. Ives! our good swords are of little use to us."

As he spoke, a dozen men rushed forward, each screening himself behind a huge fardel of brushwood. Hurling their burdens in one vast heap within the portal, they threw burning torches upon the top of it. The wood had been soaked in oil, for in an instant it was ablaze, and a long, hissing, yellow flame licked over the heads of the defenders, and drove them further up to the first floor of the keep. They had scarce reached it, however, ere they found that the wooden joists and planks of the flooring were already on fire. Dry and worm-eaten, a spark upon them became a smolder, and a smolder a blaze. A choking smoke filled the air, and the five could scarce grope their way to the staircase which led up to the very summit of the square tower.

Strange was the scene which met their eyes from this eminence. Beneath them on every side stretched the long sweep of peaceful country, rolling plain, and tangled wood, all softened and mellowed in the silver moonshine. No light, nor movement, nor any sign of human aid could be seen; but far away the hoarse clangor of a heavy bell rose and fell upon the wintry air. Beneath and around them blazed the huge fire, roaring and crackling on every side of the bailey, and even as they looked the two corner turrets fell in with

a deafening crash, and the whole castle was but a shapeless mass, spouting flames and smoke from every window and embrasure. The great black tower upon which they stood rose like a last island of refuge amid this sea of fire; but the ominous crackling and roaring below showed that it would not be long ere it was ingulfed also in the common ruin. At their very feet was the square court-yard, crowded with the howling and dancing peasants, their fierce faces upturned, their clinched hands waving, all drunk with bloodshed and with vengeance. A yell of execration and a scream of hideous laughter burst from the vast throng, as they saw the faces of the last survivors of their enemies peering down at them from the height of the keep. They still piled the brushwood round the base of the tower, and gamboled hand in hand around the blaze, screaming out doggerel lines which had long been their watch-word.

Their thin, shrill voices rose high above the roar of the flames and the crash of the masonry, like the yelping of a pack of wolves who see their quarry before them, and know that they have well-nigh run him down.

"By my hilt!" said Aylward to John, "it is in my mind that we shall not see Spain this journey. It is a great joy to me that I have placed my feather-bed and other things of price with that worthy woman at Lyndhurst, who will now have the use of them. I have thirteen arrows yet, and if one of them fly unfleshed, then, by the twang of string! I shall deserve my doom. First at him who flaunts with my lady's

silken frock. A hand's-breadth lower than I had meant. Now for the rogue with the head upon his pike. Ha! to the inch, John. When my eye is true, I am better at rovers than at long-butts or hoyles. A good shot for you also, John! The villain hath fallen forward into the fire. But I pray you, John, to loose gently, and not to pluck with the drawing-hand, for it is a trick that hath marred many a fine bowman."

While the two archers were keeping up a brisk fire upon the mob beneath them, Du Guesclin and his lady were consulting with Sir Nigel upon their desperate situation.

"'Tis a strange end for one who has seen so many stricken fields," said the French chieftain. "For me one death is as another, but it is the thought of my sweet lady which goes to my heart."

"Nay, Bertrand, I fear it as little as you," said she. "Had I my dearest wish, it would be that we should go together."

"Well answered, fair lady!" cried Sir Nigel. "And very sure I am that my own sweet wife would have said the same. If the end be now come, I have had great good fortune in having lived in times when so much glory was to be won, and in knowing so many valiant gentlemen and knights. But why do you pluck my sleeve, Alleyne?"

"If it please you, my fair lord, there are in this corner two great tubes of iron, with many heavy balls, which may perchance be those bombards and shot of which I have heard."

"By St. Ives! it is true," cried Sir Bertrand, striding

across to the recess where the ungainly, funnel-shaped, thick-ribbed engines were standing. "Bombards they are, and of good size. We may shoot down upon them."

"Shoot with them, quotha?" cried Aylward, in high disdain, for pressing danger is the great leveler of classes. "How is a man to take aim with these fool's toys, and how can he hope to do scath with them?"

"I will show you," answered Sir Nigel; "for here is the great box of powder, and if you will raise it for me, John, I will show you how it may be used. Come hither, where the folk are thickest round the fire. Now, Aylward, crane thy neck and see what would have been deemed an old wife's tale when we first turned our faces to the wars. Throw back the lid, John, and drop the box into the fire!"

A deafening roar, a fluff of bluish light, and the great square tower rocked and trembled from its very foundations, swaying this way and that like a reed in the wind. Amazed and dizzy, the defenders, clutching at the cracking parapets for support, saw great stones, burning beams of wood, and mangled bodies hurtling past them through the air. When they staggered to their feet once more, the whole keep had settled down upon one side, so that they could scarce keep their footing upon the sloping platform. Gazing over the edge, they looked down upon the horrible destruction which had been caused by the explosion. For forty yards round the portal the ground was black with writhing, screaming figures, who struggled up and hurled themselves down again, tossing this way and

that, sightless, scorched, with fire bursting from their tattered clothing. Beyond this circle of death their comrades, bewildered and amazed, cowered away from this black tower and from these invincible men, who were most to be dreaded when hope was furthest from their hearts.

"A sally, Du Guesclin—a sally!" cried Sir Nigel. "By St. Paul! they are in two minds, and a bold rush may turn them." He drew his sword as he spoke and darted down the winding stairs, closely followed by his four comrades. Ere he was at the first floor, however, he threw up his arms and stopped. "Mon Dieu!" he said, "we are lost men!"

"What then?" cried those behind him.

"The wall hath fallen in, the stair is blocked, and the fire still rages below. By St. Paul! friends, we have fought a very honorable fight, and may say in all humbleness that we have done our devoir, but I think that we may now go back to the Lady Tiphaine and say our orisons, for we have played our parts in this world, and it is time that we made ready for another."

The narrow pass was blocked by huge stones littered in wild confusion over one another, with the blue choking smoke reeking up through the crevices. The explosion had blown in the wall and cut off the only path by which they could descend. Pent in, a hundred feet from earth, with a furnace raging under them and a ravening multitude all round, no men had ever come through such peril with their lives. Slowly they made their way back to the summit, but as they

came out upon it the Lady Tiphaine darted forward and caught her husband by the wrist.

"Bertrand," said she, "hush and listen! I have heard the voices of men all singing together in a strange tongue."

Breathless they stood and silent, but no sound came up to them, save the roar of the flames and the clamor of their enemies.

"It can not be, lady," said Du Guesclin. "This night hath overwrought you, and your senses play you false. What men are there in this country who would sing in a strange tongue?"

"Holà!" yelled Aylward, leaping suddenly into the air with waving hands and joyous face. "I thought I heard it ere we went down, and now I hear it again. We are saved, comrades! By these ten finger-bones! we are saved! It is the marching song of the White Company. Hush!"

With upraised forefinger and slanting head, he stood listening. Suddenly there came swelling up a deep-voiced, rollicking chorus from somewhere out of the darkness. Never did choice or dainty ditty of Provence or Languedoc sound more sweetly in the ears than did the rough-tongued Saxon to the six who strained their ears from the blazing keep:

"We'll drink all together
To the gray goose feather
And the land where the gray goose flew."

"Ha, by my hilt!" shouted Aylward, "it is the dear old bow song of the company. Here comes two hun-

dred as tight lads as ever twirled a shaft over their thumb-nails. Hark to the dogs, how lustily they sing!"

Nearer and clearer, swelling up out of the night, came the gay marching lilt:

"What of the bow?
The bow was made in England,
Of true wood, of yew wood,
The wood of English bows;
For men who are free
Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

"What of the men?
The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of the dale and fell.
Here's to you and to you,
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell."

"They sing very joyfully," said Du Guesclin, "as though they were going to a festival."

"It is their wont when there is work to be done."

"By St. Paul!" quoth Sir Nigel, "it is in my mind that they come too late, for I can not see how we are to come down from this tower."

"There they come, the hearts of gold!" cried Aylward. "See, they move out from the shadow. Now they cross the meadow. They are on the further side of the moat. Holà camarades, holà! Johnston, Eccles, Cooke, Harward, Bligh! Would ye see a fair lady and two gallant knights done foully to death?"

"Who is there?" shouted a deep voice from below. "Who is this who speaks with an English tongue?"

"It is I, old lad. It is Sam Aylward, of the company; and here is your captain, Sir Nigel Loring, and four others, all laid out to be grilled like an Easterling's herrings."

"Curse me if I did not think that it was the style of speech of old Samkin Aylward!" said the voice, amid a buzz from the ranks. "Wherever there are knocks going there is Sammy in the heart of it. But who are these ill-faced rogues who block the path? To your kennels, canaille! What! you dare look us in the eyes? Out swords, lads, and give them the flat of them! Waste not your shafts upon such runagate knaves!"

There was little fight left in the peasants, however, still dazed by the explosion, amazed at their own losses, and disheartened by the arrival of the disciplined archers. In a very few minutes they were in full flight for their brushwood homes, leaving the morning sun to rise upon a blackened and blood-stained ruin, where it had left the night before the magnificent castle of the Seneschal of Auvergne. Already the white lines in the east were deepening into pink as the archers gathered round the keep and took counsel how to rescue the survivors. Clearly there was but little time to lose.

"Had we a rope," said Alleyne, "there is one side which is not yet on fire, down which we might slip."

"But how to get a rope?"

"It is an old trick," quoth Aylward. "Holà! John-

ston, cast me up a rope, even as you did at Maupertius in the war time."

The grizzled archer thus addressed took several lengths of rope from his comrades, and knotting them firmly together, he stretched them out in the long shadow which the rising run threw from the frowning keep. Then he fixed the yew-stave of his bow upon end and measured the long, thin, black line which it threw upon the turf.

"A six-foot stave throws a twelve-foot shadow," he muttered. "The keep throws a shadow of sixty paces. Thirty paces of rope will be enow and to spare. Another strand, Watkin! Now pull at the end that all may be safe. So! It is ready for them."

"But how are they to reach it?" asked the young archer beside him.

"Watch and see, young fool's head," growled the old bowman. He took a long string from his pouch and fastened one end to an arrow.

"All ready, Samkin?"

"Ready, camarade."

"Close to your hand, then."

With an easy pull he sent the shaft flickering gently up, falling upon the stone-work within a foot of where Aylward was standing. The other end was secured to the rope, so that in a minute a good strong cord was dangling from the only sound side of the blazing and shattered tower. The Lady Tiphaine was lowered with a noose drawn fast under the arms, and the other five slid swiftly down, amid the cheers and joyous outcry of their rescuers.

A POSTSCRIPT*

HERBERT QUICK

I remember my first thrill from a book. It was a passage in one of the reading lessons in the old McGuffey's Fifth Reader—I was a reading marvel and read in this book when I was six. "We must educate; we must educate," ran this passage, "or we perish in our own prosperity. It took Rome three hundred years to die, and our death if we go down will be as much more terrible as our growth has been more wonderful and rapid." I stood barefooted toeing a crack in the floor and felt the orator's thrill as this awful exhortation and prophecy fell from my ineffective vocal organs. It seemed to me that something ought to be done about this thing. I had no idea what Rome was, or how her symptoms developed in that three hundred years of crossing the Stygian ferry, but clearly if education could save us from a worse dissolution, something ought to be done about it. And there I stood, a very ordinary little boy, looking stolid and unimpressed, drawing up and stretching out my toes on the pine floor, and being reproved by the teacher for calling the word "turrible," as fine an example of the need of the country for education as one could have found in that long summer day.

I wonder who wrote that lesson! Clearly it was

* From "Essays and Studies in Honor of Margaret Barclay Wilson." Copyright, 1922, by the Columbia University Press, and used by special permission.

from some baccalaureate address, and must have been delivered after our country had attained to some greatness, but long before the War between the States. I suspect that it was from Horace Mann, but there were several men of that period who possessed the vision, the power, and the fervor to have uttered it. It would have astonished him to know—as perhaps he did—of its effect on a queer little boy out in an Iowa schoolhouse on the prairie. It was meant for the ears and the consciences of statesmen. It was Big Stuff. If he could have been given the duty of assigning me something to read, he would probably have selected something within the scope of the juvenile mind. But I doubt if he produced a greater effect on anyone by that speech than on me. I have never seen the piece since. I remember much of it still. I doubt if "The Brown Mouse" would ever have been written, if my mind had not been aroused to the necessity for popular education by those sentences. We never know what print and paper will do. Nor what sort of torch may be lighted, or where, by the flambeau handed down the lines of human succession in the world of thought.

There was abroad then a feeling that education can do anything. We are becoming less confident as to that now. Not that we have ever tried education in the real sense, but we think we have. Three things have yet to be tried by Christendom—Christianity, Democracy and Education. They might all turn out rather well if we should give them a try-out instead of a talk-out. Certainly we shall have failed to put modern civilization on fair trial unless we do try them.

We shall fail to discover whether my esteemed friend the baccalaureate orator was right or wrong in his plea that education can save us from the awful fate he looked back upon and foresaw. I wonder just how much real education can do for this nation?

"We must educate, we must educate, or we perish in our own prosperity."

. . . . . .

I apprehend that the man who wrote or delivered those burning sentences had in mind as the education which alone would save us from the fate of Rome the thing for the sake of which we have taxed ourselves more willingly than for anything else. Probably he was thinking of something even more inadequate. He doubtless desired a system of schools in which boys, and possibly girls, would be launched into a sea of literature and mathematics, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, the higher mathematics, the things which all through the past have distinguished the educated from the ignorant. This was education, then. To a lamentable extent it is education still. For many years it never occurred to me that it was in any way deficient in the salt which might save us from the putrefaction of Rome. Attic salt was the great preservative.

Finally and slowly the fear began to take possession of my mind that in spite of the fact that the nation seemed to be carrying out with liberality the very program called for in the old oration, we were beginning to show signs of perishing in our own prosperity and were exhibiting symptoms of the old Roman disease. Horatius—he of the bridge—was given of the corn-

land which was of common right, as much as two strong oxen could plow from morn till night. We had once had much land which was of common right. I saw it pass from this status to that of private ownership. And then I saw coming upon us the tendency of the people to flock to the cities. When there was no more land which was of common right in the country, the opportunities for the poor man seemed better in the towns. The chances for success seemed better there than in the country, for the man who had no land. Moreover, when the land was gone which was of common right, that which was of individual possession and individual right grew so valuable that its owners in greater and greater numbers found themselves able to live in the cities, where life was so much "fuller and richer,"—and live on the labor of others. So that the people who remained on the land, in larger and larger proportions of the population, were forced, not only to support themselves, but also to carry on their backs landlords living in cities. I saw grown up before I knew it a land system in which landlords with no traditions of landlord's duty to tenant or land, were rack-renting tenants without knowing it, more cruelly than the absentee landlords ever rack-rented the Irish peasantry. Overurbanization and landlordism! "Great estates," said Pliny, "are what ruined Italy!"

Now what was education doing to keep us from shooting the Roman chute? Seemingly nothing. Why? Well, perhaps there was something the matter with the system of education. Perhaps if the people of the open country were to be given education for rural

life, instead of the frustum of a college course, two things might happen: They might see more things of charm and profit in the country; and they might finally know the truth, which might set them free. Anyhow, if education should fail, everything had failed: for this experiment in development by democracy seems the last one to be tried.

So there was nothing left save an examination of this thing which we were trying under the name of education as a means of grace for our declining life, in process of ruin by latifundia as Rome was ruined. Once fairly examined it was seen as nothing but a sham of an educational system, one which could never have been adopted had any thought been given to Education the Thing, rather than to Education the Word. And even in an era addicted to word-worship, it could never have been adopted had it not been established before modern science had been related to the everyday processes of rural living.

Why, it suddenly became clear, rural life *is* Education. No other life makes imperative the doing of so many things the understanding of which is Education. It is only by obstinately shutting our eyes to the meaning of things that we avoid a liberal education while making a living from the soil. This fact is proven by many, many cases, in which people who have gone through the ordinary sham courses of schools have found themselves unexpectedly gaining true culture through the effort to understand the everyday things, tasks and affairs of rural life. The farm, the garden, the orchard, the poultry-yard, the diseases and pests

which infest the plants and animals, the competition of the various forms of life, the problems of the soil, the use of fertilizers, the marketing of products, the local government, the transportation question, co-operation, governmental relations to agriculture—why, the affairs of every school-neighborhood run out into multitudinous phases of science, art, literature, politics, history, geography, biology, entomology, zoology, ornithology. And in this sort of school these things are not mere branches of study taken up in order that credits may be gained for some promotion to higher schools which the pupils as a rule will never attend. They are problems which pupils and parents vividly realize are related to the ever-present task of making a living. Such school processes are not preparations for life, they *are* life itself. They run out into the hours spent in the field and in the home, and they lap over into the vacations. They make every act of daily life an excursion into learning, a part of the school curriculum. They are not isolated studies of things selected from life because of their adaptability for use as illustrations of truths encountered in school, as analogous studies must always be in city schools; rather they are revelations of the educational value of almost everything touched by country life. They make of rural living a great book in which everything is registered which the city school can possibly touch, but which in the rural school is shot through with the absorbing interest stimulated by the recognition of the fact that these things must be understood if life is to be successful. And when this is seen, we come to see

also that the complete education of a human being cannot be given in the city: that the farm itself is the best educational plant in the world; that, given a few years of public attention to the rural school in recognition of this fact, and people of intelligence will begin to return to the country in order that their children may have better educational advantages than they can possibly have in the city; that by forgetting about preparation for college and university and studying their own problems as school exercises, the rurally-educated youth will become so clearly the superior of their city cousins in everything which makes for excellence as students, that colleges and universities will for their own sakes so modify their requirements for admission as to let in these young people with the newer and better preparation, for the further prosecution of their investigations into truth.

And after all, truth is all that matters. After all, the thing which I see in the future is a generation of people accustomed from early childhood to seek truth. When such a generation, trained in its recognition when found, and skilled in finding it, takes charge of the affairs of the world, I am sure that it will see the real enemies of civilization, and will solve the problems called to our attention so long ago in the baccalaureate sermon I have mentioned—"or we perish in our own prosperity!"

CHANGE AND REST*

JEROME K. JEROME

There were four of us—George, and William Samuel Harris, and myself, and Montmorency. [He's the Dog.] We were sitting in my room, smoking and talking about how bad we were—bad from a medical point of view I mean, of course.

We were all feeling seedy, and we were getting quite nervous about it. Harris said he felt such extraordinary fits of giddiness come over him at times, that he hardly knew what he was doing; and then George said that HE had fits of giddiness too, and hardly knew what he was doing. With me, it was my liver that was out of order. I knew it was my liver that was out of order, because I had just been reading a patent liver-pill circular, in which were detailed the various symptoms by which a man could tell when his liver was out of order. I had them all.

It is a most extraordinary thing, but I never read a patent medicine advertisement without being impelled to the conclusion that I am suffering from the particular disease therein dealt with in its most virulent form. The diagnosis seems in every case to correspond exactly with all the sensations that I have ever felt.

I remember going to the British Museum one day to read up the treatment for some slight ailment of which I had a touch—hay fever, I fancy it was. I

* From "Three Men in a Boat, Not to Speak of the Dog."

got down the book, and read all I came to read; and then, in an unthinking moment, I idly turned the leaves, and began to indolently study diseases generally. I forgot which was the first distemper I plunged into—some fearful, devastating scourge, I know—and before I had glanced half down the list of "premonitory symptoms," it was borne in upon me that I had fairly got it.

I sat for awhile, frozen with horror; and then, in the listlessness of despair, I again turned over the pages. I came to typhoid fever—read the symptoms—discovered that I had typhoid fever, must have had it for months—without knowing it—wondered what else I had got; turned up St. Vitus' dance—found, as I expected, that I had that too—began to get interested in my case, and determined to sift it to the bottom, and so started alphabetically—read up ague, and learned that I was sickening for it, and that the acute stage would commence in about another fortnight. Bright's disease, I was relieved to find, I had only in a modified form, and, so far as that was concerned, I might live for years. Cholera I had, with severe complications; and diphtheria I seemed to have been born with. I plodded conscientiously through the twenty-six letters, and the only malady I could conclude I had not got was house-maid's knee.

I felt rather hurt about this at first; it seemed somehow to be a sort of slight. Why hadn't I got house-maid's knee? Why this invidious reservation? After awhile, however, less grasping feelings prevailed. I reflected that I had every other known malady in

pharmacology, and I grew less selfish, and determined to do without house-maid's knee. Gout, in its most malignant stage, it would appear, had seized me without my being aware of it; and zymosis I had evidently been suffering with from boyhood. There were no more diseases after zymosis, so I concluded there was nothing else the matter with me, unless perchance I could find another book.

I sat and pondered. I thought what an interesting case I must be from a medical point of view, what an acquisition I should be to a class! Students would have no need to "walk the hospitals," if they had me. I was a hospital in myself. All they need do would be to walk round me, and after that, take their diploma.

Then I wondered how long I had to live. I tried to examine myself. I felt my pulse. I could not at first feel any pulse at all. Then, all of a sudden, it seemed to start off. I pulled out my watch and timed it. I made it a hundred and forty-seven to the minute. I tried to feel my heart. I could not feel my heart. It had stopped beating. I have since been induced to come to the opinion that it must have been there all the time, and must have been beating, but I cannot account for it. I patted myself all over my front, from what I call my waist up to my head, and I went a bit round each side, and a little way up the back. But I could not feel or hear anything. I tried to look at my tongue. I stuck it out as far as ever it would go, and shut one eye, and tried to examine it with the other. I could only see the tip, and the only thing

that I could gain from that was to feel more certain than before that I had scarlet fever.

I had walked into that reading-room a happy, healthy man. I crawled out a decrepit wreck.

I went to my medical man. He is an old chum of mine, and feels my pulse, and looks at my tongue, and talks about the weather all for nothing, when I fancy I'm ill; so I thought I would do him a good turn by going to him now. "What a doctor wants," I said, "is practice. He shall have me. He will get more practice out of me than out of seventeen hundred of your ordinary, commonplace patients, with only one or two diseases each." So I went straight up and saw him, and he said:

"Well, what's the matter with you?"

I said:

"I will not take up your time, dear boy, with telling you what is the matter with me. Life is brief, and you might pass away before I had finished. But I will tell you what is not the matter with me. I have not got house-maid's knee. Why I have not got house-maid's knee, I cannot tell you; but the fact remains that I have not got it. Everything else, however, I have got."

And I told him how I came to discover it all.

Then he opened me and looked down me, and clutched hold of my wrist, and then he hit me over the chest when I wasn't expecting it—a cowardly thing to do, I call it—and immediately afterward butted me with the side of his head. After that, he sat down and wrote out a prescription, and folded it up and

gave it to me, and I put it in my pocket and went out.

I did not open it. I took it to the nearest chemist's, and handed it in. The man read it, and then handed it back.

He said he didn't keep it.

I said:

"Are you a chemist?"

He said:

"I am a chemist. If I was a co-operative store and family hotel combined, I might be able to oblige you. Being only a chemist hampers me."

I read the prescription. It ran:

"1 lb. beefsteak, with
1 pt. sweet-milk every 6 hours.
1 ten-mile walk every morning.
1 bed at 11 sharp every night.

And don't stuff up your head with things you don't understand."

I followed the directions, with the happy result—speaking for myself—that my life was preserved, and is still going on.

In the present instance, going back to the liver pill circular, I had the symptoms, beyond all mistake, the chief among them being "a general disinclination to work of any kind."

What I suffer in that way no tongue can tell. From my earliest infancy I have been a martyr to it. As a boy, the disease hardly ever left me for a day. They did not know, then, that it was my liver. Medical science was in a far less advanced state than now, and they used to put it down to laziness.

"Why, you skulking little devil, you," they would say, "get up and do something for your living, can't you?"—not knowing, of course, that I was ill.

And they didn't give me pills; they gave me clumps on the side of the head. And, strange as it may appear, those clumps on the head often cured me—for the time being. I have known one clump on the head have more effect upon my liver, and make me feel more anxious to go straight away then and there, and do what was wanted to be done, without further loss of time, than a whole box of pills does now.

You know, it often is so—those simple, old-fashioned remedies are sometimes more efficacious than all the dispensary stuff.

We sat there for half an hour, describing to each other our maladies. I explained to George and William Harris how I felt when I got up in the morning, and William Harris told us how he felt when he went to bed; and George stood on the hearth-rug, and gave us a clever and powerful piece of acting, illustrative of how he felt in the night.

George fancies he is ill; but there's never anything really the matter with him, you know.

At this point Mrs. Poppets knocked at the door to know if we were ready for supper. We smiled sadly at one another, and said we supposed we had better try to swallow a bit. Harris said a little something in one's stomach often kept the disease in check; and Mrs. Poppets brought the tray in, and we drew up to the table, and toyed with a little steak and onions, and some rhubarb tart.

I must have been very weak at the time, because I know, after the first half hour or so, I seemed to take no interest whatever in my food—an unusual thing for me—and I didn't want any cheese.

This duty done, we refilled our glasses, lighted our pipes, and resumed the discussion upon our state of health. What it was that was actually the matter with us, we none of us could be sure of; but the unanimous opinion was that it—whatever it was—had been brought on by overwork.

"What we want is rest," said Harris.

"Rest and a complete change," said George. "The overstrain upon our brains has produced a general depression throughout the system. Change of scene, and absence of the necessity for thought, will restore the mental equilibrium."

George has a cousin, who is usually described in the charge-sheet as a medical student, so that he naturally has a somewhat family-physicianary way of putting things.

I agreed with George, and suggested that we should seek out some retired and old-world spot, far from the madding crowd, and dream away a sunny week among its drowsy lanes—some half-forgotten nook, hidden away by the fairies, out of reach of the noisy world—some quaint-perched eyrie on the cliffs of Time, from whence the surging waves of the nineteenth century would sound far off and faint.

Harris said he thought it would be humpy. He said he knew the sort of place I meant; where everybody went to bed at eight o'clock, and you couldn't get a

"Referee" for love or money, and had to walk ten miles to get your tobacco.

"No," said Harris, "if you want rest and change, you can't beat a sea trip."

I objected to the sea trip strongly. A sea trip does you good when you are going to have a couple of months of it, but for a week, it is wicked.

You start on Monday with the idea implanted in your bosom that you are going to enjoy yourself. You wave an airy adieu to the boys on shore, light your biggest pipe, and swagger about the deck as if you were Captain Cook, Sir Francis Drake, and Christopher Columbus all rolled into one. On Tuesday, you wish you hadn't come. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, you wish you were dead. On Saturday, you are able to swallow a little beef tea, and to sit up on deck and answer with a wan, sweet smile when kind-hearted people ask you how you feel now. On Sunday, you begin to walk about again, and take solid food. And on Monday morning, as, with your bag and umbrella in your hand, you stand by the gunwale, waiting to step ashore, you begin to thoroughly like it. That's my way of looking at such a trip.

I remember my brother-in-law going for a short sea trip once, for the benefit of his health. He took a return berth from London to Liverpool; and when he got to Liverpool the only thing he was anxious about was to sell that return ticket.

It was offered round the town at a tremendous reduction, so I am told; and was eventually sold for eighteen pence to a bilious-looking youth who had

just been advised by his medical man to go to the seaside and take exercise.

"Seaside!" said my brother-in-law, pressing the ticket affectionately into his hand; "why you'll have enough to last you a lifetime; and as for exercise! why, you'll get more exercise, sitting down on that ship, than you would turning somersaults on dry land."

He himself—my brother-in-law—came back by train. He said the Northwestern Railway was healthy enough for him.

Another fellow I knew went for a week's voyage round the coast, and before they started, the steward came to him to ask whether he would pay for each meal as he had it, or arrange beforehand for the whole series.

The steward recommended the latter course, as it would come so much cheaper. He said they would do him for the whole week at two pounds five. He said for breakfast there would be fish, followed by a grill. Lunch was at one, and consisted of four courses. Dinner at six—soup, fish, entree, joint, poultry, salad, sweets, cheese, and dessert. And a light meat supper at ten.

My friend thought he would close on the two-pound-five job (he is a hearty eater), and did so.

Lunch came just as they were off Sheerness. He didn't feel so hungry as he thought he should, and sc contented himself with a bit of boiled beef and some strawberries and cream. He pondered a good deal during the afternoon, and at one time it seemed to him that he had been eating nothing but boiled

beef for weeks, and at other times it seemed that he must have been living on strawberries and cream for years.

Neither the beef nor the strawberries and cream seemed happy, either—seemed discontented like.

At six, they came and told him dinner was ready. The announcement aroused no enthusiasm within him, but he felt that there was some of that two-pound-five to be worked off, and he held on to ropes and things and went down. A pleasant odor of onions and hot ham, mingled with fried fish and greens greeted him at the bottom of the ladder; and then the steward came up with an oily smile, and said:

"What can I get you, sir?"

"Get me out of this," was the feeble reply.

And they ran him up quick, and propped him over to leeward and left him.

For the next four days he lived a simple and blameless life on thin captain's biscuits (I mean that the biscuits were thin, not the captain) and soda water; but toward Saturday he got uppish and went in for weak tea and dry toast, and on Monday he was gorging himself on chicken broth. He left the ship on Tuesday, and as it steamed away from the landing stage, he gazed after it regretfully.

"There she goes," he said, "there she goes, with two pounds' worth of food on board that belongs to me, and that I haven't had."

He said that if they had given him another day he thought he could have put it straight.

So I set my face against the sea trip. Not, as I ex-

plained, upon my own account. I was never queer. But I was afraid for George. George said he should be all right, and would rather like it, but he would advise Harris and me not to think of it, as he felt sure we should both be ill. Harris said that, to himself, it was always a mystery how people managed to get sick at sea—said he thought people must do it on purpose, from affectation—said he had often wished to be, but he had never been able.

Then he told us anecdotes of how he had gone across the Channel when it was so rough that the passengers had to be tied into their berths, and he and the captain were the only two living souls on board who were not ill. Sometimes it was he and the second mate who were not ill; but it was generally he and one other man. If not he and another, then it was he alone.

It is a curious fact, that nobody ever is seasick—on land. At sea you come across plenty of people very bad indeed, whole boat-loads of them; but I never met a man yet, on land, who had ever known at all what it was to be seasick. Where the thousands upon thousands of bad sailors that swarm in every ship hide themselves when they are on land is a mystery.

If most men were like a fellow I saw on the Yarmouth boat one day, I could account for the seeming enigma easily enough. It was just off Southend Pier, I recollect, and he was leaning out through one of the portholes in a very dangerous position. I went up to him to try and save him.

"Hi! come further in," I said, shaking him by the shoulder. "You'll be overboard."

"Oh, my! I wish I was," was the only answer I could get; and here I had to leave him.

Three weeks afterward I met him in the coffee-room of a Bath hotel, talking about his voyages, and explaining, with enthusiasm, how he loved the sea.

"Good sailor!" he replied, in answer to a mild young man's envious query, "well I did feel a little queer once, I confess. It was off Cape Horn. The vessel was wrecked the next morning."

I said:

"Weren't you a little shaky by Southend Pier one day, and wanted to be thrown overboard?"

"Southend Pier!" he replied, with a puzzled expression.

"Yes; going down to Yarmouth, last Friday three weeks."

"Oh, ah—yes," he answered, brightening up; "I remember now. I did have a headache that afternoon. It was the pickles, you know. They were the most disgraceful pickles I ever tasted in a respectable boat. Did you have any?"

For myself, I have discovered an excellent preventive against seasickness, in balancing myself. You stand in the center of the deck, and as the ship heaves and pitches, you move your body about, so as to keep it always straight. When the front of the ship rises, you lean forward, till the deck almost touches your nose; and when its back end gets up, you lean backward. This is all very well for an hour or two; but you can't balance yourself for a week.

George said:

"Let's go up the river."

He said we should have fresh air, exercise and quiet; the constant change of scene would occupy our minds (including what there was of Harris'); and the hard work would give us a good appetite, and make us sleep well.

Harris said he didn't think George ought to do anything that would have a tendency to make him sleepier than he always was, as it might be dangerous. He said he didn't very well understand how George was going to sleep any more than he did now, seeing that there were only twenty-four hours in each day, summer and winter alike; but thought that if he did sleep any more, he might just as well be dead, and so save his board and lodging.

Harris said, however, that the river would suit him.

It suited me well enough too and, Harris and I both said it was a good idea of George's; and we said it in a tone that seemed to somehow imply that we were surprised that George should have come out so sensible.

The only one who was not struck with the suggestion was Montmorency. He never did care for the river, did Montmorency.

"It's all very well for you fellows," he says; "you like it, but I don't. There's nothing for me to do. Scenery is not in my line, and I don't smoke. If I see a rat, you won't stop; and if I go to sleep, you get fooling about the boat, and slop me overboard. If you ask me, I call the whole thing bally foolishness."

We were three to one, however, and the motion was carried.

THE VENEZUELA BOUNDARY

(On December 17, 1895, President Cleveland sent the following message to Congress):

"In my annual message addressed to the Congress on the 3d instant I called attention to the pending boundary controversy between Great Britain and the Republic of Venezuela and recited the substance of a representation made by this Government to Her Britannic Majesty's Government suggesting reasons why such dispute should be submitted to arbitration for settlement and inquiring whether it would be so submitted.

"The answer of the British Government, which was then awaited, has since been received, and, together with the dispatch to which it is a reply, is hereto appended.

"Such reply is embodied in two communications addressed by the British prime minister to Sir Julian Pauncefote, the British ambassador at this capital. It will be seen that one of the communications is devoted exclusively to observations upon the Monroe doctrine, and claims that in the present instance a new and strange extension and development of this doctrine is insisted on by the United States; that the reasons justifying an appeal to the doctrine enunciated by President Monroe are generally inapplicable "to the state of things in which we live at the present day," and especially inapplicable to a controversy involving

the boundary line between Great Britain and Venezuela.

"Without attempting extended argument in reply to these positions, it may not be amiss to suggest that the doctrine upon which we stand is strong and sound, because its enforcement is important to our peace and safety as a nation and is essential to the integrity of our free institutions and the tranquil maintenance of our distinctive form of government. It was intended to apply to every stage of our national life and can not become obsolete while our Republic endures. If the balance of power is justly a cause for jealous anxiety among the Governments of the Old World and a subject for our absolute non-interference, none the less is an observance of the Monroe doctrine of vital concern to our people and their Government.

"Assuming, therefore, that we may properly insist upon this doctrine without regard to 'the state of things in which we live' or any changed conditions here or elsewhere, it is not apparent why its application may not be invoked in the present controversy at this time.

"If a European power by an extension of its boundaries takes possession of the territory of one of our neighboring Republics against its will and in derogation of its rights, it is difficult to see why to that extent such European power does not thereby attempt to extend its system of government to that portion of this continent which is thus taken. This is the precise action which President Monroe declared to be 'dangerous to our peace and safety,' and it can make

no difference whether the European system is extended by an advance of frontier or otherwise.

"It is also suggested in the British reply that we should not seek to apply the Monroe doctrine to the pending dispute because it does not embody any principle of international law which 'is founded on the general consent of nations,' and that 'no statesman, however eminent, and no nation, however powerful, are competent to insert into the code of international law a novel principle which was never recognized before and which has not since been accepted by the government of any other country.'

"Practically the principle for which we contend has peculiar, if not exclusive, relation to the United States. It may not have been admitted in so many words to the code of international law, but since in international councils every nation is entitled to the rights belonging to it, if the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine is something we may justly claim it has its place in the code of international law as certainly and as securely as if it were specifically mentioned; and when the United States is a suitor before the high tribunal that administers international law the question to be determined is whether or not we present claims which the justice of that code of law can find to be right and valid.

"The Monroe doctrine finds its recognition in those principles of international law which are based upon the theory that every nation shall have its rights protected and its just claims enforced.

"Of course this Government is entirely confident

that under the sanction of this doctrine we have clear rights and undoubted claims. Nor is this ignored in the British reply. The prime minister, while not admitting that the Monroe doctrine is applicable to present conditions, states:

> 'In declaring that the United States would resist any such enterprise if it was contemplated, President Monroe adopted a policy which received the entire sympathy of the English Government of 'hat date.'

He further declares:

> 'Though the language of President Monroe is directed to the attainment of objects which most Englishmen would agree to be salutary, it is impossible to admit that they have been inscribed by any adequate authority in the code of international law.'

Again he says:

> 'They (Her Majesty's Government) fully concur with the view which President Monroe apparently entertained, that any disturbance of the existing territorial distribution in that hemisphere by any fresh acquisitions on the part of any European State would be a highly inexpedient change.'

"In the belief that the doctrine for which we contend was clear and definite, that it was founded upon substantial considerations and involved our safety and welfare, that it was fully applicable to our present conditions and to the state of the world's progress, and that it was directly related to the pending controversy, and without any conviction as to the final merits of

the dispute, but anxious to learn in a satisfactory and conclusive manner whether Great Britain sought under a claim of boundary to extend her possessions on this continent without right, or whether she merely sought possession of territory fairly included within her lines of ownership or would Great Britain consider a resort to arbitration as the proper means of settling the question, to the end that a vexatious boundary dispute between the two contestants might be determined and our exact standing and relation in respect to the controversy might be made clear.

"It will be seen from the correspondence herewith submitted that this proposition has been declined by the British Government upon grounds which in the circumstances seem to me to be far from satisfactory. It is deeply disappointing that such an appeal, actuated by the most friendly feelings toward both nations directly concerned, addressed to the sense of justice and to the magnanimity of one of the great powers of the world, and touching its relations to one comparatively weak and small, should have produced no better results.

"The course to be pursued by this Government in view of the present condition does not appear to admit of serious doubt. Having labored faithfully for many years to induce Great Britain to submit this dispute to impartial arbitration, and having been now finally apprised of her refusal to do so, nothing remains but to accept the situation, to recognize its plain requirements, and deal with it accordingly. Great Britain's present proposition has never thus far been regarded

as admissible by Venezuela, though any adjustment of the boundary which that country may deem for her advantage and may enter into of her own free will can not of course be objected to by the United States.

"Assuming, however, that the attitude of Venezuela will remain unchanged, the dispute has reached such a stage as to make it now incumbent upon the United States to take measures to determine with sufficient certainty for its justification what is the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana. The inquiry to that end should of course be conducted carefully and judicially, and due weight should be given to all available evidence, records, and facts in support of the claims of both parties.

"In order that such an examination should be prosecuted in a thorough and satisfactory manner, I suggest that the Congress make an adequate appropriation for the expenses of a commission, to be appointed by the Executive, who shall make the necessary investigation and report upon the matter with the least possible delay. When such report is made and accepted it will, in my opinion, be the duty of the United States to resist by every means in its power, as a willful aggression upon its rights and interests, the appropriation by Great Britain of any lands or the exercise of governmental jurisdiction over any territory which after investigation we have determined of right belongs to Venezuela.

"In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow.

"I am, nevertheless, firm in my conviction that while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of civilization and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is no calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a supine submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self-respect and honor, beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness."

The Government of Great Britain agreed to our plan as will be seen from the following excerpt of President Cleveland's fourth annual message:

"The Venezuelan boundary question has ceased to be a matter of difference between Great Britain and the United States, their respective Governments having agreed upon the substantial provisions of a treaty between Great Britain and Venezuela submitting the whole controversy to arbitration. The provisions of the treaty are so eminently just and fair that the assent of Venezuela thereto may confidently be anticipated."

BURIAL OF AMERICA'S UNKNOWN SOLDIER

With the highest honors of his own and other nations the burial of the "Unknown Soldier" took place with solemn ceremonies at Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C., on November 11, 1921, the third anniversary of the signing of the armistice that ended active fighting in the World War. Great care had been taken to assure that the identity of this soldier should remain forever unknown. Four coffins had been brought to Chalons-sur-Marne, France, one from each of the four American military cemeteries in France. A sergeant selected to make the choice placed a bunch of white roses on one of the coffins. This coffin was placed in a casket, which bore the inscription:

"An unknown American soldier who gave his life in the great war."

The casket was brought to America on board the *Olympia,* arriving at Washington on November 9. It lay in state under the dome of the Capitol until the morning of November 11, and thousands passed before it in silent homage. At 8.30 on the morning of the 11th, the body of the unknown was borne from the Capitol to Arlington Cemetery. The President of the United States and an ex-President walked with the mourners, while another ex-President was included among those who followed the unknown to his last resting place.

TEXT OF PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Arlington Cemetery, November 11, 1921

Mr. Secretary of War and Ladies and Gentlemen: We are met to-day to pay the impersonal tribute. The name of him whose body lies before us took flight with his imperishable soul. We know not whence he came, but only that his death marks him with the everlasting glory of an American dying for his country.

He might have come from any one of millions of American homes. Some mother gave him in her love and tenderness, and with him her most cherished hopes. Hundreds of mothers are wondering to-day, finding a touch of solace in the possibility that the Nation bows in grief over the body of one she bore to live and die, if need be, for the Republic. If we give rein to fancy, a score of sympathetic chords are touched, for in this body there once glowed the soul of an American, with the aspirations and ambitions of a citizen who cherished life and its opportunities. He may have been a native or an adopted son; that matters little, because they glorified the same loyalty, they sacrificed alike.

We do not know his station in life, because from every station came the patriotic response of the five millions. I recall the days of creating armies, and the departing of caravels which braved the murderous seas to reach the battle lines for maintained nationality and preserved civilization. The service flag marked man-

sion and cottage alike, and riches were common to all homes in the consciousness of service to country.

We do not know the eminence of his birth, but we do know the glory of his death. He died for his country, and greater devotion hath no man than this. He died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in his heart and hope on his lips, that his country should triumph and its civilization survive. As a typical soldier of this representative democracy, he fought and died, believing in the indisputable justice of his country's cause. Conscious of the world's upheaval, appraising the magnitude of a war the like of which had never horrified humanity before, perhaps he believed his to be a service destined to change the tide of human affairs.

In the death gloom of gas, the bursting of shells and rain of bullets, men face more intimately the great God over all, their souls are aflame, and consciousness expands and hearts are searched. With the din of battle, the glow of conflict, and the supreme trial of courage, come involuntarily the hurried appraisal of life and the contemplation of death's great mystery. On the threshold of eternity, many a soldier, I can well believe, wondered how his ebbing blood would color the stream of human life, flowing on after his sacrifice. His patriotism was none less if he craved more than triumph of country; rather, it was greater if he hoped for a victory for all humankind. Indeed, I revere that citizen whose confidence in the righteousness of his country inspired belief that its triumph is the victory of humanity.

This American soldier went forth to battle with no hatred for any people in the world, but hating war and hating the purpose of every war for conquest. He cherished our national rights, and abhorred the threat of armed domination; and in the maelstrom of destruction and suffering and death he fired his shot for liberation of the captive conscience of the world. In advancing toward his objective was somewhere a thought of a world awakened; and we are here to testify undying gratitude and reverence for that thought of a wider freedom.

On such an occasion as this, amid such a scene, our thoughts alternate between defenders living and defenders dead. A grateful Republic will be worthy of them both. Our part is to atone for the losses of heroic dead by making a better Republic and a greater nation for the living.

Sleeping in these hallowed grounds are thousands of Americans who have given their blood for the baptism of freedom and its maintenance, armed exponents of the Nation's conscience. It is better and nobler for their deeds. Burial here is rather more than a sign of the Government's favor, it is a suggestion of a tomb in the heart of the Nation, sorrowing for its noble dead.

To-day's ceremonies proclaim that the hero unknown is not unhonored. We gather him to the Nation's breast, within the shadow of the Capitol, of the towering shaft that honors Washington, the great father, and of the exquisite monument to Lincoln, the martyred savior. Here the inspirations of yesterday and

the conscience of to-day forever unite to make the Republic worthy of his death for flag and country.

Ours are lofty resolutions to-day, as with tribute to the dead we consecrate ourselves to a better order for the living. With all my heart, I wish we might say to the defenders who survive, to mothers who sorrow, to widows and children who mourn, that no such sacrifice shall be asked again.

It was my fortune recently to see a demonstration of modern warfare. It is no longer a conflict in chivalry, no more a test of militant manhood. It is only cruel, deliberate, scientific destruction. There was no contending enemy, only the theoretical defence of a hypothetic objective. But the attack was made with all the relentless methods of modern destruction. There was the rain of ruin from the aircraft, the thunder of artillery, followed by the unspeakable devastation wrought by bursting shells; there were mortars belching their bombs of desolation; machine guns concentrating their leaden storms; there was the infantry, advancing, firing, and falling—like men with souls sacrificing for the decision. The flying missiles were revealed by illuminating tracers, so that we could note their flight and appraise their deadliness. The air was streaked with tiny flames marking the flight of massed destruction; while the effectiveness of the theoretical defence was impressed by the simulation of dead and wounded among those going forward, undaunted and unheeding. As this panorama of unutterable destruction visualized the horrors of modern conflict, there grew on me the sense of the failure of a civilization

which can leave its problems to such cruel arbitrament. Surely no one in authority, with human attributes and a full appraisal of the patriotic loyalty of his countrymen, could ask the manhood of kingdom, empire, or republic to make such sacrifice until all reason had failed, until appeal to justice through understanding had been denied, until every effort of love and consideration for fellow-men had been exhausted, until freedom itself and inviolate honor had been brutally threatened.

I speak not as a pacifist fearing war but as one who loves justice and hates war. I speak as one who believes the highest function of government is to give its citizens the security of peace, the opportunity to achieve, and the pursuit of happiness.

The loftiest tribute we can bestow to-day—the heroically earned tribute—fashioned in deliberate conviction, out of unclouded thought, neither shadowed by remorse nor made vain by fancies, is the commitment of this Republic to an advancement never made before. If American achievement is a cherished pride at home, if our unselfishness among nations is all we wish it to be, and ours is a helpful example in the world, then let us give of our influence and strength, yea, of our aspirations and convictions, to put mankind on a little higher plane, exulting and exalting, with war's distressing and depressing tragedies barred from the stage of righteous civilization.

There have been a thousand defences justly and patriotically made; a thousand offences which reason and righteousness ought to have stayed. Let us be-

seech all men to join us in seeking the rule under which reason and righteousness shall prevail.

Standing to-day on hallowed ground, conscious that all America has halted to share in the tribute of heart and mind and soul to this fellow American, and knowing that the world is noting this expression of the Republic's mindfulness, it is fitting to say that his sacrifice, and that of the millions dead, shall not be in vain. There must be, there shall be, the commanding voice of a conscious civilization against armed warfare.

As we return this poor clay to its mother soil, garlanded by love and covered with the decorations that only nations can bestow, I can sense the prayers of our people, of all peoples, that this Armistice Day shall mark the beginning of a new and lasting era of peace on earth, good will among men. Let me join in that prayer.

Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen.

COMMENTS, NOTES, AND SUGGESTIONS

(Mainly for the Pupil)

"The Honorable Timothy Clare," pp. 1-10. **Plug hat,** col. for the hat that is known also as high, silk, or stovepipe; **barrister,** a term used in English law; one who practices in the courts as an advocate in the argument and conduct of cases at trial; **viscount** (vī′ count) a title of nobility in England, ranking fourth in the order of the British peerage: duke, earl, viscount, baron; **family solicitor,** family lawyer. After reading pp. 8 and 9, tell why Tim came back.

"Typhoon," p. 12. **Gimbals,** a contrivance for suspending a body so that it will remain level when its support is tipped; **starboard,** the right side of a vessel, as you face toward the bow; **tenebrous,** dark, gloomy. Note how the intensity of the action is developed by the author's careful selection of adjectives and adverbs.

"Essay on Literature," pp. 24, 25. **Analogous** (a-năl′ ō-gŭs) [Gr. *Ana* = the same and *logos* = law]: controlled by the same law, similar; **perdurable,** (archaic) lasting long; **Paros,** an island of the Grecian Archipelago, the source of Parian marble; **Pentelicus,** a mountain near Athens from which fine marble was quarried; **Achilles,** a Greek hero in Homer's Iliad.

Rhapsodist, (răp′ sō-dĭst) a reciter of epic poetry; **Apelles,** a Greek painter, 4 cent. B.C.; **pnyx,** (niks) Gr., a public place of assembly in ancient Athens, where the people met for the discussion of political affairs in the state; also, a popular assembly convened in this place; **Cassandra,** myth, a Trojan prophetess, daughter of Priam, the last King of ancient Troy; Shakespeare uses her as a character in "Troilus and Cressida" with Priam; **Aeschylus,** (ès′ kĭ-lŭs) Greek tragic poet and dramatist (525-456 B.C.); **Oedipus,** myth, son of Laius, King of Thebes, and of Jocasta, the sister of Creon; **Eumenides,** (ū-mĕn′ ĭ-dēz) the furies.

"The Relation of Language to Literature," pp. 24-25. The last paragraph is well worth committing to memory.

"Language, Fossil History," pp. 26-27. Read silently Trench's article and then write in your own words the changes in meaning in the word "frank."

"Stoke-Pogis and Gray," pp. 31-33. After reading pp. 31 and 32, read the first four stanzas of the Elegy. Has writer caught the

spirit of this matchless poem? Note the beauty of the last sentence in paragraph 2.

"Francis Thompson," pp. 39-44. Alice Meynell, spoken of on p. 40, is represented on p. 227 of this book.

"Traveling Afoot," pp. 44-52. **Circumvallating,** surrounding with a wall or rampart. You may make an interesting tour in imagination yourself by following Dr. Finley's peregrinations as a good Atlas.

"America's New Place in the World," pp. 55-57. During the World War, Sir Philip Gibbs (he was not knighted then) was correspondent at the front for English and American papers. He is a keen observer and a logical thinker and therefore his conclusions about us are worthy of the most serious consideration.

"Church Architecture," pp. 62-65. After reading "Church Architecture" silently at home, make an outline of the same, utilizing the topic sentences.

"Architecture and Literature," pp. 66-67. Read Azarias' article silently at home also, and make an outline in a manner similar to that you used in the outline of Robinson's matter.

"Cloisters," pp. 68-71. There are some beautiful bits of description in this. Dvorak (vor-jăk) died in 1904. He was Director of the National Conservatory in New York, 1892-1895.

"Preface to Gordon's Poems," pp. 73-76. A description of Australian scenery that in its way is as great a bit of writing as is Conrad's "Typhoon."

"The Green Mirror," pp. 76-8. The conclusion of the first paragraph p. 78, "Those who live here live long"—why?

"On Losing One's Head," pp. 80-83. **Cyclops** (sī′klŏps) myth; one of a race of giants having but one eye, and that in the middle of the forehead; **Apologue,** a moral fable.

"Robert E. Lee to His Son," pp. 92-93. Give an adage or saying conveying the meaning contained in the topic sentence of the last paragraph.

"The Masterful Puritan," pp. 94-97. **Polemics,** controversies, disputes. Read the second sentence of the last paragraph. Has the idea here expressed been set forth in our Constitution or its Amendments?

"A South African Diamond Field," pp. 106-109. **Kaffirs** and **Zulus** are native South Africans.

"Mr. Pontifex," pp. 116-117. "The Way of all Flesh" from which this extract is taken has been described thus by Professor Cunliffe:

*"It is an interesting story about interesting people, though

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hardly for the most part people one would care to meet; it is a masterly arraignment of the defects of Victorian qualities, and a mordant commentary on the perennial frailties of human nature."

"A Dream of John Ball," pp. 121-128. A description of old England, in the time of Robin Hood.

"A Change of Air," pp. 131-135. Here we have Dr. van Dyke at his happiest as a humorist. Note the 3rd paragraph on p. 132, how deftly he brings the *dramatis personae* to the polemical point.

"An Appreciation of W. H. Hudson," pp. 137-141. **Woundly,** excessive, excessively, difficult. What does Galsworthy say of Hudson as a narrator? As a stylist?

"My Adventures in Venezuela," pp. 142-146. Why did Hudson make up his mind to leave the country, and why did he change his mind?

"A Poor Gentleman," pp. 147-165. Can you visualize Mr. Tymperly from the description of him on pp. 149 and 150?

"The Zone of Paris," pp. 167-170. **Petite bourgeoisie,** a name of the lower middle classes. César Franck, a noted composer.

"Joyce Kilmer," pp. 175-179. This beautiful tribute to the memory of Joyce Kilmer will be better appreciated when it is generally known that he volunteered for the World War and served therein though he was beyond the draft age.

"Mixing," pp. 236-242. Do you agree with the author as to the conclusion found in the paragraph on page 242.

"Play and Work in the South Seas," pp. 242-248. Read p. 246 *et seq.,* and write from memory of your reading a description of the process of making *"lappa."*

"The North That Never Was," pp. 255-258. Make an outline of Stefansson's article after careful reading.

"Daniel Webster," pp. 260-265. After reading the article to yourself, answer the following:

Why should Webster have a permanent place in literature?

How and where was he educated?

What is the key to his conduct?

What was his knowledge of public finance?

What is the author's conclusion regarding the Union?

"How the Brushwood Men Came to the Chateau Villefranche," pp. 266-291.

Caro Mio, my dear.

Qui va? Who goes there?

Mon petit, my little one.

Camisade, a night attack.

Heavers, robbers.

seneschal (sen′ ē-shal) an official in the household of a mediæval noble, having the superintendence of feasts and ceremonies.

mon gar, abbreviation for *mon garçon,* my boy.

hola, interjection.

denier, an old silver penny.

pyx, the box in which the host is preserved.

minster, church.

bailey, the outer court of the castle.

quotha, interjection: indeed, forsooth.

"A Postscript," pp. 292. What are Herbert Quick's conclusions as to the education of most value?

"The Venezuelan Boundary," p. 312. A most important state paper, based as it was on the Monroe Doctrine.

BIOGRAPHICAL DATA

AZARIAS, BROTHER

(See Mullaney, Patrick Francis)

BATES, KATHERINE LEE

Born in Massachusetts, 1859. Professor of English in Wellesley College. She has traveled and studied abroad. Among her works are *The College Beautiful and Other Poems* (her first book); *In Spanish Highways and Byways; Gretna Green to Land's End; America the Beautiful and Other Poems.*

BENNETT, ARNOLD

Born in Hamley, England, 1867. Hamley is the "Handbridge" of the Five Towns, which his novels launched into literary fame. *Anna of the Five Towns; The Old Wives' Tales; Clayhanger; How to Make the Best of Life,* are the best known of his works.

BLACK, ALEXANDER

Born in New York City, 1859. Essayist and novelist. Some of his writings are *The Great Desire; Modern Daughters; The Story of Ohio; The Latest Things and Other Things,* etc.

BRIGHAM, FRANK O.

Lieutenant in the A. E. F.

BROOKE, RUPERT

English poet. Killed in the World War.

BROOKS, PHILLIPS

Born in Boston, 1835, died 1893. A noted pulpit orator. Bishop of the Episcopal Church.

BUTLER, SAMUEL

English. Died 1902. Author of *Erewhon* and *Erewhon Revisited,* in addition to *The Way of All Flesh.*

CARTER, WILLIAM, D.D.

Born in England, 1868. Came to America in 1883. Author of *The Gate of Janus; Milton and His Masterpiece.*

CAWEIN, MADISON

(1865-1914). A native of Louisville, Ky. His poems show that he was a nature lover, with a rich sense of beauty. His death was a great loss to American literature.

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH

Born in England, 1874. A journalist and a brilliant essayist. Some of his publications are: *The Club of Queer Trades; George Bernard Shaw; What's Wrong with the World; Magic* (play); *Poems; What I Saw in America; The Ballad of St. Barbara.*

CONE, HELEN GRAY

Born in New York City, 1859. Poet, Professor of English in Hunter College. Author of the following: *Oberon and Puck; Verses Grave and Gay; Baby Sweethearts; Soldiers of the Light,* etc.

CONRAD, JOSEPH

Born in Poland in 1857. Until his nineteenth year, unfamiliar with English. In that year he joined the English Merchant Marine and sailed the seas of the world for seventeen years. He settled in England when he was 37 and began to write tales of the seas, showing its terror, beauty, caprice, and mercilessness, in English of the strongest. *Tales of Unrest; Lord Jim; Typhoon;* and *The Nigger of the Narcissus* are his best known works.

COULSON, LESLIE

English. Killed in the World War.

DAVIES, MARY CAROLYN

Poet. Born in Sprague, Washington. Author of *The Drums in Our Street; A Little Freckled Person; Youth Riding,* etc.

DE MORGAN, WILLIAM

English (1839-1917). Published his first story, *Joseph Vance,* at the age of 67. *Alice-for-Short; Somehow Good; When Ghost Meets Ghost,* are some of his books.

DE VERE, AUBREY

(1824-1902). Irish poet and essayist.

DOYLE, SIR ARTHUR CONAN

Born in Edinburgh, 1859. Some of his works: *Micah Clarke; Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,* 2 series; *The Hound of the Baskervilles.*

DRINKWATER, JOHN

English. Born 1882. Playwright and poet. Oxford High School. Co-founder of the Pilgrim Players. Author, *Swords and Ploughshares; Pawns; Tides; Abraham Lincoln; Preludes.*

FERGUSON, WM. P. F.
American.

FINLEY, JOHN H.
Born in Illinois, 1863. Educator and writer. Sometime Commissioner of Education, N. Y. State, now Editorial Writer on the N. Y. *Times*. Author of, *The French in the Heart of America*, and other works. Served with the Red Cross during the World War in France and the Holy Land. Exchange Professor (1923) lecturing in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden on the appointment of the American-Scandinavian Foundation.

GALSWORTHY, JOHN
England (1867). A graduate of Oxford, who has traveled extensively; a novelist and playwright of note. *The Patrician; The Forsyte Saga; In Chancery; Awakening*, a sequel to *In Chancery; Saints' Progress; Tatterdemalion; Addresses in America*, are some of his novels. *Loyalties, Windows*, and *A Family Man*, are among his plays.

GIBBONS, JAMES, CARDINAL
Catholic Prelate. Born Baltimore, 1834. Died 1921. Author, *Faith of Our Fathers; Christian Heritage; Retrospect of Fifty Years*. He was a man of profound learning, deep but unostentatious piety, and a stalwart American.

GIBBS, SIR PHILIP
English. Some of his works are: *Now It Can Be Told; More That Can Be Told; Adventures in Journalism*.

GISSING, GEORGE
England (1857-1903). Some of his works are: *The New Grubstreet; The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft; Will Warburton; The House of Cobwebs*.

GLASGOW, C. R.
Scotch. Biographical data unknown.

GORDON, ADAM LINDSAY
The most popular of Australian poets, was born at Fayal, the Azores, 1833; went to Adelaide in the ship "Julia," in August, 1858, and while on the voyage wrote *The Exile's Farewell*. Became a member of Parliament. Died 1870.

GREEN, MARTIN
Born in Burlington, Iowa, 1870. On the staff of the N. Y. *World*, representing it in France during the World War.

HADLEY, ARTHUR T.
President Emeritus of Yale University.

HERGESHEIMER, JOSEPH

Born Feb. 15, 1890. A noted American short story writer. Author of *The Lay Anthony; Mountain Blood; The Three Black Pennys; Java Head.*

HOUSMAN, A. E.

English, 1859. Author of: *A Shropshire Lad; The Nautilus, Books 1, 2, 3, and 4; Juvenal.*

HUDSON, W. H.

English. Some of his works: *The Purple Land; Birds in a Village; Hampshire Days; Afoot in England; History of My Early Life; Idle Days in Patagonia; Far Away and Long Ago* is autobiographical in character. Died in London, August, 1922. Date of birth uncertain. William Lyon Phelps has written an appreciative article on "The Mystery and Charm of W. H. Hudson."

HUNTER, WILLIAM P.

American.

JEROME, JEROME K.

Born 1859. English humorist, dramatist, and lecturer. His works include *Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow; Three Men on Wheels; American Wives and Others; Passing of the Third Floor Back,* etc.

KILMER, ALINE

Born in Norfolk, Va., 1888. Widow of Joyce Kilmer. *Candles That Burn* is her first book of poems.

KILMER, JOYCE

Poet, born in New York, 1886. Killed in action in France, August 1, 1918. His works: *Summer of Love; Trees and Other Poems; Mainstreet and Other Poems.*

LANE, FRANKLIN K.

Born in Prince Edward Island, 1864. Secretary of the Interior during Wilson's administration. Died 1921.

LE GALLIENNE, RICHARD

Born in England, 1866. Since 1898 resident in the U. S. Some of his works: *The Religion of a Literary Man; Prose Fancies; Romances of Old France; The Worshiper of the Images.*

LIEBERMAN, ELIAS

Born in Petrograd, 1883. Came to the U. S. 1891. A. B. College of the City of New York 1903. New York University 1906. Ph.D. Now head of English Department Bushwick High School. Author of *The American Short Story; Paved Streets.*

LOWELL, AMY

Poet, born in Massachusetts, 1874. Works: *A Dome of Many Colored Glass; Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds; Men, Women and Ghosts,* etc.

MCCARTHY, DENIS A.

Born in Tipperary. Came to America when he was 15. Became an American citizen as soon thereafter as possible. Author of: *A Round of Rimes; Voices from Erin; Songs of Sunrise; Heart Songs and Home Songs.*

MCCLOSKEY, G. V. A.

Born in New York City, 1883. Author of *Lyrics; The Flight of Guinevere and Other Poems.*

MELVILLE, HERMAN

Born in New York City, 1819. Died there in 1891. Went to sea as a cabin boy, returning but once up to the year 1844. *Typee* and *Omoo* are his principal novels.

MERRICK, LEONARD

Born in London, Feb. 21, 1864. Author of *Violet Moses; When Love Flies Out o' the Window; The Man Who Understood Women,* etc.

MEYNELL, ALICE (MRS. WILFRID)

English. (1850-1922.) Poet and essayist.

MORLEY, CHRISTOPHER

Born in Haverford, Pa., 1890. Rhodes Scholar. Oxford 1910-1913. Editorial Staff Doubleday, Page & Co., *Ladies' Home Journal,* Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger,* now on New York *Evening Post.* Wrote *Parnassus on Wheels; Shandygaff; Haunted Book Shop; Mince Pie; Songs for a Little House; Where the Blue Begins,* etc.

MORRIS, WILLIAM

(1834-1896.) English poet and artist. His principal poetical works are: *The Defense of Guenevere;* and *Poems By the Way.* Among his prose writings are *A Dream of John Ball; The Roots of the Mountains; The Story of the Glittering Plain; The Waters of the Wondrous Isles,* etc.

MULLANEY, PATRICK FRANCIS

Born in Ireland, 1847, and died near Plattsburg, N. Y., in 1893. His parents emigrated to the U. S. with him when he was a child. During the six years immediately preceding his death he held the professorship of English literature in the De La Salle Institute, N. Y. City. Among his publications are the following: *Phases of Thought and Criticism; Books and Reading; Addresses and Letters; Essays Contributing to a Philosophy of Literature; Educational Essays,* etc.

NEWMAN, JOHN H., CARDINAL

(1801-1890.) Poet and writer. *Lead, Kindly Light* (hymn) and *The Dream of Gerontius* are the best known of his poems, equally well known being his prose works, *Idea of a University.*

OWSLEY, ALVIN M.

Commander-in-Chief of the American Legion.

PHELPS, WILLIAM LYON

American author. Professor at Yale University.

POTTER, HENRY CADMAN, BISHOP

American. Protestant Episcopal Prelate. (1835-1908.)

QUICK, (JOHN) HERBERT

Born in Iowa, 1861. Author of *The Brown Mouse; The Virginia Air Lanes; Vandemark's Folly;* and *Hawkeye.*

REILLY, JOSEPH J.

Born Springfield, Mass., 1881. At present Superintendent of Schools, Ware, Mass. Author and lecturer. His *Lowell as Critic* was spoken of highly by critics both in England and the United States.

REPPLIER, AGNES

Essayist. Born in Philadelphia, Pa., 1858. Author of: *Books and Men; Points of View; Essays in Miniature; Essays in Idleness; In the Dozy Hours; In Our Convent Days; A Happy Half Century; Americans and Others; Counter Currents,* etc.

RICE, GRANTLAND

American. Served in the World War. Author of *Boys' Book of Sports; Some Day I am Going Home; Songs of the Stalwart; Spalding's Official Golf Guide for 1917.*

ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON

Author. Born in Maine, 1869. Works: *The Children of the Night; Captain Craig* (poems); *The Town Down the River;* as well as many plays.

ROBINSON, JAMES H.

Born in Illinois, 1863. Author of numerous historical works.

ROOT, ELIHU

Born in Clinton, N. Y., 1845. An American lawyer and statesman.

SASSOON, SIEGFRIED LORRAINE

Poet, born in England, 1886. Served in the World War. Publications: *Counterattack; The Old Huntsman; Collected War Poems; Picture Show.*

SCOLLARD, CLINTON

Poet, born in Clinton, N. Y., 1860. Works: *With Reed and Lyre; Under Summer Skies; Lyrics of the Lawn; Italy in Arms; Let the Flag Wave.*

SERVICE, ROBERT W.

Born in England, 1874. When a young man, he emigrated to Vancouver, Canada. After many vicissitudes, he went to the Yukon, where he spent eight years. Served all through the World War. His works: *Songs of a Sourdough; Ballads of a Cheechako; Rhymes of a Red Cross Man,* etc.

SPALDING, JOHN, BISHOP

American Roman Catholic Prelate. Born in Lancaster, Pa. (1840-1916). A graceful and forceful writer on both sacred and secular subjects. Author of: *A Memory; Womanhood in Art; The Master Came* (poem).

STEFFANSSON, VILHJALMUR

Arctic explorer, born at Manitoba, Canada, 1879. Much of his schooling has been obtained in the U. S. at universities of North Dakota, Iowa, Michigan, and Harvard. The reports of his explorations have changed many preconceived notions of the Far North.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS (ROBERT LOUIS BALFOUR)

Born in 1850, died in 1894. His works: *A Child's Garden of Verses; Treasure Island; Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* etc.

TEASDALE, SARA (MRS. ERNEST B. FILSINGER)

Born in Missouri, 1884. Some of her works: *Sonnets to Duse and Other Poems; Helen of Troy; Rivers to the Sea; Love Songs.*

THOMPSON, FRANCIS

English poet, born in 1850; died in 1907. Some of his works: *To Daisies; The Veteran of Heaven; A May Burden,* etc.

TIMROD, HENRY

American poet. Born at Charleston, S. C., 1829; died in Columbia, S. C., 1867. *Ode, Sleep Sweetly in Your Humble Graves; Serenade to Spring; A Trifle,* etc., are some of his works.

TRENCH, RICHARD C.

Born, Dublin, 1807; died in London, 1886. A British prelate (Archbishop of the Established Church), philologist, theologian, and poet.

TYNAN, KATHERINE (MRS. HINKSON)

Born in Ireland in 1861. Began to write at 17 years. Works: *The Holy War; The West Winds; John-A-Dreams; The Story of Margaret Dawe; Men Not Angels.*

VAN DYKE, HENRY

Born in Pennsylvania, 1852. Presbyterian minister and author. U. S. Minister to Netherlands, 1913-1917. Came back to America and told what he knew of "The Potsdam Gang." Works: *Fisherman's Luck; The Blue Flower; Out-of-doors in the Holyland,* etc.

WALPOLE, HUGH

English, 1884. Some of his works are: *The Wooden Horse; Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill; Fortitude; The Duchess of Wrexe; The Golden Scarecrow; The Dark Forest.*

WHITE, STEWART EDWARD

Born in Michigan, 1873. Works: *Claim Jumpers; The Blazed Trail; The Mountains; The Pass; The Gray Dawn; The Leopard Woman,* etc.

WILSON, CALVIN DILL

Biographical data unknown.

WINTER, WILLIAM

(1836-1917.) American dramatic critic, poet, and essayist. *Shakespeare's England; Gray Days and Cold; Old Shrines and Ivy,* are the best known prose works, as are *My Witness; Thistledown;* and *Wanderers,* the best known of his poetical writings.

WOOLLCOTT, ALEXANDER

Born in New Jersey, 1887. Dramatic critic, *The New York Herald.* Enlisted as a private in A. E. F. Did service at the front, made sergeant and assigned to staff of *Stars and Stripes.* Author of *Mrs. Fiske; The Command Is Forward.*

YOUNG, GEOFFREY W.

English. Biographical data unknown.

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